BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1937

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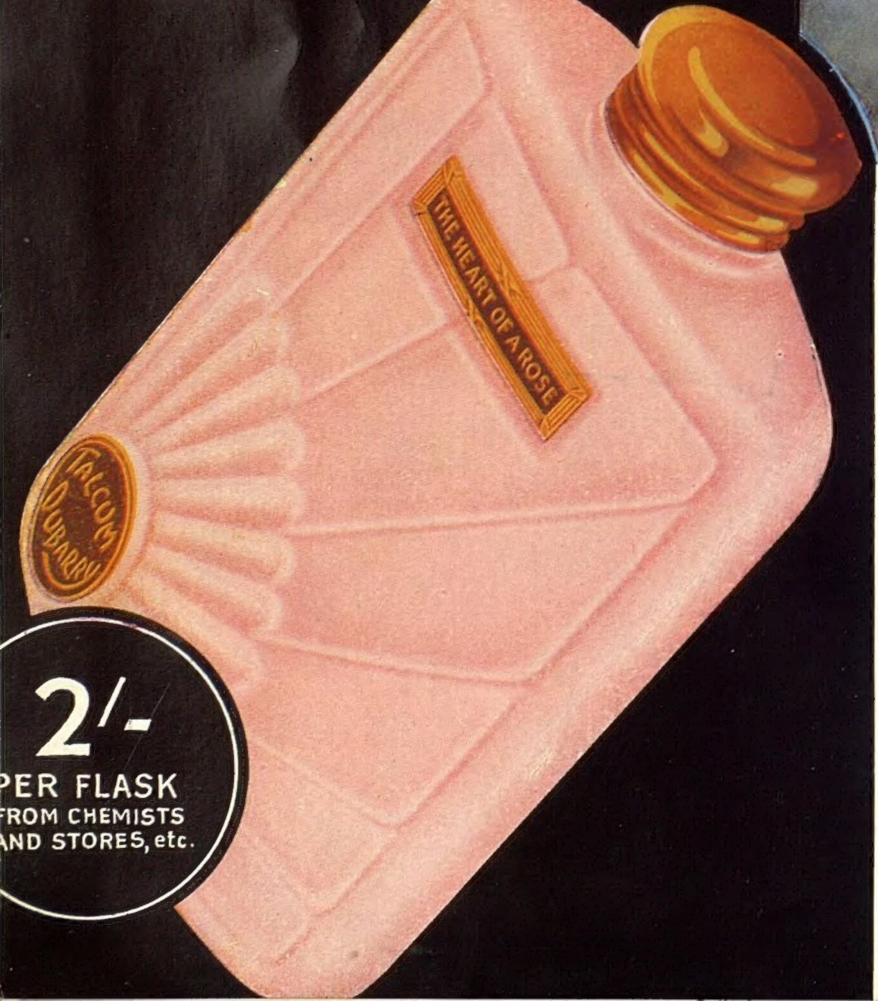
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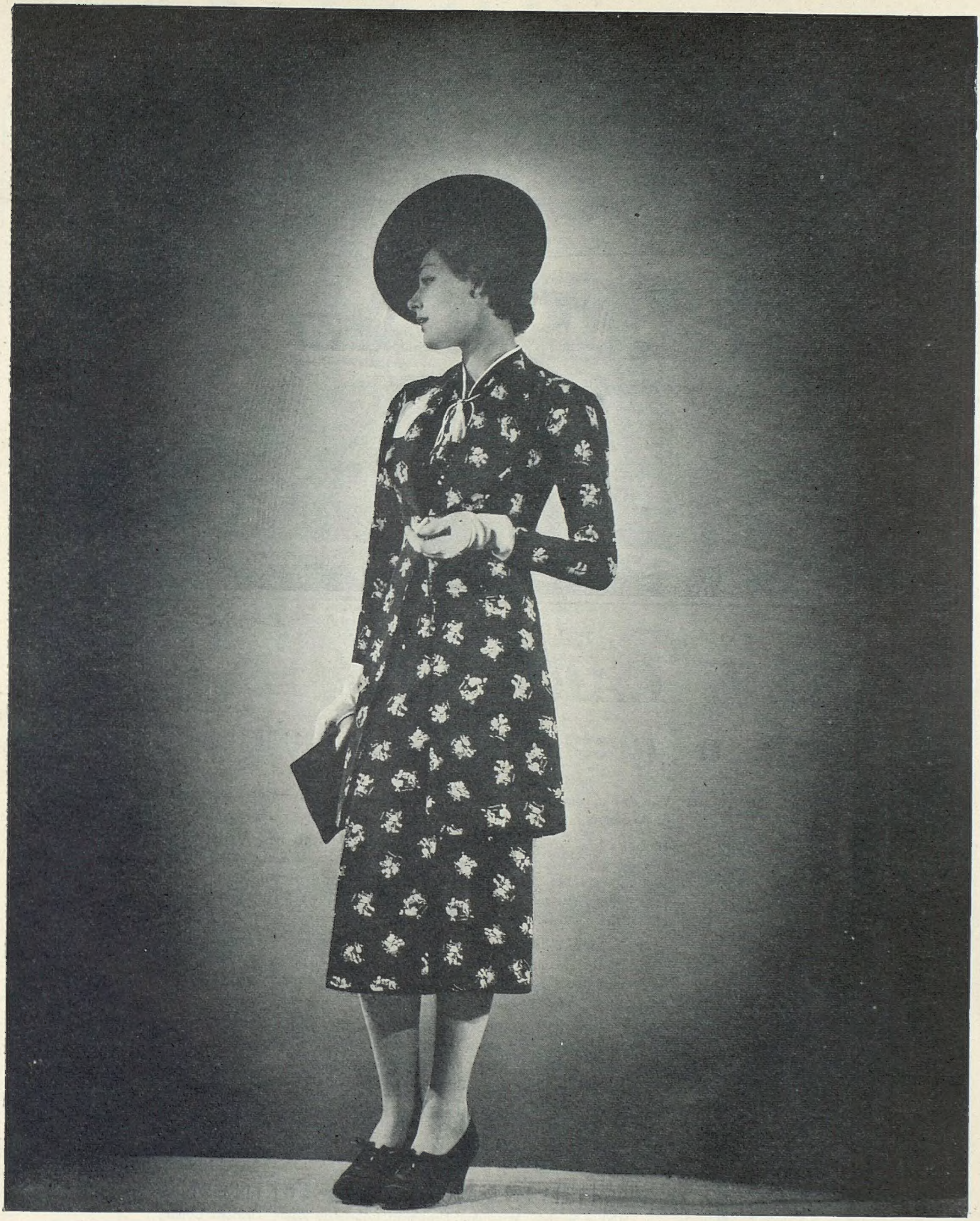

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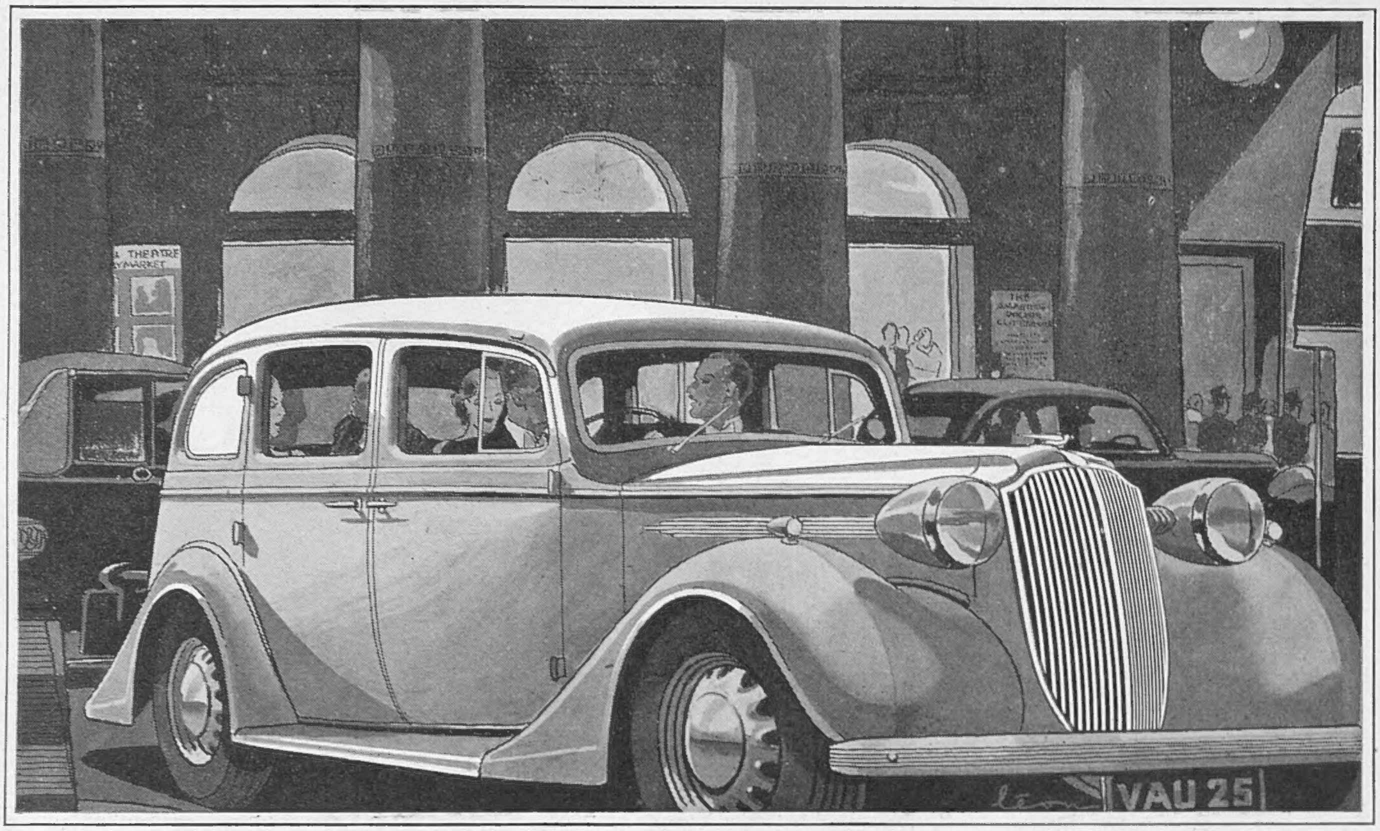

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 15, No. 1. JULY 1937

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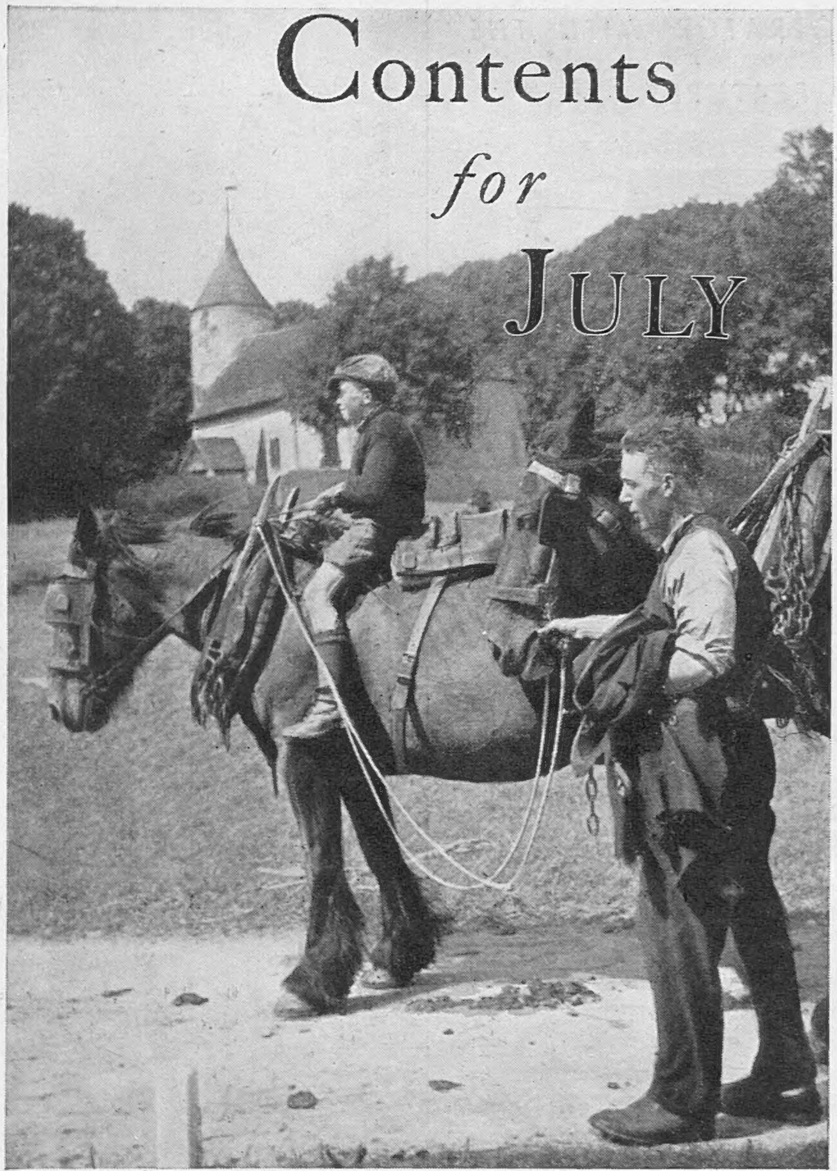

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by *Heade*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 144. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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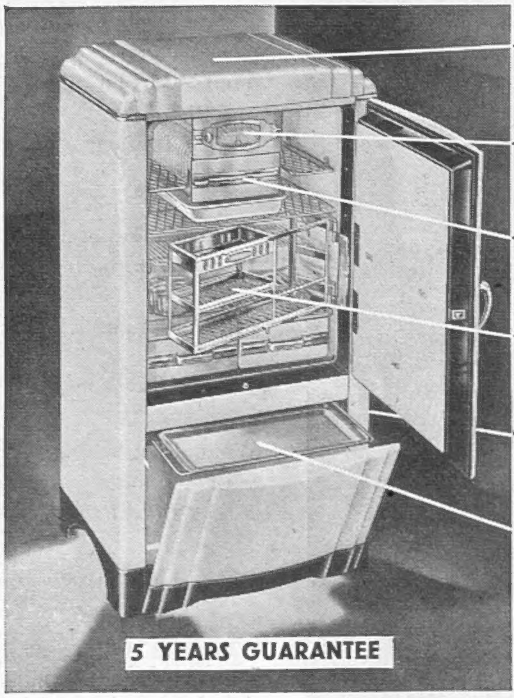

Compare Stewart-Warner with *any* refrigerator and see how many *extra* advantages you get! *Extra* food protection thanks to ① hermetically sealed cabinet and ② 16-point illuminated cold control, with summer-winter economy range. *Extra* convenience with ③ reversible ice-box door (for right or left hand use) and ④ Sav-a-Step, which makes back shelves as easy to get at as front, and automatic inside lighting. *Extra* large ice capacity and quick-to-empty rubber ice tray. *Extra* time saved thanks to ⑤ Slid-a-Tray which you can use as a rearranging or serving tray. *Extra* smart, easy-to-clean cabinet, finished in porcelain and jade green glass. And ⑥ precision built mechanism *offering the lowest running cost of any electric refrigerator you can buy.* Use the coupon below for further information or write to Cooper-Stewart Engineering Co. Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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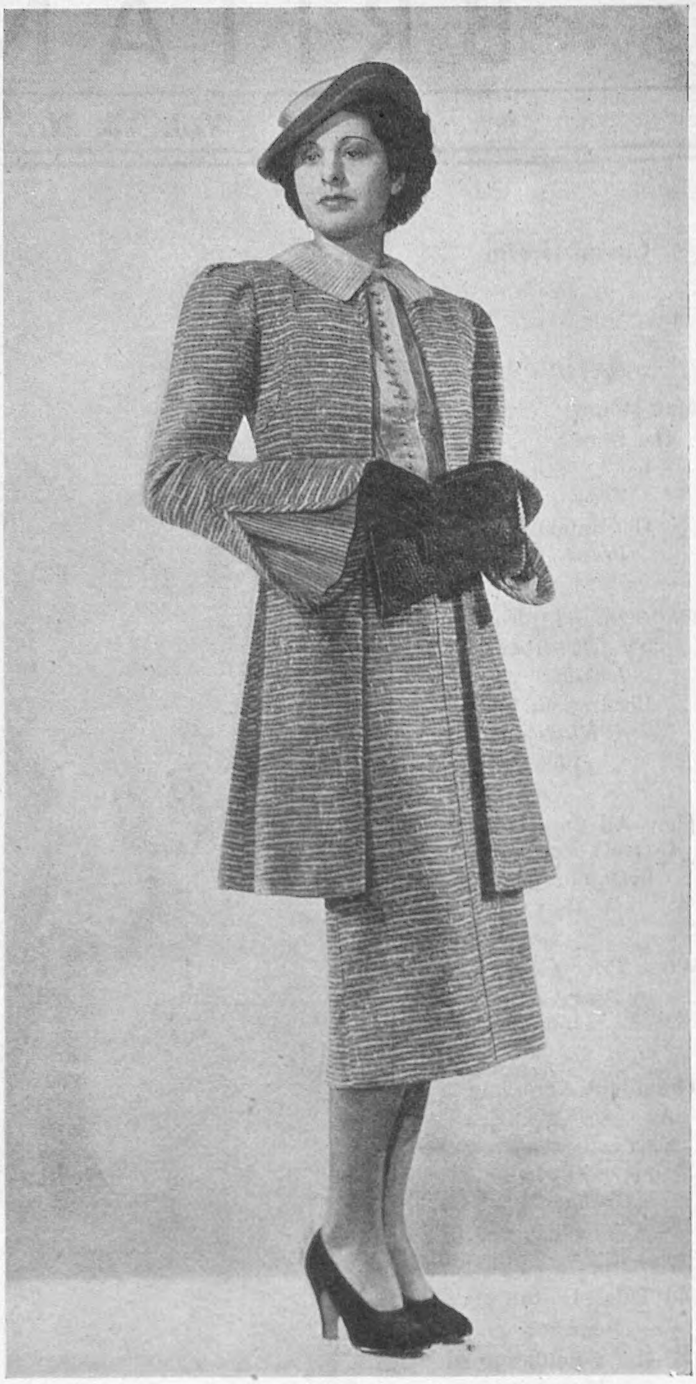

MODEL

The above three-piece suit was one of the many smart model creations shown recently at Burberrys' mannequin parade in the Carlton Hotel, when about 50 were exhibited for the Spring and Summer seasons.

They were received with acclamation; and congratulations have since come from many who were there expressing their appreciation of the originality displayed, together with the great beauty of the productions. These models may still be seen at Haymarket.

Model 39 (illustrated) is a multi-coloured design with sun ray effect. The vest and accordion-pleated sleeves are of face-cloth. In its entirety, the suit is an achievement of which any artist in dress designing may be proud.

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Built into every Revelation Suitcase is that greatest of packing conveniences—reserve of space . . . 50% extra capacity to accommodate the plus items that collect during travel. And—no matter how full you pack it—a Revelation always closes with ease!

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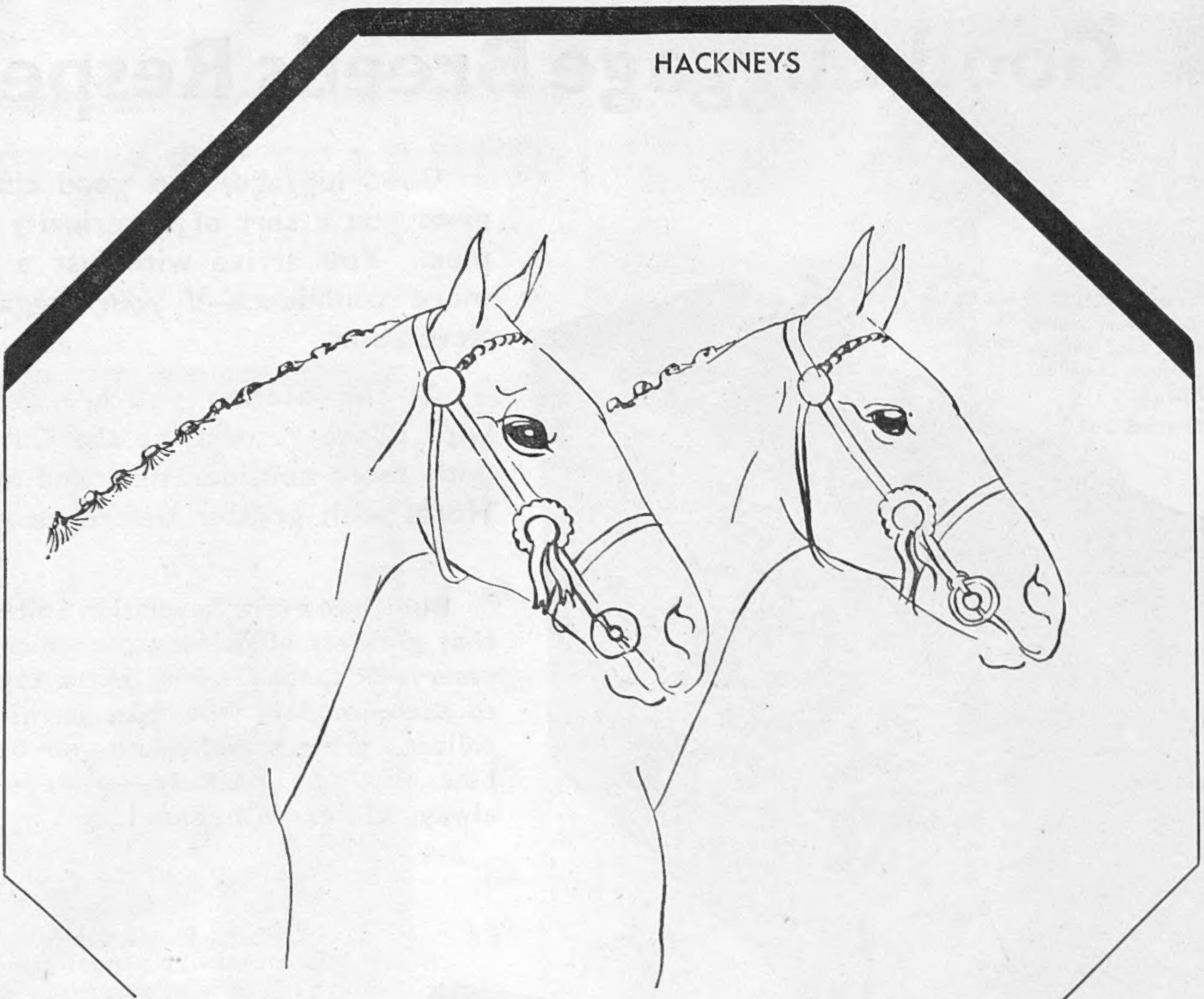

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WITH

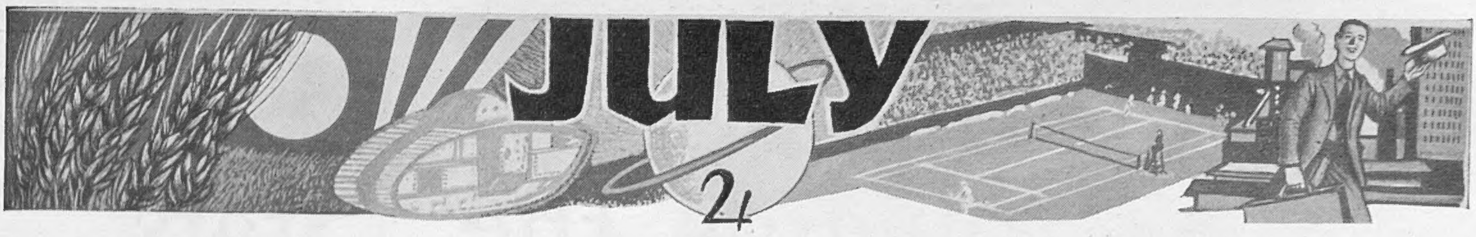
"BP"
ETHYL

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK

BECAUSE IT

Banishes Pinking

If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.



Hail! harvest month of jubilant
July.
The planet Jupiter shines strong
upon the earth.
His golden orb soars high into
the sky
Bringing to men, and plans and
plants—a splendid girth.

In all truth, welcome fortune and beware of a swollen head.

Thursday, 1st

De Basil's Ballets Russes open at Covent Garden.

Tennis Championships reach their semi-finals at Wimbledon. Breathing and pulse of spectators are excited, irregular.

British Delphinium Society's Show at New Hall, Westminster. If seeing blue gives health to you —it does to some—here are spikes 16 in. round and 10 ft. high. As usual, growers are trying to alter the natural colour and get one that is yellow.

Aldershot Show begins—three days. Tanks glide across rough country, soldiers whiz around in lorries. Major-Generals stand with stop-watches, staff officers agonise. Typical problem: will No. 1 of a column of motor-buses which is carrying 50 Tommies and proceeding according to schedule at 37·0079 miles per hour collide with tank crossing the path 4/15 of a minute beforehand at 37·0179 miles per hour; tank is charged with T.N.T., but humorously disguised as beer-barrel. Sounds silly, but that's the Army's human equation of beer and mathematics.

Probably opening at Agricultural Hall, Islington: Show of Pictures rejected from this year's Academy.

Saturday, 3rd

Tennis Championships at Wimbledon end.

Polo: Duke of York's Cup at Ranelagh.

Monday, 5th

The King and Queen arrive in Edinburgh to stay at Holyrood, that beautiful but austere Palace among the hills. Scotland starts her Coronation festivities. England congratulates her, watches. London carries on with:

Cricket: Oxford *v.* Cambridge at Lord's, three days.

Polo: Coronation Cup at Ranelagh.

Hurlingham: The Indian Empire Garden Party, to be especially colourful this year because of the number of our Indian visitors. The Club's lawns are expected to shimmer with the women's iridescent saris. Maharajahs will be present in their coats of cloth of gold. The Maharajah of Kashmir's coat is always buttoned with either emeralds, as large as pigeon's eggs, sapphires, the same, or rubies, just as big. His Paris jeweller has attended him throughout his stay, just in case any of these gems needed re-setting. He has only to blast among the slopes of his Kashmiri hills with dynamite for them to disgorge precious stones. The trouble, from a commercial point of view, is that these slopes are covered in 8 ft. of snow for eleven months of the year.

At *Carnoustie:* Play for the Open Golf Championship begins.

Tuesday, 6th

Their Majesties' First Court at Holyrood.

Thursday, 8th

Their Majesties' Review of Youth at Murrayfield.

Friday, 9th

London's Review of Youth and Age at the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's. Two glamour-making days. And after this, for every parent, a positive outbreak of local school sports.

Saturday, 10th

Oxford Trinity Term ends. Young partridges fly; frogs migrate in myriads; glow-worms light the hedges; wood-strawberries come—all about the same psychological date.

Monday, 12th

Bank Holiday in Northern Ireland.

The King and Queen return to London.

For the book-minded: *Sale of Lord Lonsdale's Library at Sotheby's, Bond Street.* A good third Folio Shakespeare. Early maps of America and atlases. A set of fine-scale drawings for warships in 1684, when England was trying to wrest sea power from the Dutch.

Rosenbach and other American dealers are arriving to bid for maps and diaries of Elizabethan settlers in Virginia, romantically illustrated by those pioneers. Sale continues three days.

Tuesday, 13th

Racing: Newmarket, three days.

Wednesday, 14th

Cricket: Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's, three days.

Thursday, 15th

St. Swithin's Day. Prospects are that it won't rain. Look out for dry weather during holidays, slightly inconvenienced by drought.

Friday, 16th

Eclipse Stakes, Sandown. One of the most popular of the smaller meetings.

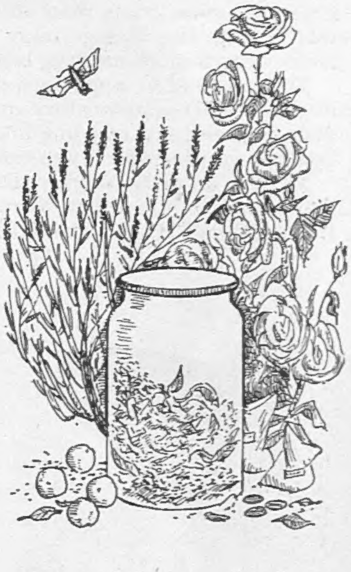
Saturday, 17th

Pick, pick, pick, is the motto for your garden. Ripening seed-pods put a tremendous tax on the energy of plants and prevent the development of more flowers.

Plant potatoes now, and with luck you will be having new potatoes for Christmas. Sow carrots, peas, snowball turnips, beans, spinach, onions, cabbage and lettuce, and you will be gathering young vegetables throughout the autumn.

This is the time, too, to bottle the garden's fragrance in pot-pourris that will subtly drench the house with perfume. These will keep best if corked down in jam-jars, and uncorked for a few hours every week. Here is one, culled by a Poet Laureate:

Storax, 3d. worth; gum benzoin, 3d. worth; bay salt, ½ lb.; saltpetre, ¼ lb., bruised and with a little common salt; cloves, 3d. worth, powdered; one small nutmeg grated; 2 or 3 bay leaves broken. Lavender flowers, equal in weight to all the preceding, fresh gathered, *in dry weather.* Rose leaves, equal in weight to lavender and the other together, fresh gathered in dry weather and then sun-dried—preferably the old cabbage rose, owing to its exquisite scent. Several small bitter oranges, one to each jar, stuck over with cloves.



This scent keeps the moths out.

Tuesday, 27th

Boys and girls come home from school. Beginning of the Summer Holidays. Also first day of Glorious Goodwood. Women are especially lucky.

Wednesday, 28th

Back form to win the Goodwood Stakes.

Saturday, 31st

Trinity Law Sittings end.

Auction Rooms close down.

Covent Garden closes.

Business men turn the key in their desks, if they can't turn them in their offices. The great industrial cities over England heave a glad sigh and turn to play, to travel.

Cowes decks itself out, spreads a hundred sails in quivering anticipation.

Gun and game licences expire. See to it.

And Tidworth. *Southern Command Tattoo* sends searchlights into the sky.

Man Mounts towards the Stars

"THE onlookers massed on the shore saw the tiny gleaming shape of the moon machine, which had seemed to be rushing to its doom, check, and check again, as the air screws caught and held. At a thousand feet it was evident that the machine was under control. It descended quite smoothly and slowly into the sea, and by the time the power-boats reached the spot, it had reappeared and was floating like a huge buoy on the surface. The first satisfactory earth-moon crossing had been accomplished."

The imaginative apparatus of my brain printed that passage in the unwritten news story quite vividly, away down the long vista of time I saw receding into the remote distance beyond the long ribbed projectile I was examining.

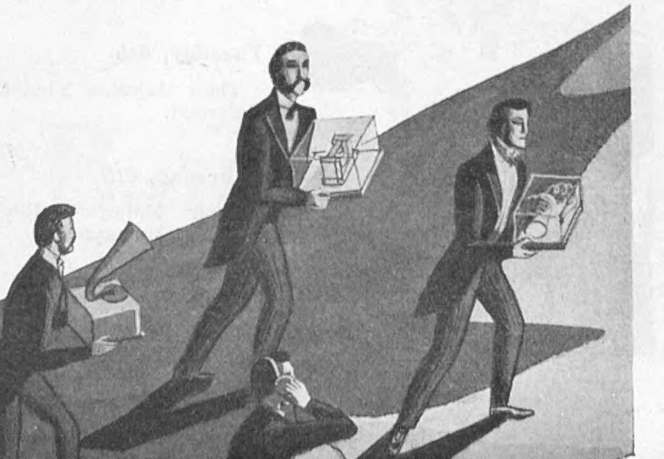
Made of an alloy tougher than high-speed steel and almost as light as aluminium, it had six round quartz windows screwed into the metal shell like the portholes in a battleship's armoured side. The hollow interior was intricately fitted for human habitation. There were tiny cupboards, racks for tools and instruments, an arms stand, four bunks, a water tank. A miniature motor was located in the nose, and four air screws were packed there like guns in a submarine, ready to be thrust out when a lever opened apertures in the metal sheath. The whole shell was double-walled to form a water-jacket, and ribbed on the outside, for heat dispersion.

A laboratory model of a moon-machine: a toy. But the phonograph, the telephone, the radio, the electric light, were in their time just laboratory toys, trick gadgets that had no utility and never would work anyway, because a necessary substance had not been discovered, or a necessary technique had not been devised.

I thought of Sir Oliver Lodge, a young professor at Liverpool University, walking distractedly about the city streets with a pair of ear-phones, listening for signals from the crude apparatus he had constructed, and felt sure was making vibrations in the ether that he ought to be able to pick up; and of Marconi, experimenting with a cigar-box and piano wire. I thought of the photo-electric eye, the light beam which, when interrupted, breaks a contact and throws a switch. A toy . . . . But now it replaces the human watch along the water boundary of the New York foreign trade zone. If even a swimmer crosses the invisible light beam barrier, the alarms sound and searchlights blaze.

Where did this moon-machine stand on the evolution ladder? It was, perhaps, the "missing link" of the moon-machine species. Or it might be more advanced. Surely, I was not located in the time stage of a man who inspected Hero's æolipile, the first steam-operated vehicle, in Alexandria—2,000 years from a moon-machine which would compare with this laboratory model as Hero's æolipile compared with the marvellous powered vehicles of to-day? I might be no further away than Papin was from the modern internal combustion engine, when, substituting steam for gunpowder, he constructed the first piston-and-cylinder steam engine: a mere 250 years. Could I be as close as the Otto-Langen four-cycle engine—epoch-making

Despite Wars, Pestilence, Slumps, Dark Ages, and other Obstacles, Ills, and Disorders, Homo Sapiens, the "Brain Animal," steadily battles his way up towards—what Ultimate and Marvellous Destiny?



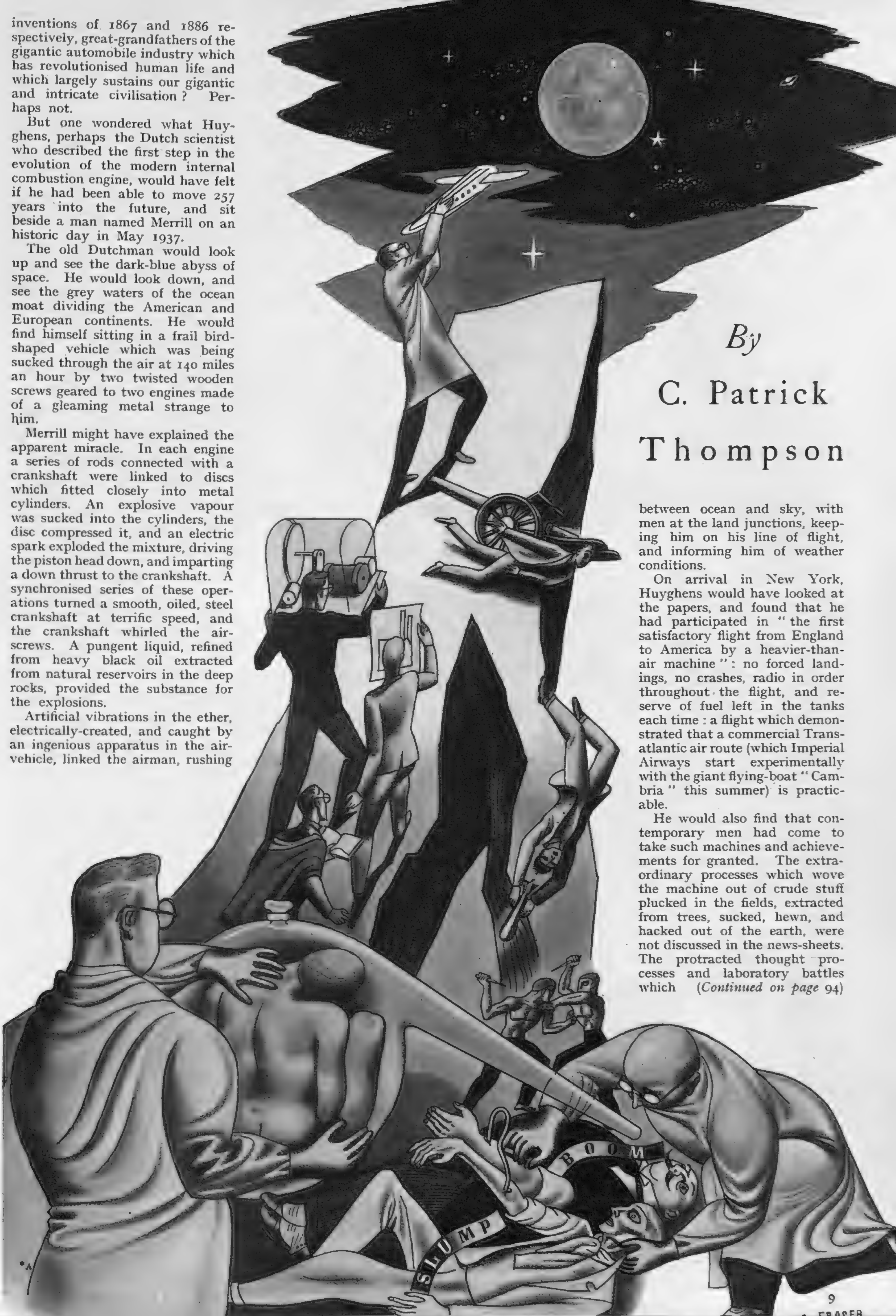
inventions of 1867 and 1886 respectively, great-grandfathers of the gigantic automobile industry which has revolutionised human life and which largely sustains our gigantic and intricate civilisation ? Perhaps not.

But one wondered what Huyghens, perhaps the Dutch scientist who described the first step in the evolution of the modern internal combustion engine, would have felt if he had been able to move 257 years into the future, and sit beside a man named Merrill on an historic day in May 1937.

The old Dutchman would look up and see the dark-blue abyss of space. He would look down, and see the grey waters of the ocean moat dividing the American and European continents. He would find himself sitting in a frail bird-shaped vehicle which was being sucked through the air at 140 miles an hour by two twisted wooden screws geared to two engines made of a gleaming metal strange to him.

Merrill might have explained the apparent miracle. In each engine a series of rods connected with a crankshaft were linked to discs which fitted closely into metal cylinders. An explosive vapour was sucked into the cylinders, the disc compressed it, and an electric spark exploded the mixture, driving the piston head down, and imparting a down thrust to the crankshaft. A synchronised series of these operations turned a smooth, oiled, steel crankshaft at terrific speed, and the crankshaft whirled the airscrews. A pungent liquid, refined from heavy black oil extracted from natural reservoirs in the deep rocks, provided the substance for the explosions.

Artificial vibrations in the ether, electrically-created, and caught by an ingenious apparatus in the air-vehicle, linked the airman, rushing between ocean and sky, with men at the land junctions, keeping him on his line of flight, and informing him of weather conditions.



By

C. Patrick Thompson

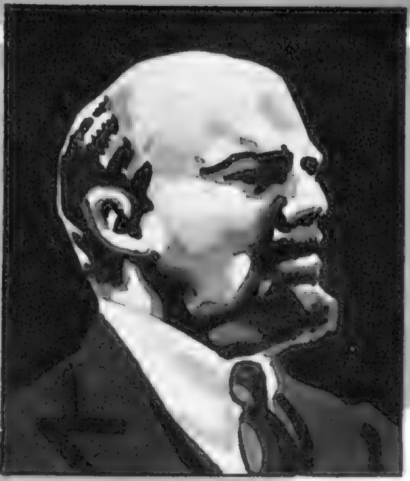
On arrival in New York, Huyghens would have looked at the papers, and found that he had participated in " the first satisfactory flight from England to America by a heavier-than-air machine " : no forced landings, no crashes, radio in order throughout the flight, and reserve of fuel left in the tanks each time : a flight which demonstrated that a commercial Transatlantic air route (which Imperial Airways start experimentally with the giant flying-boat " Cambria " this summer) is practicable.

He would also find that contemporary men had come to take such machines and achievements for granted. The extraordinary processes which wove the machine out of crude stuff plucked in the fields, extracted from trees, sucked, hewn, and hacked out of the earth, were not discussed in the news-sheets. The protracted thought processes and laboratory battles which (*Continued on page* 94)

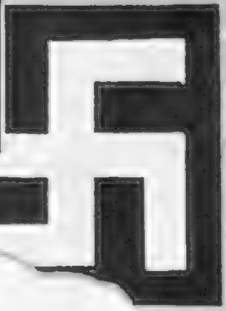
Underground Europe

Secret Societies that Control the Destinies of Nations

By Alan Witcomb Jenkins



LENIN



RECENT news—Nazi plots abroad, the Moscow trials, increasingly frequent arrests for espionage, kidnappings in Buenos Aires, suspected political murders, ominous activities in Czechoslovakia, events in Spain just before the Civil War, even odd accounts from people who have visited meetings of the "English Mistery"—reminds us of the perpetual existence in this twentieth-century world of secret societies. Or, if you prefer the more glamorous phrase, "The Hidden Hand."

I call this article "Underground *Europe*"; but the workings of secret societies cannot be confined to one continent alone. The most powerful ones have always been inter-continental in their activities and membership. China, the Balkans, and America are always good breeding-places for them. Even a national secret society, such as the original Nazis, can have tremendous international repercussions.

I don't want to alarm you by suggesting that any man or woman standing next to you in a tube-lift or sitting opposite you in a restaurant may easily belong to some secret organisation. But I do suggest that we are constantly surrounded by an endless network of such organisations, of which very few of us are aware. Naturally, we don't realise they are there, unless we get involved in them or make special investigations. A glimpse of the obvious: if they were generally known, they would no longer be secret!

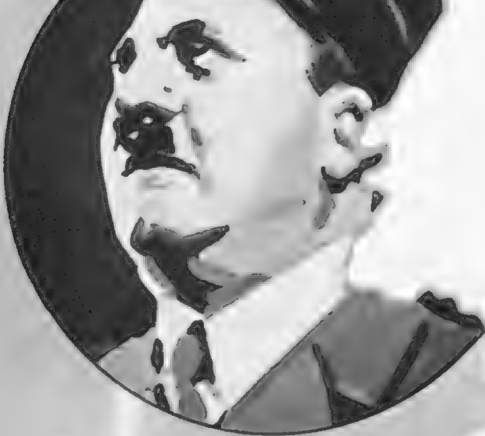
Whatever political theorists may say about the root causes of European affairs—trade rivalry, national expansion, class-warfare, dictatorships, democracy, or bad diplomacy—it cannot be denied that nearly every political or intellectual movement is born of a secret society, engaged in the sheer fascination of conspiracy. Nazis in Germany, Fascists in Italy, and Communism everywhere: all were once, and all still control, secret societies. The business of politics is really no more than a tangle of gangsterish intrigue. For Europe, you see, is *always* in the melting-pot.

And these secret societies go on for ever. No police or laws can stamp them out. Once a traditional movement starts, it raises its head again and again in the future. The whole of modern history hides this never-ending undercurrent of plotting. You cannot abolish a society whose exact whereabouts, rules and membership you do not know. Secret propaganda is so much more powerful than public propaganda.

There are certain unsettled periods of history when secret societies flourish, both nationally and internationally. We are in the thick of such a period now. The immediate future will show. In two years' time, for example, whatever the result of the Civil War, there will be enough secret-society activity in Spain to illustrate my point abundantly. And they won't be solely national organisations by any means. They never are.

Noble political ideals apart, the one thing that can never be killed is what I will call the Conspiratorial Instinct. Some people are natural gangsters. It is the sheer glamour of belonging to a lawless minority that attracts them. The born rebel is "agin" any existing form of government. It is a childhood instinct. All boys play a game which their imaginations take with the utmost seriousness—the romantic game of secret societies, born of natural gangsterism. I confess there have been few periods of my own young life at which I have not organised or belonged to some society or other, however harmless or otherwise. I still do. At Oxford I was a Communist, for no other reason than I liked feeling I was a dangerous enemy to society: I liked furtive meetings and sharing inside knowledge. Sorry—I can't help it. It's just a pathological condition!

Perhaps it would be advisable, at this point, to find out what a real secret society *is*, for there are hundreds of minor unofficial brotherhoods which will never affect us, as Europeans, at all. A



HITLER

mere conspiracy does not constitute a secret society, although most conspiracies are the work of secret societies. Secret societies are born of "new thought," political or religious grievances, the desire to shake off foreign domination, or simply of criminal aims. (In days of old, they existed to practise magic and witchcraft too.) These things are all mixed up together. You find criminals among political agitators, crude rebels amid serious thinkers, religious fanatics and self-seeking adventurers side by side. It is a pity that so many praiseworthy "youth-movements" are entangled in secret societies. Vague aims common to all are "the benefit of mankind" and "liberty." The best-organised, least conspiratorial, and most useful societies, of course (and they are hardly secret enough to merit discussion here), are the secret services of European governments, the C.I.D. sections of the police, and the Freemasons.

But *real* societies, says M. Benes, the Czechoslovakian Foreign Secretary, in his "Memoirs," "are in fact a regular school of life. . . . All conspirators soon become fanatics. . . . Clandestine action easily attracts men of adventurous spirits, incurable romantics . . . self-seekers also slip in, and weak characters." And M. Benes, who has spent most of his life in or among them, should know! He refers to the type of secret society with which we are now concerned—which really means business, influences the present life of every European, and will have a wide general effect in the near future. The kind of society, often born of a resentful inferiority complex, which dare not come out into the open, or write down its rules and members; which has to use codes, passwords and every kind of precaution.

We are less concerned with mystic societies like ancient Greek "mysteries," Egyptian sex-rituals, the original Rabbis; nor with partly criminal societies, like the Assassins, Thugs, and cannibal Voodoos; nor with societies formed for immoral purposes, like certain present-day London night-clubs; nor with Chicago gangsters. Yet brigandage and politics cannot help overlapping, as in the Italian Mafia and Camorra; and we have to consider all these elements in relation to the secret forces which are always at work. In these past traditions, present-day secret societies have their roots.

Who belongs to modern secret societies in any country? Forget the romantic old picture of a conspirator—foreign-looking, sinister, a bomb under his coat, sitting furtively in some low Soho haunt. That's only half-true. The typical modern plotter is a respected citizen, perhaps a prominent public figure, the last person whose private life we should question. (I only hope I shall not be assassinated for drawing attention to his machinations!) You always find political refugees from abroad, university students, journalists, fearless international adventurers, "men of no country," in these societies. Sometimes spies, too (Hitler was once a Reichswehr spy), proprietors of cafes or places where men can meet privately, and occasionally women "decoys" (although romantic fiction has exaggerated their importance). Journalists are necessary for propaganda and inside information, students for youthful enthusiasm, and foreign agents because foreign governments usually have a hand in any powerful secret organisation. Generally the leaders of a society exploit the ignorance of many of their disciples, who carry the society's aims too far and have to be "removed." The genius eggs on the nitwits, the cynical schemer (like Dr. Goebbels) uses the enthusiasts for his own ends.

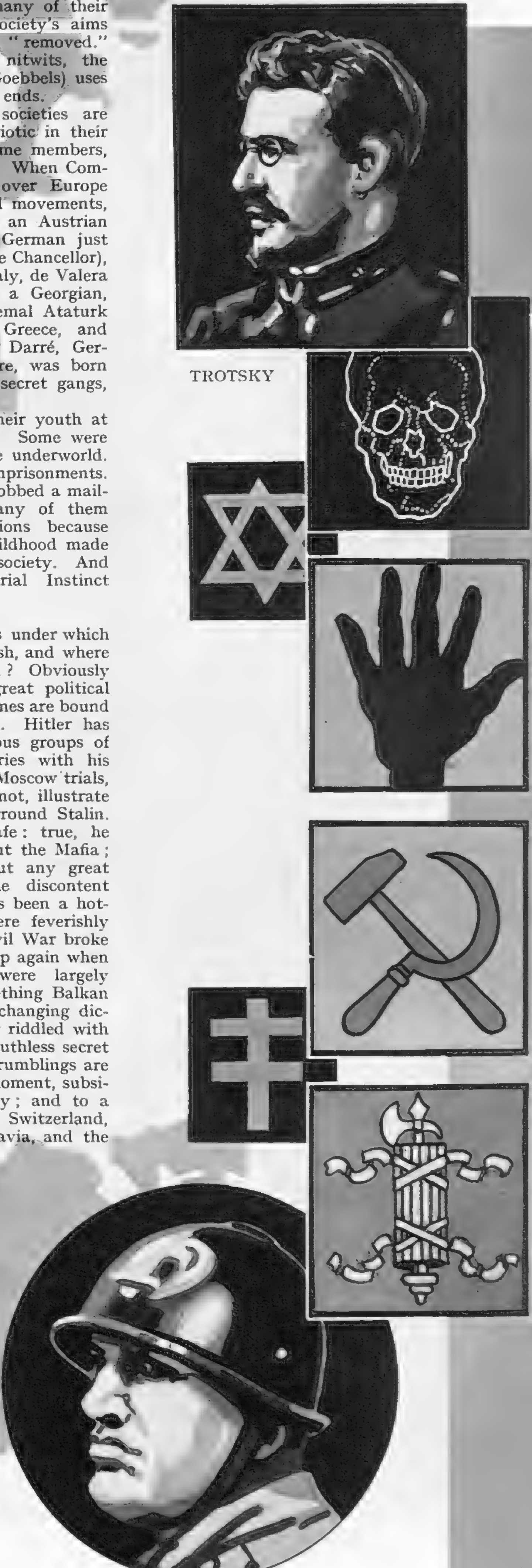
Although many secret societies are nationalist, racial and patriotic in their aims, their leaders (and some members, too) are usually foreigners. When Communism and Fascism all over Europe were still only underground movements, we notice that Hitler was an Austrian (he became a naturalised German just one year before he was made Chancellor), Schuschnigg was born in Italy, de Valera in New York, Stalin was a Georgian, Pilsudski a Lithuanian, Kemal Ataturk comes from Salonika in Greece, and Trotsky from the U.S.A. Darré, German Minister of Agriculture, was born in that dear old home of secret gangs, Buenos Aires.

Most of these men, in their youth at least, had a neurotic kink. Some were connected directly with the underworld. They are proud of their imprisonments. Pilsudski, ex-bandit, once robbed a mail-train. So did Stalin. Many of them took to secret machinations because poverty or an unhappy childhood made them revengeful against society. And all have the Conspiratorial Instinct strongly developed.

What are the conditions under which secret societies flourish, and where may we expect to find them? Obviously not in countries of any great political security. Totalitarian régimes are bound to be troubled with them. Hitler has tried to ferret out rebellious groups of workers in German factories with his Secret Police. The recent Moscow trials, whether "framed up" or not, illustrate the uneasy forces that surround Stalin. Nor is Mussolini quite safe: true, he claims to have stamped out the Mafia; but you cannot stamp out any great secret society while some discontent remains. Spain has always been a hot-bed of plottings: they were feverishly at work just before the Civil War broke out, and they will bubble up again when it ends. Indeed, they were largely responsible for it. The seething Balkan States, with their rapidly changing dictatorships, are fantastically riddled with the most treacherous and ruthless secret forces in Europe. Fascist rumblings are unsettling Austria at this moment, subsidised by Germany or Italy; and to a less menacing degree in Switzerland, Holland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and the Baltic States. As I write, the Bulgarian elections are being "wangled." . . . Secret societies, too, have made most of Irish history; they usually take advantage of England's preoccupation with foreign affairs—and new activities are beginning now.

In all countries, the actual organisation of gangs is roughly the same. Everything depends on *absolute* secrecy. The days of masks and stilts and Ku-Klux-Klannery are mostly over, though triangles and swastikas still play their symbolic parts.

(*Continued on page* 98)



TROTSKY

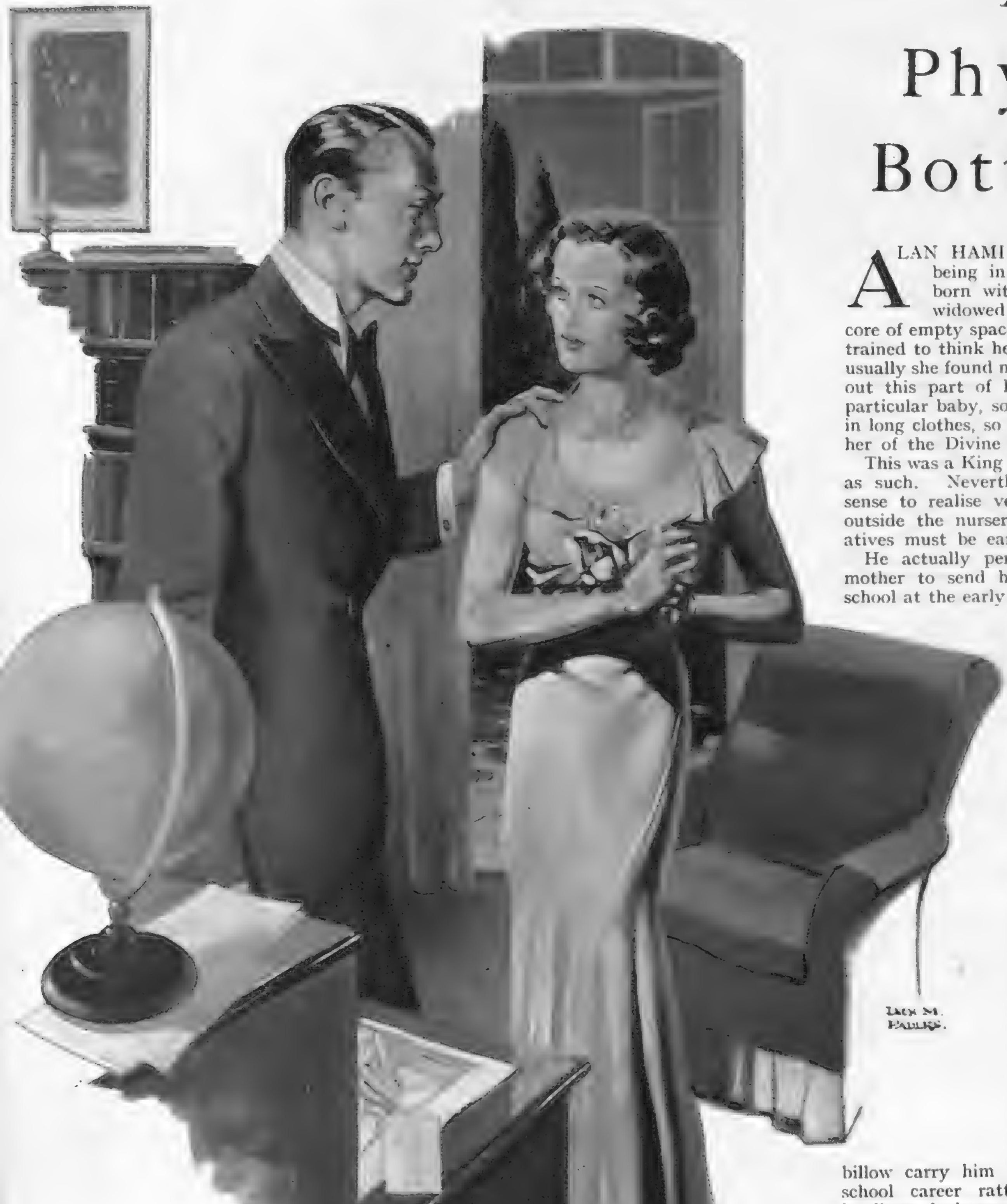
MUSSOLINI

A Splendid Fellow

Love Climbs the Highest Mountain—and then?

By

Phyllis Bottome


JACK M. FAULKS.

"Quite apart from what we've set out to do—people are sure to talk—about our doing it together! They'll expect us, at the very least, to come back engaged."

ALAN HAMILTON had a gift for being in the right. He was born with it. To his young widowed mother he was the core of empty space. His nurse had been trained to think her charges fallible, and usually she found no difficulty in carrying out this part of her training, but this particular baby, so large, so virile—even in long clothes, so important—convinced her of the Divine Right of Kings.

This was a King Baby, and he behaved as such. Nevertheless, Alan had the sense to realise very early in life that outside the nursery walls royal prerogatives must be earned.

He actually persuaded his reluctant mother to send him to a preparatory school at the early age of eight. Having got the better of women hitherto, Alan's highly-strung nerve itched to find itself triumphant over men.

At school he found many other boys, whose stiff dream egos had got to adjust themselves to the startling waves of reality; but Alan's ego, determined on conquest, was more prepared than theirs to make the plunge. His courage launched him against the shocks of unknown seas; and his skill to meet the oncoming waves increased with practice.

He became more wary, more alert, more adjustable and more capable of making the largest billow carry him on his way. Alan's school career rattled with triumphs: intellectual—because he saw the plain necessity of knowledge; physical—because unless you were an athlete, all the limelight there was shone on others; and moral—because a certain type of accepted morality increases your chances all round.

Alan became universally regarded as a boy who never let his school or his side down. Nor did he ever forgive anyone else who let them down; but he was not made altogether of rigidities; he showed

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

great tenderness to those who served him well, and he was patient and forgiving to respectful inferiors who merely made mistakes; but Alan had been known to lose his temper and to display sadistic cruelty to those who lowered any of his standards.

At first these standards were a little nebulous and subject to change, but they soon became part of Alan's being—frozen into him with the immobility of a fly in amber.

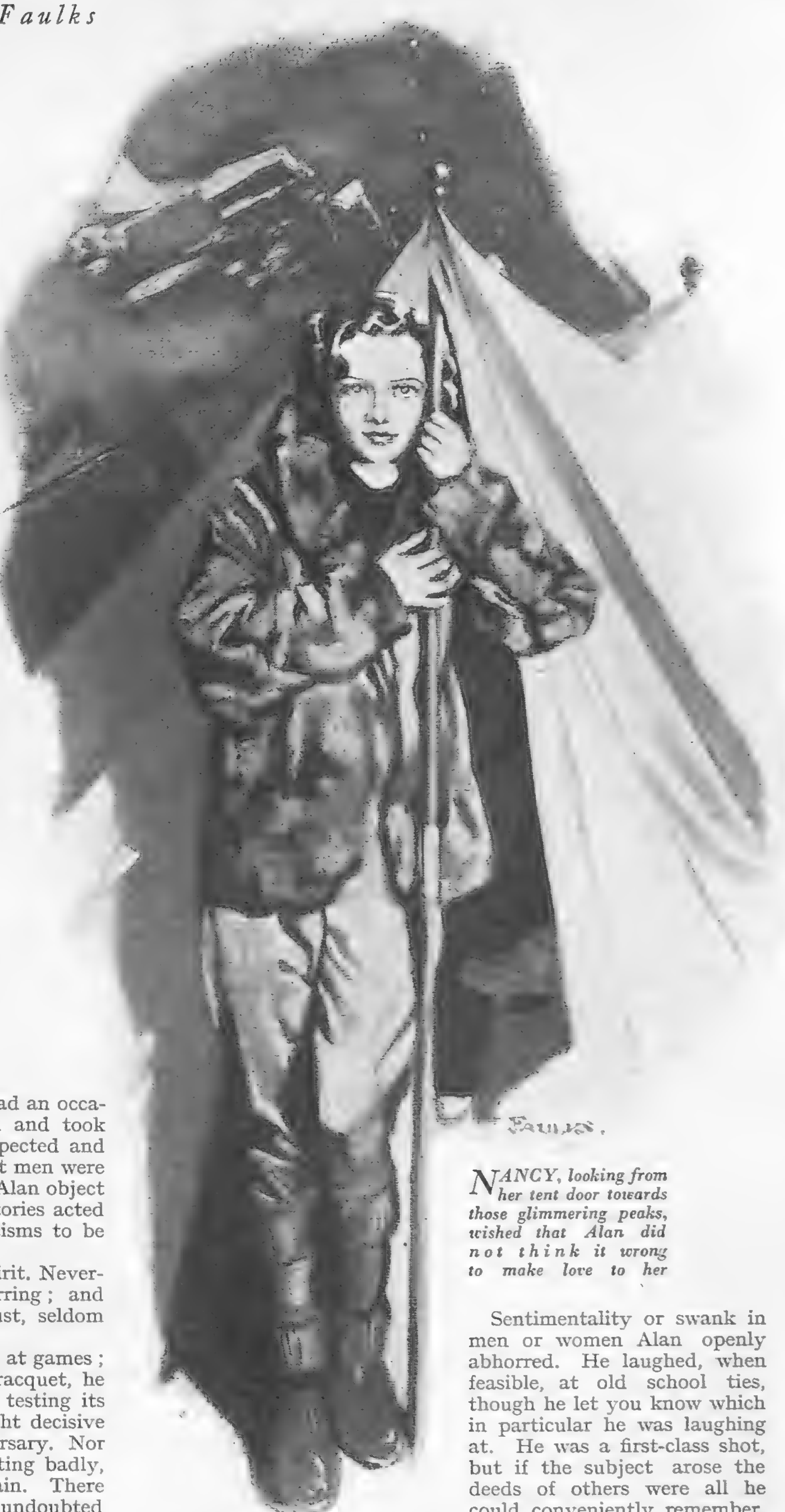
Even before he went to Eton he would have died to preserve either his dignity (and this included the class that he belonged to) or his country (and this, of course, included his King), and there were many more slighter breaks in the order of things for which Alan would have quite ruthlessly killed.

Alan's sense of responsibility was quiveringly great, and included unswerving loyalty, as long as the object of it lived up to his expectations.

He was, for instance, faithful to his mother, his servants and his animals; but his animals had to obey him, his servants to know their place; and his mother—well, there was a great deal for the mother of a revered only son to learn, and in the course of time Mrs. Hamilton learned most of it. There had been one terrible moment when it looked as if she might be going to marry again. She asked Alan if he'd "mind." Alan, who was past-master in the art of under-statement, merely raised his eyebrows and said: "Surely not, Mother!"—and looked at her as an iconoclast must look at an image when he has decided to desecrate an outlived shrine.

Instantly Mrs. Hamilton realised that if she married again, she would cease to be an image; very few women voluntarily give up being an image, and Mrs. Hamilton was not one of them.

She remained enshrined for the rest of her life, though she realised that she would be only occasionally visited. Alan would never neglect her, but the part he expected women to play in his life was that of an audience, and at times a distant audience.



NANCY, looking from her tent door towards those glimmering peaks, wished that Alan did not think it wrong to make love to her

With men Alan was never widely popular. He had an occasional male worshipper, who leaned on his strength and took a minor share in his triumphs; acquaintances respected and discussed him; but by his potential rivals, and most men were his potential rivals, he was frankly hated. Nor did Alan object to inspiring this emotion. He realised that his victories acted in the nature of rebukes; and he meant his criticisms to be galling.

Alan never found fault in a carping or injurious spirit. Nevertheless he often found it necessary to rebuke the erring; and the erring, even though his rebukes were often just, seldom or never forgave him.

Older people loved to watch Alan's smooth attack at games; it was so unobtrusive and so final. Taking up a racquet, he would spin it lightly from one hand to the other, testing its weight and quality; and then stepping, with a light decisive step, on to the court, proceed to annihilate his adversary. Nor could his worst enemy accuse him of taking a beating badly, since he seldom played where victory was uncertain. There were instances when he matched himself against undoubted champions, for the sake of learning what they had to teach him, and in these battles Alan *was* beaten; but never without having put up so plucky and strenuous a game that he left the field a moral victor.

When Alan finally went down from Oxford—after a career so distinguished that a double first was not surprising—the world was at his feet. He had no vices. He looked upon intemperance as beneath contempt; only once, to see what came of it, Alan took more than he could conveniently manage. Still, even then he managed it.

As for women, Alan had taken their measure in the nursery; he definitely looked down on them as man's inferiors, but always treated them with great consideration and restraint. He never evaded girls. If they were familiar or uppish, he snubbed them; but if they merely went off their heads about him, he was extraordinarily nice to them.

Sentimentality or swank in men or women Alan openly abhorred. He laughed, when feasible, at old school ties, though he let you know which in particular he was laughing at. He was a first-class shot, but if the subject arose the deeds of others were all he could conveniently remember, though after praising them there often turned out to have been an even better shot (anonymously achieved)—"lucky" was the adjective Alan modestly assigned to it; and there was usually someone in the audience who asserted it to have been Alan's own.

ALAN was in no hurry about choosing a career, though his eye turned in the direction of politics. He belonged to the ruling classes, and there was nothing to prevent his becoming a prime minister or—should prime ministers be out of date by the time he was likely to become one—a dictator. It would not be long probably before the question of democracy settled itself. Meanwhile Alan wisely thought that something spectacular—fastidiously spectacular—should be accomplished, so that when England needed a Leader she should know where to look for him.

Speed tests are abrupt and chancy; nor have those who have achieved them hitherto shown much aptitude for tougher problems.

Alan's chief pastime was mountain climbing; the Alps had been an extension of his nursery. He was already a member of the Alpine Club, and only his extreme youthfulness prevented him from being an official. It was well known in climbing circles that for sheer brilliancy, combined with indomitable pluck, young Hamilton was hard to beat.

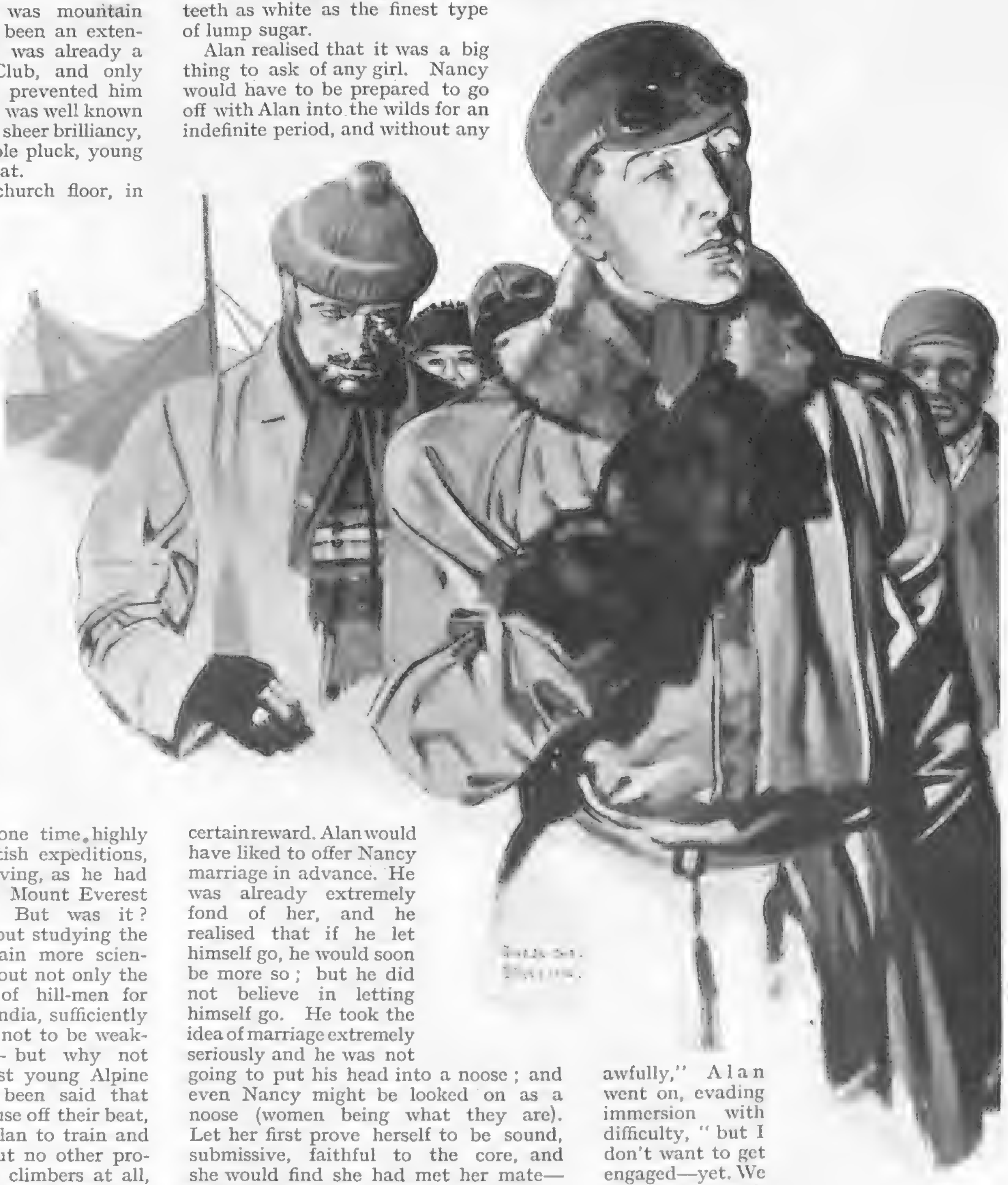
There was hardly a church floor, in any of the high mountain resorts, where Mrs. Hamilton had not knelt, praying for Alan's safety. Time blunted the edge of Eternity, while his mother prayed; but the angels saw to it that Alan did not dash himself against the stones. However, European climbing was not enough, Alan told himself; everyone is sick of the Alps. All the best peaks have been already climbed. There is nothing left of them except good exercise; but what about the Himalayas?

Mount Everest had up till now firmly refused to be climbed. It had beaten three first-rate expeditions, and although it had not kept itself inviolate from the air, it had rejected the footsteps of man.

The Dalai Lama, at one time highly nervous as to these British expeditions, was now quiescent, believing, as he had every right to do, that Mount Everest was its own defence. But was it? What, Alan thought, about studying the whole question over again more scientifically still? What about not only the best possible selection of hill-men for porters—hill-men from India, sufficiently far from Mount Everest not to be weakened by superstition — but why not also a couple of the best young Alpine guides? It has often been said that Alpine guides are of no use off their beat, but suppose they had Alan to train and lead them? What about no other professionals or well-known climbers at all, but simply Alan himself and dear little Nancy Loring? By a stroke of propitious fate Nancy's father had been a former President of the Alpine Club, and had trained Nancy to climb ever since she could walk. Alan was prepared to admit that though a man with Nancy's chances would have been a better climber than Nancy, still Nancy was a better climber than most men without them. In fact, Nancy was a very fine climber indeed, tireless and "Schwindel frei." Her mother was the sister of an ex-Viceroy; and there was no harm in that either.

Nancy had been for a long time head over heels in love with Alan; too much in love; too wildly; too tenderly; too seriously—and yet somehow or other had remained undeniably attractive to Alan. She had thick wavy hair, the colour of October bracken; a round, sunburnt face; a hardy, well-knit little body, and the sweetest brown eyes Alan had ever looked into. Her eyelashes were long enough to flutter, and darker than her eyes; her little nose pugnaciously tilted; her scarlet lips parted to show teeth as white as the finest type of lump sugar.

Alan realised that it was a big thing to ask of any girl. Nancy would have to be prepared to go off with Alan into the wilds for an indefinite period, and without any certain reward. Alan would have liked to offer Nancy marriage in advance. He was already extremely fond of her, and he realised that if he let himself go, he would soon be more so; but he did not believe in letting himself go. He took the idea of marriage extremely seriously and he was not going to put his head into a noose; and even Nancy might be looked on as a noose (women being what they are). Let her first prove herself to be sound, submissive, faithful to the core, and she would find she had met her mate—and, of course, her master.

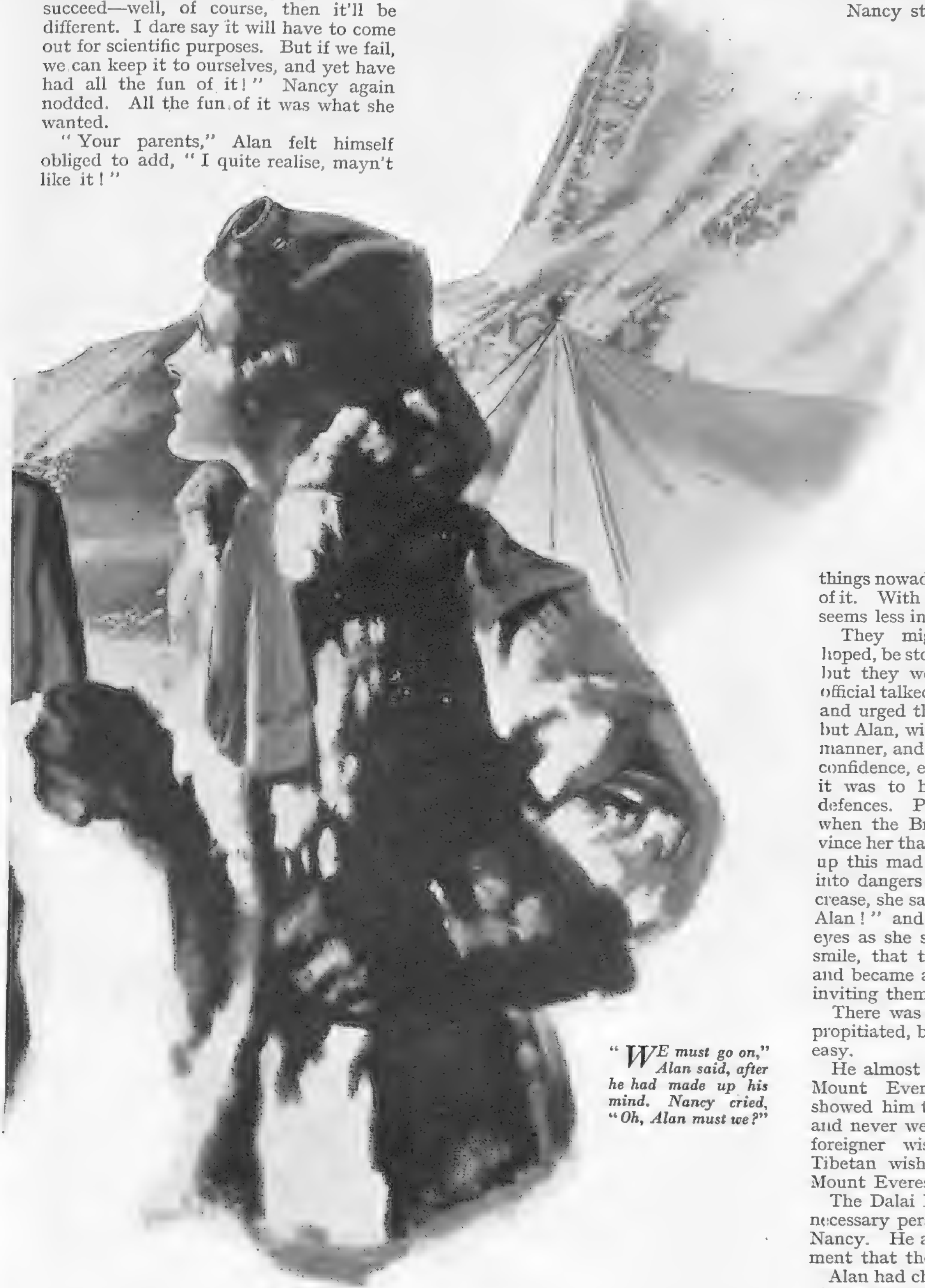


Nancy jumped at the chance. She said, "Oh, Alan, let's!" She gazed at him with parted lips, and very wide brown eyes, while Alan faithfully and honestly explained all the drawbacks to the scheme. "You see," he told her, "Nancy, my dear, it's a big thing to ask of a girl—it shows how immensely I believe in you—but it isn't only the risks—there will be, I suppose, the usual amount of gasp-and-carry-on—there has to be in all stiff climbing; but quite apart from what we've set out to do, people are sure to talk—about our doing it together! They'll expect us, at the very least, to come back engaged! Well—I don't know if you realise that I'm fond of you." Nancy's eyes shone more sparklingly than ever, but they did not flinch from Alan's; they merely opened so wide and looked so deep that it was difficult not to take a plunge into them—once and for all. "I am—awfully," Alan went on, evading immersion with difficulty, "but I don't want to get engaged—yet. We only know each other on the surface up till now. I don't wish to be rushed off my feet by mere fondness! Can you understand this? And can you put up with uncertainty?"

Nancy nodded, firmly and several times over; but her lips closed and she bit the lower one. She did not object to Alan's taking her fondness for granted, because she had made it perfectly plain, but it may have occurred to her that there was a better use for it than postponement.

"If it's worth that to you," Alan went on, after rather a breathless pause, "I mean our being together, and doing this big thing, I needn't tell you that it's worth it to me; and I'll make everything as easy for you as I can! We'll have to be quite horribly discreet and let no one else in on our plans! I don't want this to be a stunt at all—it mustn't come out what we're up to. I suggest we want to see Lhassa and perhaps make an attempt on Kinchinjunga. If we succeed—well, of course, then it'll be different. I dare say it will have to come out for scientific purposes. But if we fail, we can keep it to ourselves, and yet have had all the fun of it!" Nancy again nodded. All the fun of it was what she wanted.

"Your parents," Alan felt himself obliged to add, "I quite realise, mayn't like it!"



"WE must go on," Alan said, after he had made up his mind. Nancy cried, "Oh, Alan must we?"

"They won't!" Nancy agree promptly, "but they'll have to lump it, and they're quite good at lumping things—as parents go! After all, I've often done worse! Worse in a *sense*, I mean! They know *you're* all right! As to getting married"—Nancy blinked and looked both pink and vague—"it hasn't got anything to do with them, anyhow, has it? I always think one's parents should be kept out of marriage questions—they're so apt to miss the point! An expedition like this is such terrible fun, anyhow—that's the *great* thing, isn't it? We needn't bother what comes of it! Just you and I—and I suppose lots of yaks and ponies; and little brown porters; and Dalai Lamas!"

"There's only one Dalai Lama," Alan patiently explained, wishing there was a way of damming so much eagerness, "and we may not even see him. It'll be extremely hard work, you know, Nancy. As far as your parents are concerned, we must consider them as much as we can. My mother will come with us—Darjeeling is, I think, the best place to park her—and she'll stay there till we get back, as a sort of chaperone. People don't notice distances once one's out of England. I don't see why we shouldn't bring it off!" he added, flushing with a fellow eagerness, only more easily suppressed than Nancy's.

"It'll be a marvellous thing if we do!"

Nancy stopped looking at Alan. She blinked as if the prospect were too dazzling; but perhaps she wasn't looking at the same prospect. Alan was only thinking of Mount Everest, whereas Nancy was thinking of Alan.

EVERYTHING worked according to plan. Nancy's parents didn't like it at all. Her mother, having been connected with India, realised that Darjeeling is not near Kinchinjunga—not near enough, at least, for purposes of efficient chaperonage. Still, what were they to do? The young people were both of age. They had money. Mrs. Hamilton was going as far as she could. Alan was a good match and everyone knew that he was to be trusted. Young people do strange things nowadays and nothing much comes of it. With so many opportunities, there seems less inclination to thieve.

They might, Nancy's parents still hoped, be stopped at the frontier of Tibet; but they were not stopped. A British official talked very seriously to them both, and urged them to give up their project, but Alan, with superfine maps, the Eton manner, and a peculiar power of arousing confidence, even in people whose business it was to have none, broke down his defences. Perhaps Nancy helped, for when the British official sought to convince her that *she*, at any rate, should give up this mad idea of accompanying Alan into dangers her presence could only increase, she said "Ah, but you don't know Alan!" and so lovely were her brown eyes as she said this, and so potent her smile, that the British official collapsed and became a human being on the spot, inviting them both to dinner.

There was still the Dalai Lama to be propitiated, but this proved unexpectedly easy.

He almost liked British expeditions to Mount Everest by now. Experience showed him that money came into Tibet and never went out again; and that no foreigner wished to remain, while no Tibetan wished to become a foreigner. Mount Everest, too, looked after itself.

The Dalai Lama did not even think it necessary personally to inspect Alan and Nancy. He assured the British Government that they would have his prayers.

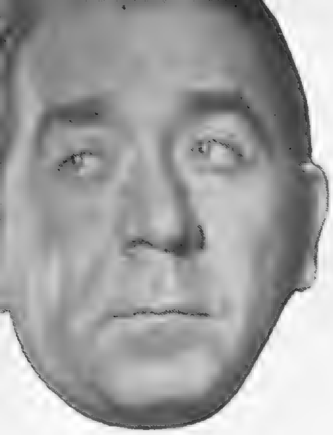
Alan had chosen a wonderful collection of stores, camp and climbing equipment. The Seissl brothers—Sebastian and Ludwig—turned up as arranged; and the Viceroy himself helped Alan's choice of hill-men for porters.

A comfortable bungalow was found for Mrs. Hamilton at Darjeeling, with a view of the Himalayas.

Nancy made a perfect travelling companion. In some ways she was better than another man, because she knew she wasn't one, and therefore made neither claims nor complaints.

She obeyed Alan implicitly and with enthusiasm. To wear nothing else but shorts and an open shirt; to cook food outdoors; to sleep in a tent next to Alan's; and to be

(*Continued on page* 138)

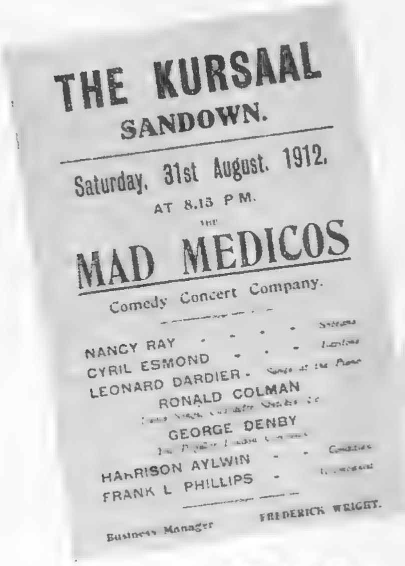


Herbert Mundin

Laddie Cliff

Jack Hylton

"The Popinjays." Ronald Colman is on the extreme right. In circle: Ronald Colman as he is to-day

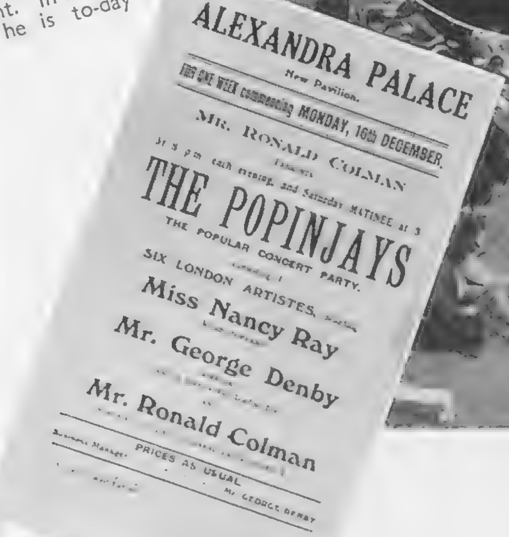


THE KURSAAL
SANDOWN.

Saturday, 31st August, 1912,
AT 8.15 P.M.
THE
MAD MEDICOS
Comedy Concert Company.

NANCY RAY
CYRIL ESMOND
LEONARD DARDIER - Songs at the Piano
RONALD COLMAN
GEORGE DENBY
HARRISON AYLWIN - - Comedian
FRANK L PHILLIPS -

Business Manager FREDERICK WRIGHT.



ALEXANDRA PALACE
New Pavilion.
FOR ONE WEEK commencing MONDAY, 16th DECEMBER.
MR. RONALD COLMAN
presents
at 8 p.m. each evening, and Saturday MATINEE at 3
THE POPINJAYS
THE POPULAR CONCERT PARTY.
SIX LONDON ARTISTES,
Miss Nancy Ray
Mr. George Denby
Mr. Ronald Colman
PRICES AS USUAL
Mr GEORGE DENBY

They All Came

IT was quite late when my friend found me in the hotel lounge, and the sound of the waves had a lulling effect. I asked him where he had been.

"To tell you the truth, I just dropped in to listen to the local concert party. Only Pierrots, you know; but, upon my word, they weren't half bad. In fact they were darned good—one man especially. I wonder some of these seaside entertainers don't get taken up by London managers sometimes. Do they ever get on the real stage?"

This rather stung me, though most of us have heard similar remarks. I couldn't resist unburdening myself, happening to know a little about it. Hence this article.

Dozens of successful figures in present-day entertainment have come from the ranks of concert-parties. Here are some of the more famous: Leslie Henson, Fay Compton, Bobby Howes, Sydney Howard, Jack Hylton, Laddie Cliff, Arthur Prince, Douglas Byng, Stanley Holloway, Davy Burnaby, W. H. Berry, Ronald Frankau, Clarkson Rose, Charles Heslop, Mary Lawson.

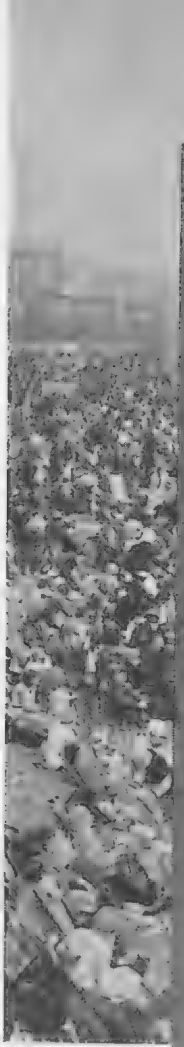
Most widely known of all is Ronald Colman, Hollywood's favourite Englishman.

Leslie Henson started life as "something in the City." So did I, and a young man named Louis Rihll, in the same firm as myself, suddenly threw up his job and boldly started a South Coast concert-party, the Tatlers. At Bath, in 1910, Henson first appeared before the public at 35s. a week in this show as an irresponsible type of comedian with a surprised expression and a curiously hoarse, bland voice. The Tatlers had been going for some time when I saw them in town at the Palace as a "turn" called "Nicely, Thanks"; and Henson, with a huge walrus moustache, was wildly funny in their burlesque of a choral society. He had no other stage experience except a spring tour in "The Quaker Girl" for George Dance. In 1913 he was with another party, the Scamps.

Such comic genius as his can hardly be hidden under a bushel. Austin Hurgon saw him and commended him to George Grossmith at the Gaiety. He was given a tiny part in "To-night's the Night" in New York at £4 a week. This soon became £10, then £50 and £100; for he stepped into the shoes of Edmund Payne, who had lately died. The Gaiety was in a critical state. George Edwardes was a prisoner in Germany, and indeed passed away without ever seeing Payne's successor. Those who recall Teddy Payne knew him as the ideal musical comedy droll, bracketed with Huntley Wright at Daly's. Henson was less of a Cockney, but just as beguiling. For twenty years he has made countless thousands laugh. His antics and resources are matchless; and, what is more remarkable, his powers show no signs of waning. He is incidentally the only comedian of my acquaintance who is equally funny off the stage.

Not unnaturally, Leslie's concert-party training reasserted itself when he joined the Army, and his name at the front became a legend. He captured the theatre at Lille, where his audiences, including Royalty, were unprecedented. To this day he invites to an annual reunion party as many of his old comrades as can be mustered.

About the same time that Henson was



Fay Compton

Stanley Holloway

Leslie Henson

W. H. Berry

Sydney Howard

Davy Burnaby

Mary Lawson

Bobby Howes

from Concert Parties . . . .

By P. L. Mannock

making his Gaiety début in "To-night's the Night," numbers from that bright piece were being rendered in black-and-white pierrot costume by another young man, then unknown. He may have dreamed of world fame, but it is unlikely. His name was Ronald Colman.

IN 1916 I found an old friend, George Denby, rehearsing his travelling troupe, the Popinjays, in a pavilion in the then rather depressing town of Derby. George and his beautiful wife Marjorie Dunbar (now no more) insisted that I should meet their "light juvenile," and I was presented to a black-haired young man of considerable charm and good looks. Colman was, in fact, the same unaffected, delightful companion he still is. He had just been invalided out of the London Scottish, and I discovered he had been in the same shipping office as my brother.

Before the war he had done some amateur mumming, and one holiday he and six others formed a troupe on the sands of the Isle of Wight. All were amateurs. Their title, the Mad Medicos, had some warrant, as two of them were in fact medical students; one of these to-day has a practice in a western suburb of London.

On the second night of the show the electric light failed, and they used candles. At the end of the week they shared out £4 each; and this decided both Colman and Denby to abandon the City to its fate.

Now, at Derby, Colman was getting £6. But this fantastic salary was more than the Popinjays could afford. His recitations and banjo songs were pleasant. He declaimed, "Spotty, a Tale of the Trenches," and sang "The Only, Only Way" as a duet. He did not complete the tour and embarked on a fitful stage career. A small rôle with Gladys Cooper in "The Misleading Lady"; a tour or two, and the part of the patient in "Damaged Goods," followed by a precarious existence in British films. One of these, "The Black Spider," in which he was the villain, was the only British picture ever seen by Lord Northcliffe, who, however, left the London Pavilion halfway through it.

Colman's struggles for a living in New York before Hollywood discovered him have no place here. It is interesting that Denby, his concert-party friend, also engaged for the Popinjays no less a person than Noel Coward.

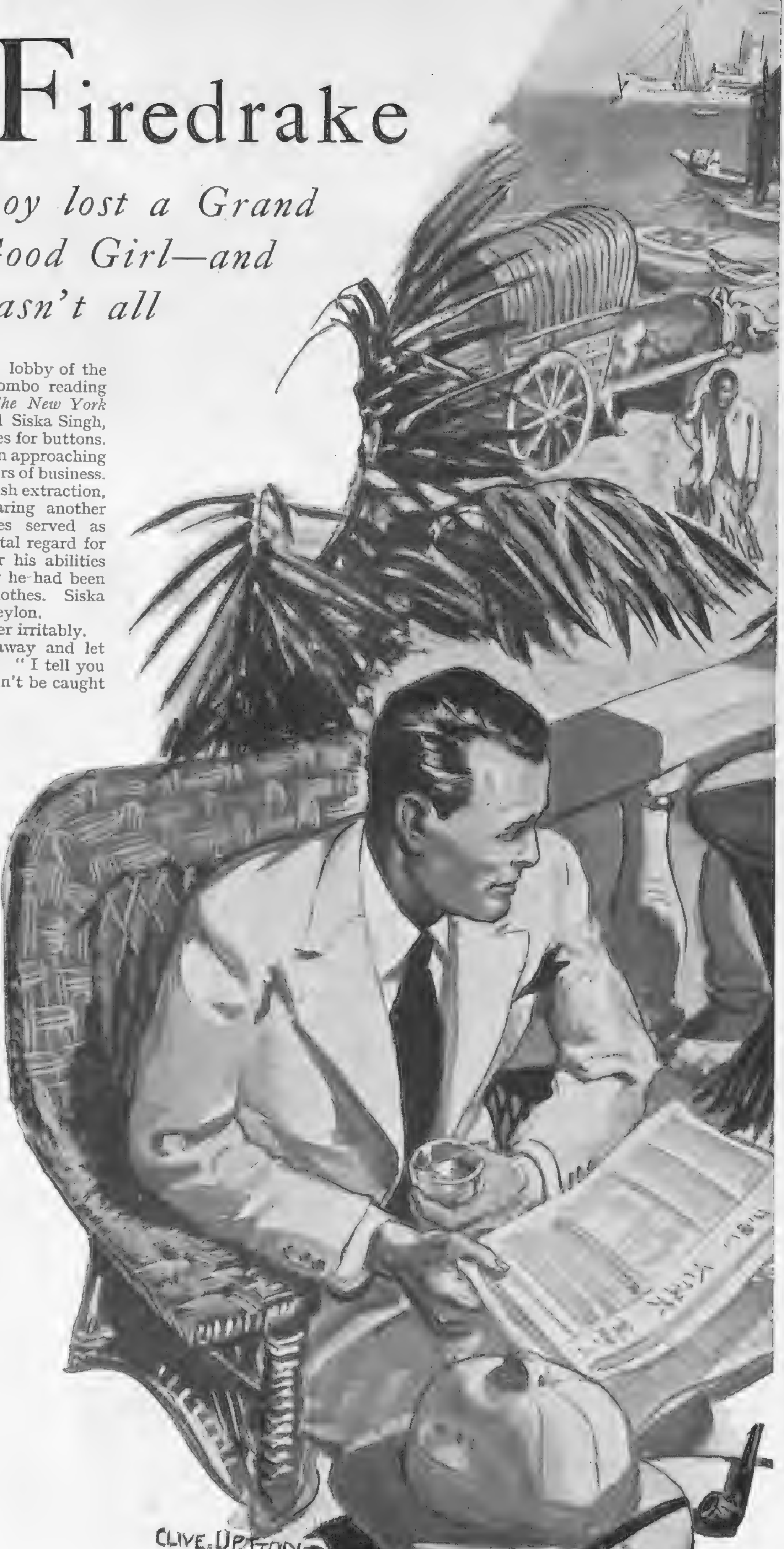
I have before me a copy of their programme at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, with Coward's name in the cast. But Coward never appeared. For reasons of his own he gracefully backed out of the engagement, and it is therefore not possible to include him in this chronicle's scope. But it was a near thing.

The humblest form of alfresco entertainer is the simple "busker" of theatre queues and beach. In groups they are troupes. There are yet a few harmoniums on the seaweed, moved up at intervals from the incoming tide. From this to the modern luxurious municipal pavilion is a far cry. Long ago higher-grade, genuinely refined and more stable types of show came about, although the cap, passed round, has not been wholly supplanted even by the automatic ticket machine.

(*Continued on page* 85)

The Firedrake

How a Bad Boy lost a Grand Ruby to a Good Girl—and that wasn't all



NED FRAYNE sat in the lobby of the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo reading a six-weeks-old copy of *The New York Times*. At his side stood Siska Singh, in a pongee coat with American dimes for buttons. This coat was the one he affected when approaching citizens of the United States on matters of business. Had Mr. Frayne been of obvious British extraction, Siska Singh would have been wearing another pongee coat upon which sixpences served as buttons. Siska Singh had the Oriental regard for suitability. He also had regard for his abilities as a salesman. For three days now he had been trying to sell Ned Frayne a suit of clothes. Siska Singh was one of the best tailors in Ceylon.

Frayne moved and rustled his paper irritably.

"Will you, for God's sake, go away and let me alone?" he said to Siska Singh. "I tell you I don't want to buy a suit. I wouldn't be caught dead in one of your damned suits. Now stop hounding me. You make me nervous, always standing at my elbow."

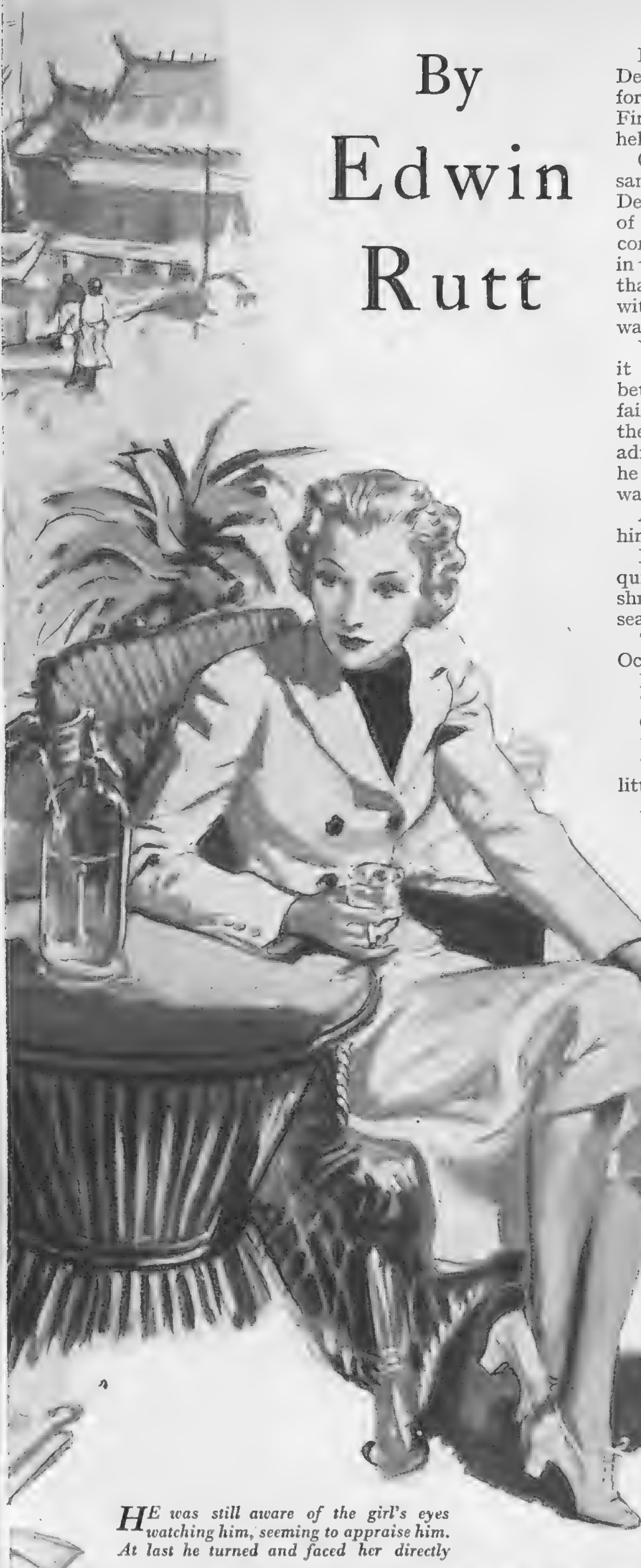
Siska Singh nodded with Oriental impassivity. But he did not go away. It was his desire to make Mr. Frayne nervous, nervous enough to gain peace and quiet by buying a suit. If Mr. Frayne would do that, Siska Singh would contract with himself to let Mr. Frayne alone. That would be part of the bargain.

Perceiving that Siska Singh had no notion of departing, Frayne arose.

"All right, damn you," he said. "If you won't go, I will. And on the way I'll stop at the desk and have you thrown out of the hotel. This is an outrage. Can't even sit in the lobby without being devilled by a damned tailor."

But Frayne had no intention whatever of carrying out this dire threat. Generally speaking, he was an affable young man. If he seemed irritable this morning, it was only because a fever of impatience lay upon him. For three days now Ned Frayne had waited for the *S.S. Indore* to round the Colombo breakwater and anchor in the harbour. Now here it was nine o'clock in the morning of the fourth day. The *Indore* was due at noon, sailing at sundown. And Ned Frayne would be on her, clear of Ceylon, an unobtrusive, unsuspected passenger. But in a small compartment specially built into the top of his white, helmet-like topee would nestle The Firedrake, one of the most priceless rubies in the world.

By Edwin Rutt



HE was still aware of the girl's eyes watching him, seeming to appraise him. At last he turned and faced her directly

De Silva, the Portuguese merchant, had owned The Firedrake. But De Silva, old, mean and distrustful of modern methods, had kept it for years in an antiquated safe in his house in Colombo. Even so, The Firedrake might never have rested in the top of Ned Frayne's sun-helmet had it not been for the assistance of Chundra Ram.

Chundra Ram was a small, monkeyish person, the colour of dark sandalwood, who until lately had done odd jobs about the house of De Silva. Upon his arrival in Ceylon Frayne had studied the personnel of De Silva's establishment from afar. He had noted Chundra Ram coming and going. And he thought that he perceived a shrewd gleam in the dark, mobile eyes of Chundra Ram, an avaricious gleam suggesting that their owner might listen to any and all propositions freighted suitably with reason. Yes, unless Frayne's intuition was at fault, Chundra Ram was his man.

Very carefully he had approached De Silva's house-servant. Then it developed that Chundra Ram spoke English, and understood it better than he spoke it. Nor had Frayne's ability to estimate character failed him. Chundra Ram was only too willing to co-operate. For the price named by Frayne he would have done far more than simply admit Frayne into De Silva's house at a propitious moment. However, he had advised waiting until such a moment presented itself. Frayne waited, fidgeting around Colombo.

A few days passed. Then one evening Chundra Ram had accosted him on the esplanade of the Galle Face.

It was just at dusk. The pewter expanse of the Indian Ocean lay quiet in the fading, lavender light. Overhead the crows wheeled and shrilled. The endless procession of natives passed along by the seawall.

" To-night, sahib," said Chundra Ram, seeming to address the Indian Ocean.

Frayne nodded imperceptibly.

" De Silva ? " he asked in a low voice.

Chundra Ram, a man of few words, merely pointed north-east.

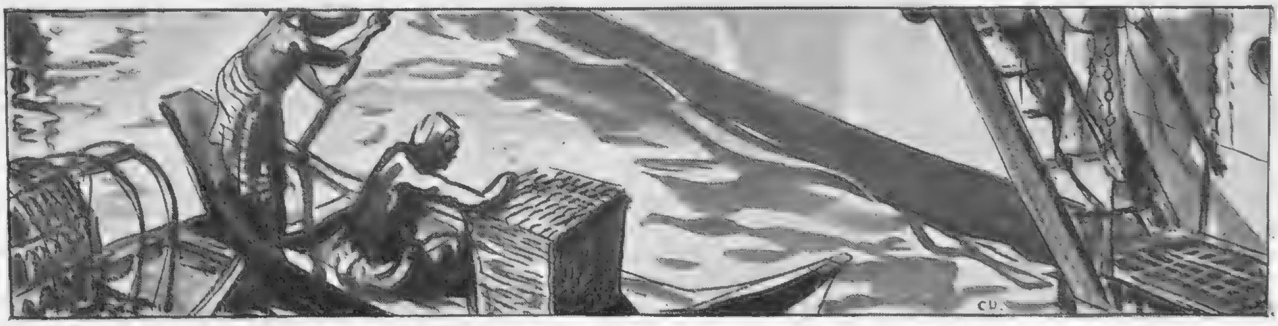
" Kandy ? " questioned Frayne.

" Yes, sahib. To be gone several days. I will admit the sahib by the little door at the back."

As easy as that Frayne's tapering, brown fingers, as sensitive as the antennæ of an insect, had made short work of the combination of De Silva's old-fashioned safe. Money had changed hands. And an hour after midnight Frayne had been dreaming peacefully in his bed at the Galle Face Hotel, The Firedrake burning in the little compartment under the crown of his white topee.

WELL, that had been three days ago. Chundra Ram, with what to a native amounted to a fortune, had already departed on a vessel bound eastward, to lose himself in the purlieus of Singapore. But Frayne had not been interested in escaping to Singapore. His destination was Holland, where a certain unrecognised lapidary of Amsterdam would convert The Firedrake into forms which could be exchanged for cash. And, in any case, there was no need for haste. De Silva, the merchant, had not returned from Kandy as yet. By the time he did so and discovered his loss, Ned Frayne would be at sea in the *S.S. Indore*. He would have preferred one of the Dutch motorships, since on it he would have been out of British jurisdiction. But no matter. The *Indore* was the first Europe-bound vessel that he could get. To save time he would disembark at Marseilles and fly to Amsterdam.

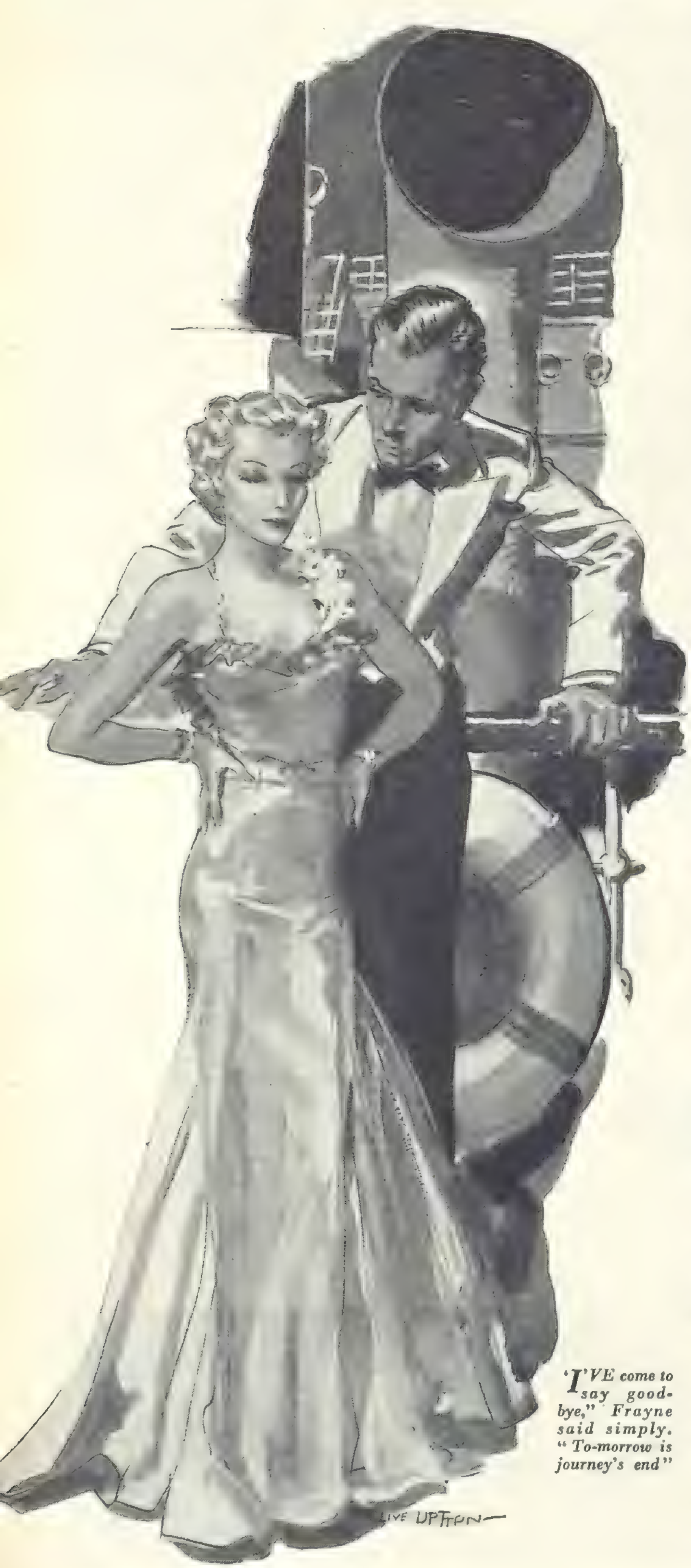
Passing through the lobby now, Frayne went out on the terrace. He sat down



at a table, put his topee on his knee and ran fingers through his crisp, black hair. For a moment his eyes, grey eyes with a dangerous, steely glint in them, rested on the hot blue-and-bold loveliness of the sea. A waiter appeared.

" Stengah," Frayne ordered. It was a bit early to drink. But, until the *Indore* sailed, he had nothing else to do.

The waiter departed. Covertly, Frayne turned the topee over and peeped into the little compartment. The Firedrake glared back at him. But the red glow of De Silva's priceless gem was not the only colour that burned in the bowl-like interior of Frayne's sun helmet. Something light and sparkly lay beside The Firedrake.



'I'VE come to say good-bye," Frayne said simply. " To-morrow is journey's end"

The Saltus diamond. Whenever he thought of it, Frayne smiled. Mrs. Saltus in New York had been as big a fool about her valuable diamond as De Silva in Ceylon had been about his ruby. Trusting to a wall safe in a Park Avenue apartment. That job had been a cinch.

He'd had help on it, though. Doc Lilandahl, that underworld genius of characterisation and impersonation, had got himself hired as butler by Mrs. Saltus's secretary. Letters of recommendation had done the business. The rest had been smooth sailing.

Well, there'd been a terrible hue and cry. But by the time it started Frayne had reached San Francisco and Lilandahl was safe in Canada. Even now, unless plans had miscarried in some way, Lilandahl must be in Amsterdam awaiting his arrival.

Of course, he would split the proceeds realised from the Saltus diamond with Lilandahl. Lilandahl had earned that. But Frayne had no intention of cutting him in on The Firedrake. The Firedrake he regarded as his own. His purpose in going around the world to get to Amsterdam had been twofold. To begin with, the police had doubtless watched the Atlantic boats like hawks after the Saltus affair. And, secondly, he had wanted to investigate the possibilities of that other famous stone, said to be owned by the old Portuguese in Ceylon. And it had all been easy, a thousand times easier than he had expected.

The waiter brought his drink. Frayne sipped it absently. Then, all at once he was aware that he did not have the terrace to himself.

He hadn't noticed the girl before. She had evidently been sitting on the terrace before he had arrived, as her drink, a concoction of gin, lime-juice, water and ice known in the East as a " gimlet," was half finished. She sat unobtrusively at a corner table. And she was staring quite frankly at Ned Frayne.

The distance between them was not great. Frayne was struck by the colour of her eyes, a curious mixture of light blue and jade, like tropic water just at the shore line. Her hair was golden, bright with little coppery lights. The blue smoke of a cigarette curled from warm, scarlet lips. She had a small, resolute chin.

Under her direct gaze Frayne's eyes fell. He did not want to appear to return her stare. And yet he liked looking at her. She was fascinating rather than beautiful. He couldn't quite decide whether she was American or English. American, he thought. He stole another glance at her. She was still regarding him, through a cloud of smoke that had just left her parted lips.

Frayne began to feel uncomfortable. Good heavens, why was the girl staring at him like this ? Was he funny-looking or something ? Had he forgotten some essential article of apparel ? He subjected himself to close scrutiny. No, he was quite properly and fully dressed in clean, white linen. There was no reason why he should attract attention. In fact, attracting attention was the last thing Ned Frayne wanted to do. A man carrying a fortune in the top of a pith helmet does not welcome the intent gaze of strangers.

He sat on, sipping his drink. But he was still aware of the girl's eyes watching him, seeming to appraise him. At last he turned and faced her directly. It was possible that by returning her stare coolly, he might put an end to this uninvited inspection.

But the girl's eyes never wavered. She raised her glass and drank, looking at him steadily over the rim. Then she suddenly extended the forefinger of the hand that held the glass. No one had ever beckoned Ned Frayne more definitely.

A little smile played about Frayne's lips. If this fascinating girl wanted to talk to him, he wasn't in the least averse to the idea. He had plenty of time and nothing to do. Picking up his topee, he moved to her table.

" Yes ? " he said, standing over her.

The girl motioned him into a chair. Then she put her elbows on the table, rested her chin on her hands and met his eyes frankly.

" Are you an American ? " she asked. Her voice was low, curiously vibrant.

Frayne nodded.

" An obvious one, don't you think ? " he said.

" I thought so," the girl said. " But I wanted to be sure."

He smiled. " Why ? Are you going to tell me that my country needs me or something ? "

" Hardly," she said. " I just think that Americans meeting on the other side of the world ought to help one another, don't you ? "

" It's a nice theory," Frayne said. "But, personally, I'm not in need of help."

The girl finished her drink.

" Well," she said calmly, " I am."

Frayne looked at her suspiciously. Ninety-five per cent. of people's troubles, he thought cynically, could be cured by money. And, without doubt, the difficulties of this alluring girl fell into the same category. He supposed he would have to listen to her. But he had no intention of being shaken down, even by a delightful woman with arresting blue-and-jade eyes.

" Yes ? " he said encouragingly.

" If you don't mind hearing it," said the girl, " I'll tell you the story of a damn fool. I'm the damn fool."

" A very attractive damn fool then," Frayne said promptly.

" That fact or fancy, whichever it is," the girl said, without smiling, " does me no good at all. The point is that I've got to leave Colombo on the *Indore* to-night."

" Well," said Frayne, " why can't you ? It's a free country, isn't it ? "

" For you, perhaps. But "—she shrugged—" they won't let me go, that's all ! "

" Who won't ? "

" The port authorities."

" But why not ? Do they go in for detaining women against their wills ? "

She made an impatient gesture. " You don't understand, of course. I should have told you. I've been in Colombo for two months. I've signed chits all over the place. And it's a rule of this charming country that all chits must be paid before the person signing them is allowed to leave."

"Well, that's easy." Frayne played with her a little. " Pay 'em."

She gave him another of her steady looks.

" When I first—er—noticed you," she said, " you didn't look obtuse to me. Can you suggest something to use for money ? "

Aha, Frayne thought. So the difficulties were financial. Well, he had expected it. He waited in silence.

" I came to Ceylon," the girl said, " to marry a man that I met in London two years ago. He has a tea plantation up north. We hadn't seen each other for a long time, of course. And when I got here "—a little spasm crossed her face—" I found he'd changed his mind. Oh, he was the perfect gentleman. He was willing to go through with it. But a child could have seen that he was being just that, a gentleman. So I . . . well, I made it easy for him. I simply walked out of the picture. The trouble is, I didn't walk far enough. I should have walked right out of Ceylon, then and there."

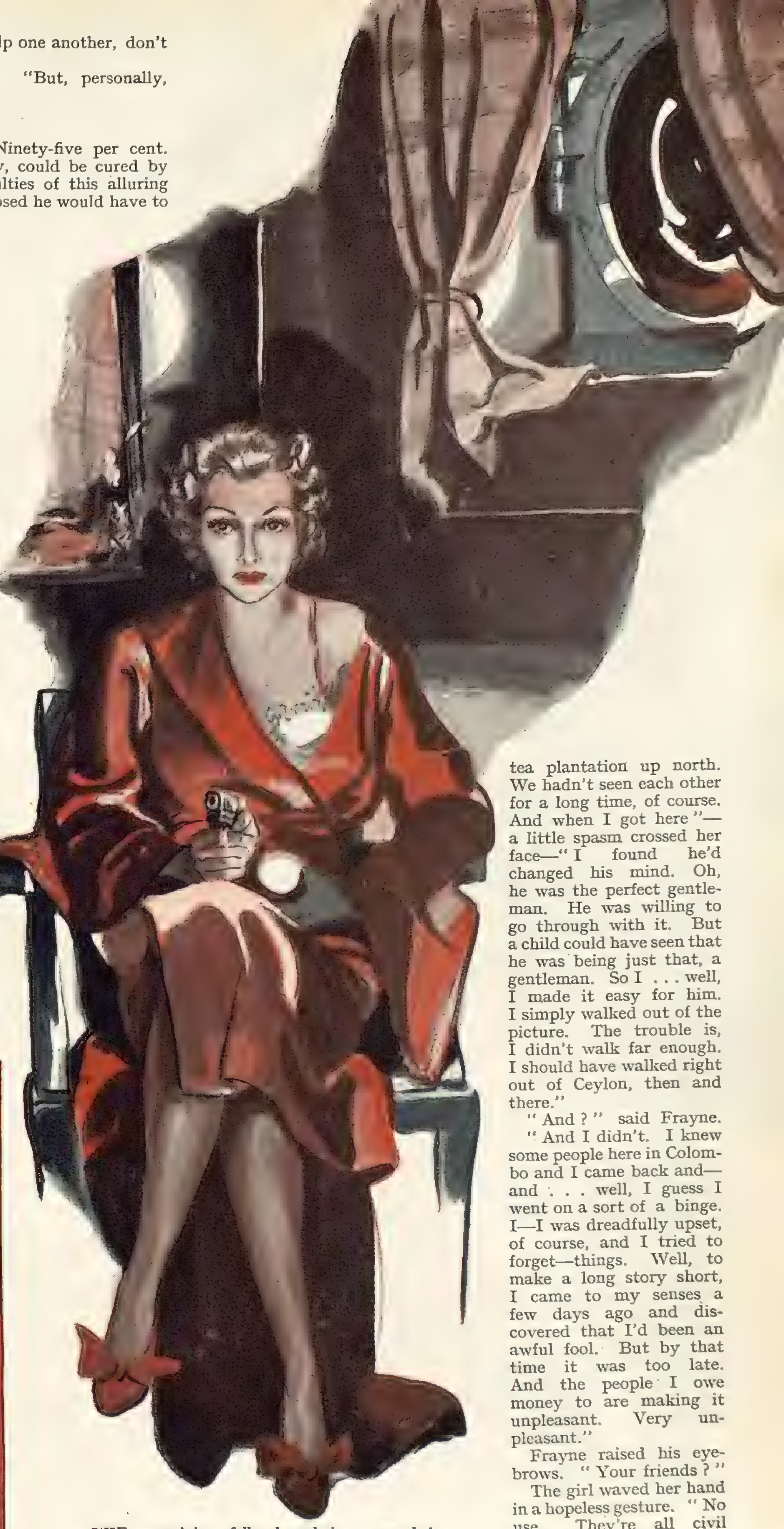
" And ? " said Frayne.

" And I didn't. I knew some people here in Colombo and I came back and—and . . . well, I guess I went on a sort of a binge. I—I was dreadfully upset, of course, and I tried to forget—things. Well, to make a long story short, I came to my senses a few days ago and discovered that I'd been an awful fool. But by that time it was too late. And the people I owe money to are making it unpleasant. Very unpleasant."

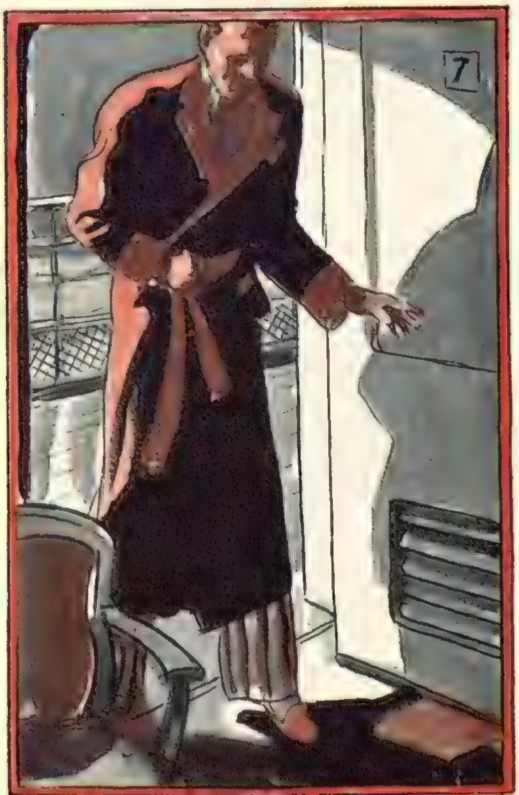
Frayne raised his eyebrows. " Your friends ? "

The girl waved her hand in a hopeless gesture. " No use. They're all civil servants. Aside from small

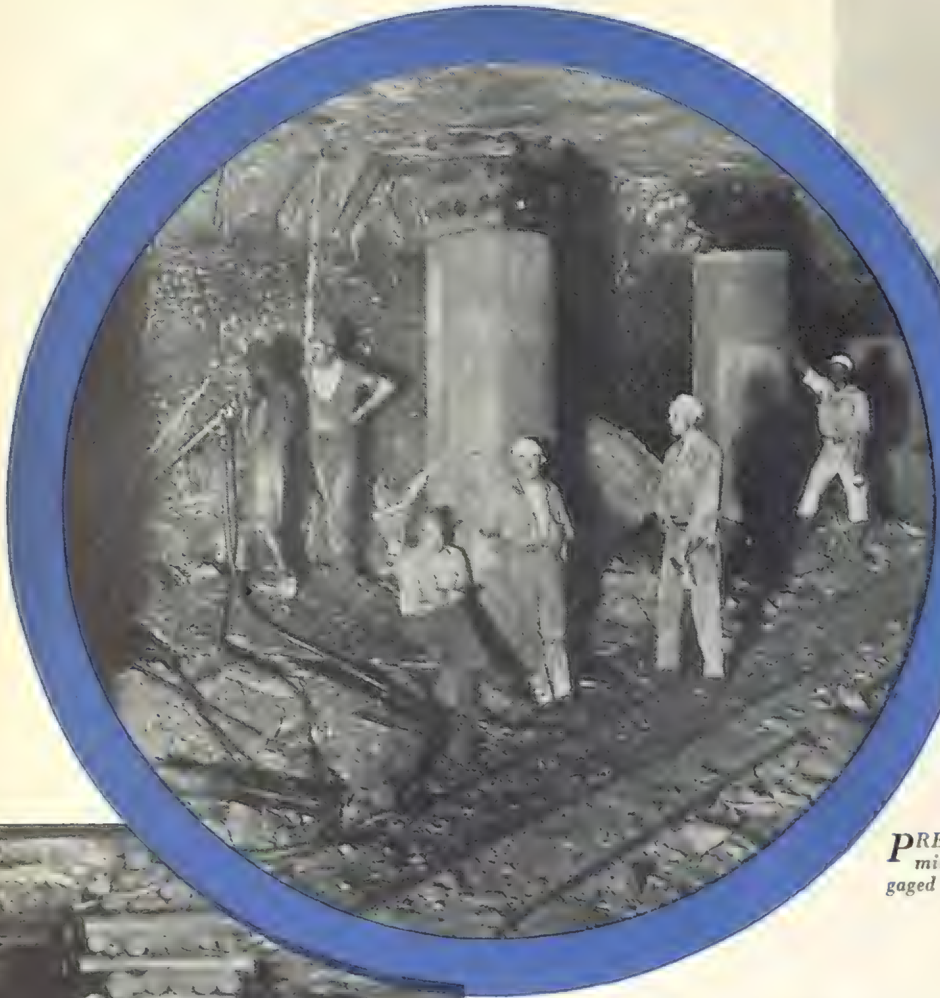
(*Continued on page* 126)



SHE was sitting, fully dressed, in an armchair. One hand held a flashlamp. From the other came the gleam of an automatic. It was pointed at his heart



ROBINSON DEEP GOLD MINING CO.'S mine dumps just outside Johannesburg



PREPARATIONS for blasting in a gold mine: Natives and skilled white workers engaged in drilling with a compressed air driller

The Author of this Article has spent five years working in the gold mines of South Africa and experienced the thrill of striking a new reef when working a diamond drill

By Peter Langdale

A MECHANICAL shaker being operated by compressed air. This power is supplied in bulk both for this purpose and for rock drilling by the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company Ltd., who deliver it to the mines by means of 32 miles of air pipes

TEN short rings . . . and one long!

The first time I heard the dreaded signal which heralds an underground accident in any gold mine on the Rand, I heard it as one of the victims.

I had just finished a working shift of five hours in the 8,000 ft. Robinson Deep Gold Mine—the deepest in the world. Together with a number of miners and officials I was waiting at the 30th Level for the skip to take us to the surface. When it arrived the "onsetter" pushed us back while he loaded a final cocopan of ore, and thus, unknowingly, saved our lives.

The skip shot up and away.

Suddenly there came a distant crash. Then a piercing whistle like a shell screaming through the air. Someone shouted "Overwind!" and in a struggling mass we fled to a small door at the end of a passage—the only exit.

The next minute was like a nightmare. The skip had smashed the head-gear into matchwood and its five-ton weight was hurtling down on us. With it came the wreck of a nine-foot shaft wheel and a few thousand feet of steel cable. Amid cries of alarm and panic the skip crashed through three layers of foot-square beams and buried itself at the bottom of a forty-foot sump of water.

As we burst through the door which led to another "drive"—and safety—we felt the concussion of the overwind, and from the hanging (overhead rock) in every direction hailed an avalanche of sharp, jagged fragments.

Halfway on the six-mile walk to the next shaft, still trembling with shock, we met the rescue party which had been sent down to give what aid they could to those few they hoped might have survived the disaster. A grisly sight for us were the bundles of white canvas sacks—shrouds!

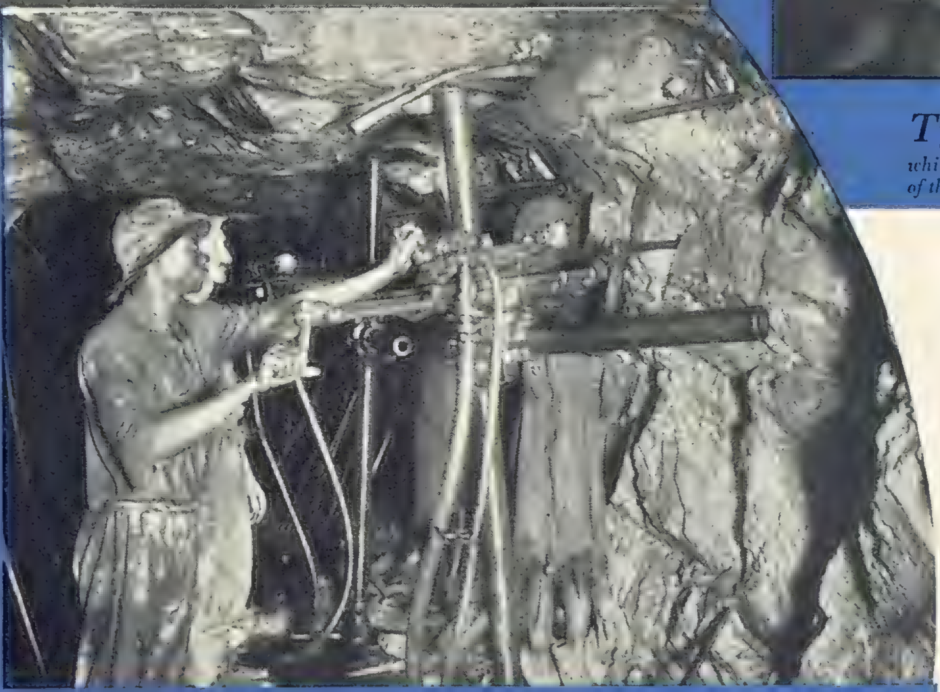
An accident such as this is part of the day's work. To work underground is to live dangerously. And only those who have experienced this tense subterranean existence can fully appreciate the ever-present perils which surround the mine worker.

The salary of a fully qualified miner, including the bonus obtained from "footage," or the amount of rock blasted out in a month, varies from £40 to £90. Underground mining area is divided into sections, each section being under the control of a miner, who is, again, responsible to a shift-boss. A mine-captain has charge of a "shaft" (a block of sections situated beneath his particular shaft-head), inspects the workings, receives reports daily from his group of shift-bosses, and at the end of every week assembles with the other mine-captains for a conference on the progress of the mine at the manager's office.

The average pay of a shift-boss is around £55 per month; a few of the larger mines pay more. A mine-captain may get anything from £70 to £100 per month.

An underground mining apprentice receives 7s. 6d. for every completed shift, and on qualifying as a "trammer," or assistant miner—one of the most gruelling

THE author, Peter Langdale, photographed in front of the diamond drill which he was working and which struck a reef at 4,000 feet deep. The discovery of this reef sent a gold mining company's shares soaring



DEVELOPING a section of a gold mine by machine drill. This method, in addition to the saving it effects, has done much to maintain the percentage of skilled whites working in the mines

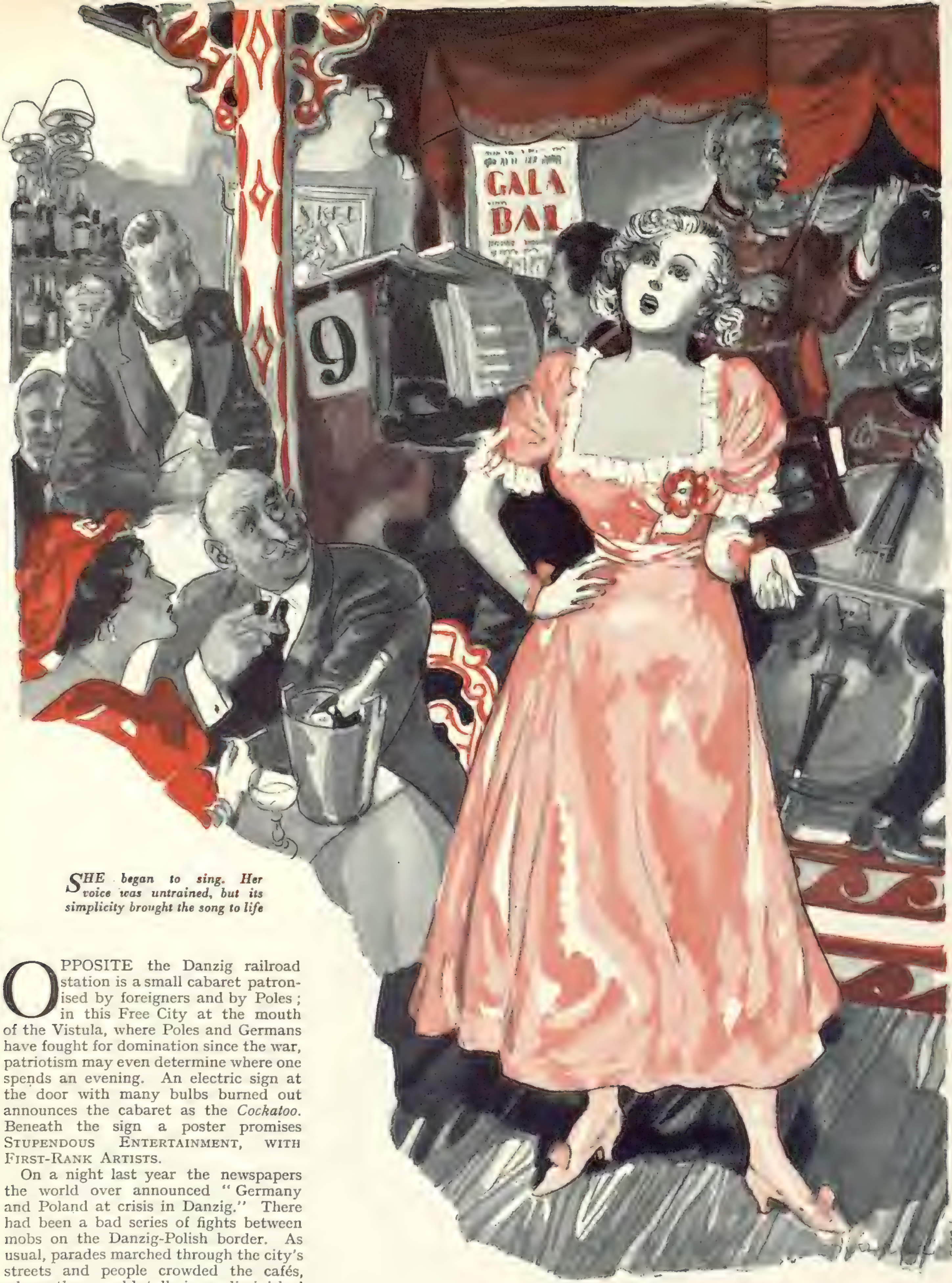
What Price GOLD?

positions in a mine—doubles his pay. There is no time limit before a "trammer" can become a miner. His promotion usually depends upon the number of vacancies among the miners, who, incidentally, are under contract and can be dismissed after a twenty-four hour notice.

THERE are good and bad sections in every mine. Certain formations of rock "break" or blast more easily than others. Consequently, a miner working an easy section may gain more "footage," and therefore more bonus, than a man on a difficult section, although the amount of gelegnite (explosive) used in each case is the same.

A miner, (*Continued on page* 108)

WORKING under difficulties. Gold miners fixing drilling apparatus on a sloping reef. The reefs vary from less than an inch to 20 feet in thickness



SHE began to sing. Her voice was untrained, but its simplicity brought the song to life

OPPOSITE the Danzig railroad station is a small cabaret patronised by foreigners and by Poles; in this Free City at the mouth of the Vistula, where Poles and Germans have fought for domination since the war, patriotism may even determine where one spends an evening. An electric sign at the door with many bulbs burned out announces the cabaret as the *Cockatoo*. Beneath the sign a poster promises STUPENDOUS ENTERTAINMENT, WITH FIRST-RANK ARTISTS.

On a night last year the newspapers the world over announced "Germany and Poland at crisis in Danzig." There had been a bad series of fights between mobs on the Danzig-Polish border. As usual, parades marched through the city's streets and people crowded the cafés, where they could talk in undiminished fortissimo. It was a bad night for cabarets; only three of the dozen tables in the *Cockatoo* were occupied. Miovsky, the proprietor, a little nervous man whose shoulders were in constant motion, like the beam bar of a ferry, was standing at the entrance, looking worried. A three-piece orchestra was playing old American popular music as if it had been rehearsed from scratchy records. About eleven o'clock a dance team appeared to begin the entertainment. They went through their routine with even less interest than the few customers showed. Then, to complete the entertainment, the orchestra began to play "The Banks of the Vistula." A singer, announced as Marya Wendt, came to the floor from a table near the entrance.

She was twenty. Her blonde hair and blue eyes gave no particular clue to her nationality; she might have come from any one of the Baltic countries. Her peasant background showed in her broad shoulders and big frame, but from somewhere she had inherited a stunning posture and the ability to move with grace. She wore an iridescent pink satin dress. An amber spotlight—for her the most flattering colour—was turned on her. It made her face seem far paler

Provocateur

The banks of the Vistula are fair
And oleanders flower there.
Ah, the banks of the Vistula!
—Polish Song

By William C. White

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

than it was; it drained the colour from the dress, and it made its iridescence seem like a permanent shine. But the light did give a kind of pathos to her face, a quiet, mute pathos which her large, gentle eyes reflected.

She began to sing. Her voice was untrained, but its simplicity brought the song to life. Her audience manner was that of someone doing an accustomed job realistically and naturally, no different from a seamstress, a housewife, or a salesgirl at work. Yet, at times, she gave a hint of repressed excitement. It was excitement generated by something within her, not by her surroundings nor by what she was doing. It was apparent in the way she watched the entrance and, from time to time, the few people at the tables. Several newcomers entered during her first song. Each time a halt in her voice implied some interest apart from her singing. Sometimes the noise of a passing parade or the scream of a siren on some official automobile came from outside, but she did not seem to hear it. But at the first sound of the front door opening she was alert.

Applause spattered at the end of her first song. She ignored it and seemed only the more intent on finishing her turn. She sang three songs. Then, after a gracious bow and a last look at the entrance, she went through a rear doorway into a little dark room that served as dressing-room. She turned on the light and sat down.

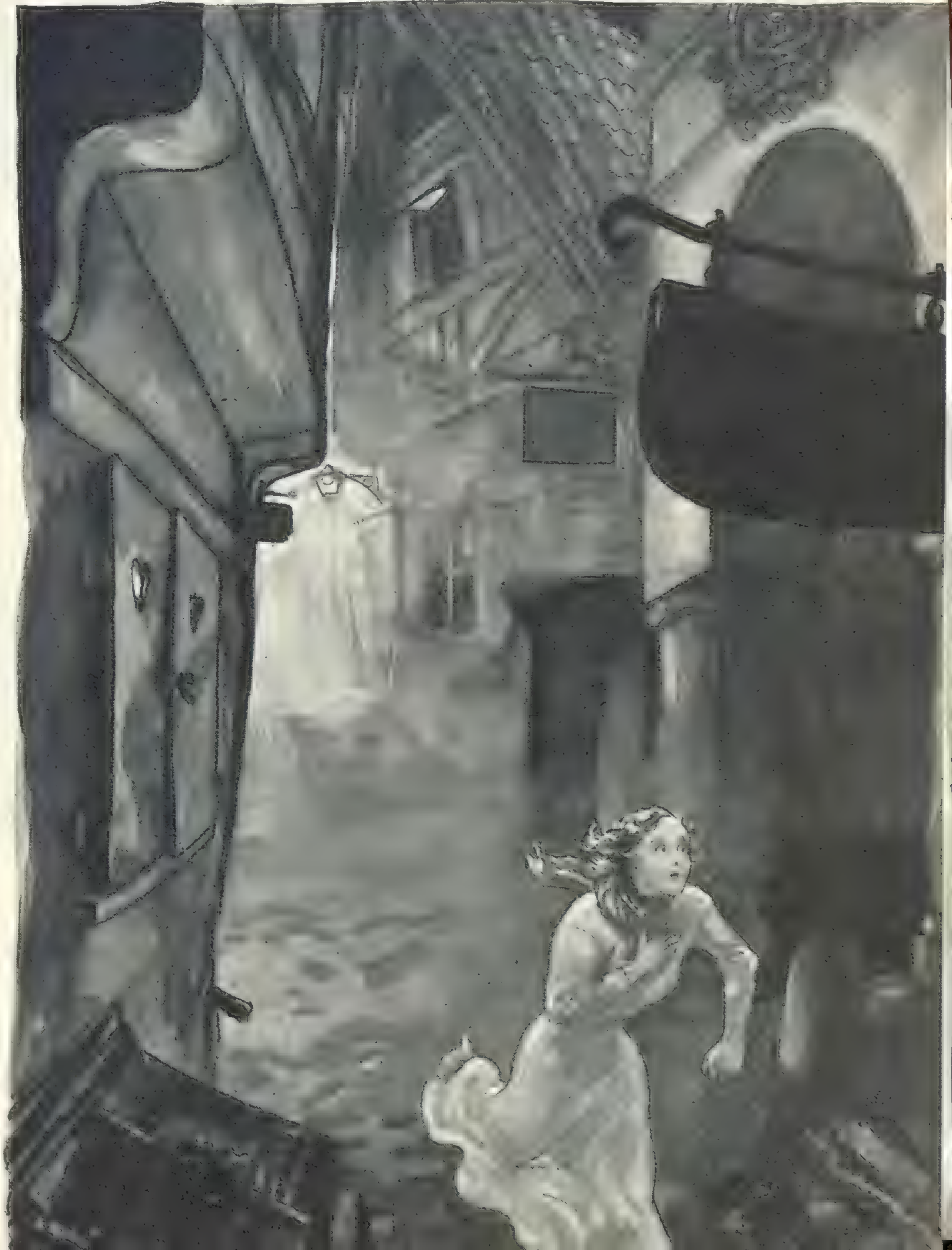
The man she knew as Karl had promised to come to the *Cockatoo* two nights ago at nine. He had not come. He had not come last night. To-night, she told herself dumbly, was the last chance to hope, and he had not come. For two days she had been telling herself that he was different from the other men whom she had met in cabarets in Riga, in Tallinn, in all the East Baltic cities. She sat very still now, not quite sure what to do, letting herself think as she liked to think. The first night he might have been busy, but he had been busy before and he had always let her know. On the second day he had probably been called out of town; she knew nothing about his business, but she knew that he had to travel very much. But previously, on leaving town, he had always sent a note. Then she realised that she was making excuses for him, so that she could believe what she wanted to believe. She stood up and took a few steps, knowing now that she knew the truth about him.

Still unwilling to believe it, she sat down and idly began fingering her dress. It was old and ugly. Karl had even promised to buy her a new one.

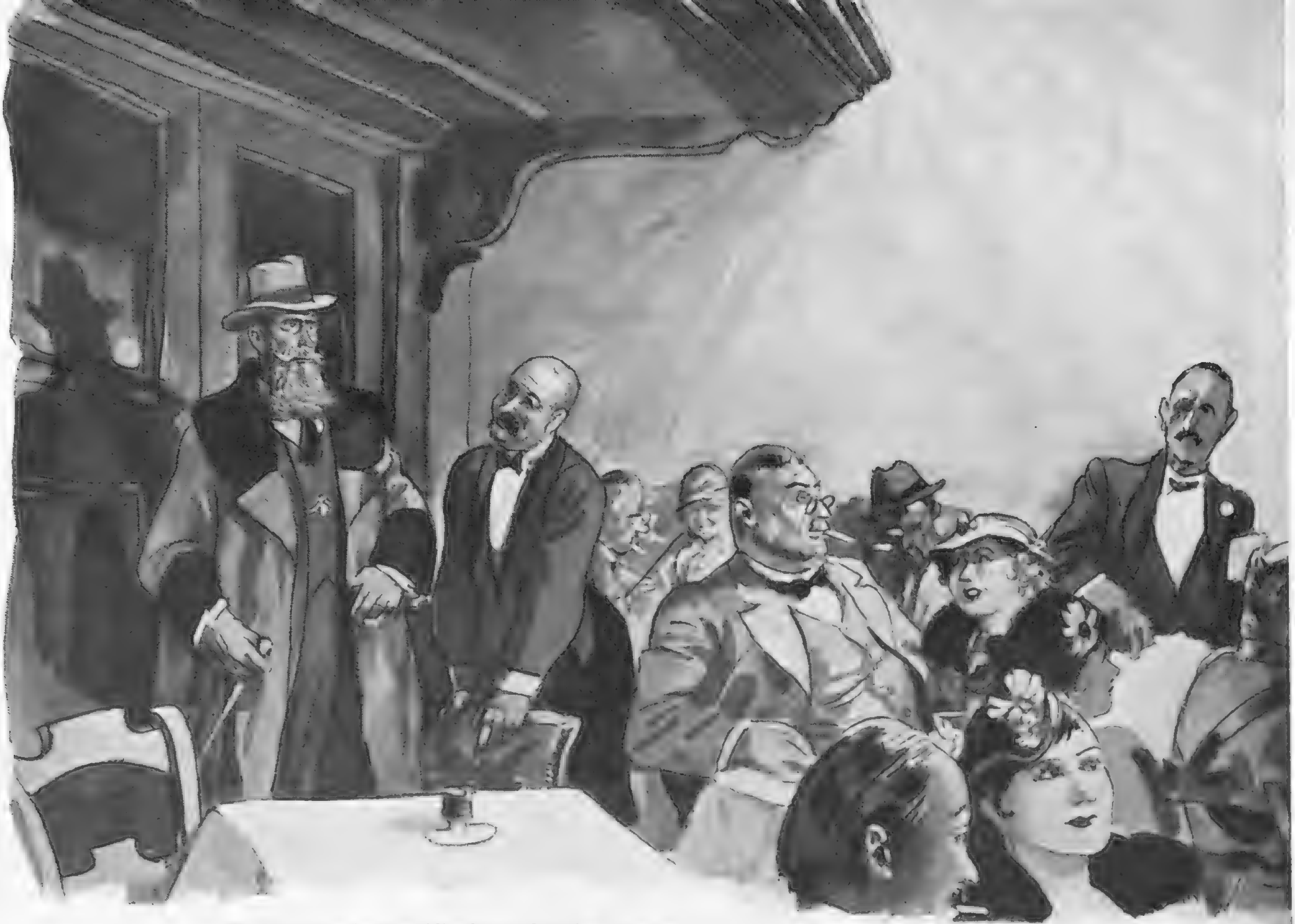
He had liked her voice too. He said so, in his first remark to her. She remembered pleasantly that Karl had come to the *Cockatoo* for several weeks, always taking a table in the farthest corner, before he had spoken to her. That alone made him seem different from other men who claimed the prerogatives of old friends after five minutes. It was pleasant to recall that about him, but it started the whir of worry in her mind once more. She stopped for a moment, remembering how Karl liked moving pictures and how, twice, he had taken her out of Danzig on Sunday excursions. Once they had gone to the seaside to bathe, and another time to Marienburg to see a great red-brick castle. Karl had talked a lot about it, about its architecture and the knights who once occupied it. She had not understood much of what he was talking about, but she was happy just to stand close to him, seeming to listen and humming some song or other.

"We do have fun, Marya, don't we?" he had said.

That was such a warm memory. It



THEN she did run, each step echoing in the fog-wrapped street



THEN she noticed that Miovsky was hurrying to the entrance to greet another customer. A moment later he led a stranger, a tall man of fifty with a blond beard, to a table

was hard to believe that he would go off now without a word. For the first time she let herself think whether something beyond his control might have happened. An accident, possibly. She could go to the hospitals in the morning and ask.

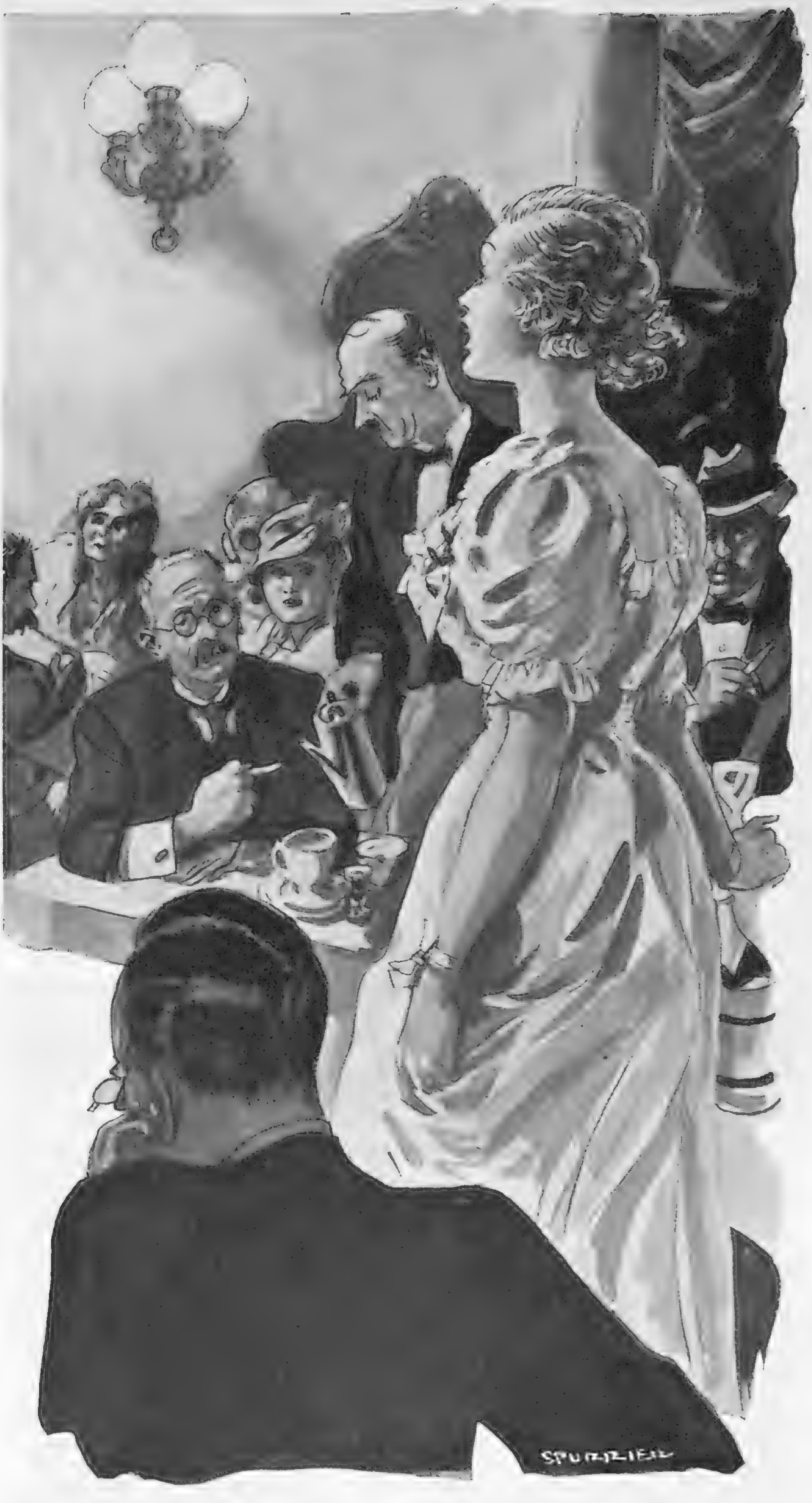
The noise of a passing parade reached even to this inner room, and it annoyed her; she had been in Danzig five months and she had noticed the chronic excitement in the city. Karl, who was German, had tried to explain it to her, and she had listened without any interest, but because it seemed to make him happy to have someone to talk to, as if he were a man weary of being alone. The parade grew noisier and Marya wished that the people would go home. She remembered how few customers had come into the *Cockatoo* this night. Eventually, she supposed, without any overtone of regret or worry, this place, too, would have to close. That meant moving on to some other city, and all cities are the same when there is the same uncertainty about a job, the same lodging on the sixth-floor back in some old apartment house, the same pink dress. It was a relief to think about her dress for a moment and to still her worries. She stood up and looked at it in the cracked mirror, wondering what she could do to the worn garment. She had remodelled the neckline four times; she had shortened it, then lengthened it, then tried putting on an edge of chiffon at the bottom. That had not looked very well. A new dress cost money, and whatever money she did manage to save always had to be used to pay transportation to the next city and to keep her until some job or other turned up.

Thinking of money—and the thought was usually not far away—she remembered Von Muhlmann, who paid her a little money on the side for merely reporting to him at times what she heard patrons at the *Cockatoo* saying. Once a month or so he came to her apartment or, less likely, to the cabaret, and said, "Talk to this man or that." Von Muhlmann, she supposed, had something to do with some government or other. Men like him always had such interests, and they did not concern her. She had no objection to taking the money he paid her. It was never very much, but she never had to do very much for it. All that she knew about him was that he was in the shipping business, that he had seen her when she first came to the *Cockatoo*, and after a few nights had offered her the chance to earn a few more gulden regularly. She knew that she did not like him, with his hair wavy like a woman's, with his waxy-white skin that always seemed perspired over his forehead, with little blue eyes that bulged from his round face. He was a Baltic baron, the descendant of some German nobleman who had settled in Latvia or in Lithuania, and he bore his title like a sandwich board. She remembered how very angry he was one evening when she called him "Herr" instead of "Baron."

Then she remembered that Von Muhlmann had once asked her to question Karl—in those first days before Karl was interested in her. She had asked the usual questions: whom he knew in Danzig, what restaurants he frequented, what language he spoke, and a lot of trifling things. She had given his answers to the Baron and had forgotten the matter. Remembering this now, she was afraid, but she could not explain her fear. Karl had moved in a world outside her, beyond her imagination. He knew things she never wanted to know. Only when he spoke of other cities in Europe did she fancy herself sharing some of that other life with him—in Rome, where he said it was always warm, or in Paris, where it is always gay. He made no promises. Other men were always promising trips to Berlin or to London in the first ten minutes of conversation. Karl was not like that. Then why, like so many other men she had known, had he disappeared without a word? She clung to one answer: Because something from that world of his, set so far from her, might have reached out and fastened a hold on him.

She found herself on her feet, taking off her satin dress and changing excitedly into a little plain print. There were forty minutes before she need sing again, and Karl did not live far away. They might know something about him at his apartment. Perhaps she would find him sick in his rooms and needing help. She was sure that he would be glad she had decided to come to him.

On the way out she passed Miovsky, the proprietor, and she mumbled something about a sick friend. "I'll be back in half an hour," she said, as she ran past him. Then she hurried around a corner and down a side street. Karl lived near the Old Mill. These side streets were dark and almost deserted. The noise of distant parading came like a dull hum in



the quiet of the night. A bone-biting fog rolled in from the Baltic to make a shadowy, pasty-grey world.

She found the house before she remembered, confused, that she did not even know Karl's last name. She had never asked him and he had never told her. She had to hope that the concierge would understand a description. Five minutes passed before she heard any response to the bell. She waited nervously, shuddering when she saw how the fog had hung a grey funeral wreath around the street light. Within the house chains clanked, keys turned in the lock and bolts opened. An old man in an overcoat with the collar turned up around his neck opened the door and asked angrily what she wanted.

"Is Herr Karl in?" she asked plaintively.

"No one by that name lives here," the old man grunted, closing the door.

"Please wait," she said. "I mean a German with dark hair who came here three months ago."

"You mean Herr Mahlin? What do you want with him?"

She did not know quite what to say. "Is he all right? Will you tell him that Fräulein Wendt was here?"

The old man's words were frightening. "You'd better not be telling anyone you know him." His voice went even lower: "Some filthy Poles came two nights ago and arrested him. They put him in a car and drove away. You look like a nice young lady; don't you get mixed up in any such business."

Like fog advancing along a street, she felt fear coming over her. She wanted to run, but she managed to say "Thank you." The door closed and the keys turned once more, closing her into a world where she was alone. Then she did run, each step echoing in the fog-wrapped street. A thousand things were jumping like little waves in her mind—what Karl had done to be arrested, what jail he was in, who the men were. The one sturdy thought came clear: his failure to come two nights before was not his fault. There was quiet comfort in knowing that. As if displeased for finding comfort anywhere when he was in trouble, she let all her worries mount again. In ignorance of what he could have done and of any way to find him and to help him, she felt a sense of foreboding, and she wanted to cry, but her fear was so intense that tears would not come.

She returned to the *Cockatoo* and changed clothes, telling herself that if he were in a Danzig jail, she might visit him; she had heard of other people taking linen and soap to friends in jail. That would be a little thing to do. Then she heard the orchestra playing "The Banks of the Vistula." She went on the floor. As she sang her voice seemed something apart, a sound heard from a long way off. She happened to glance at the corner table where Karl used to like to sit, and she held back tears with effort.

Then, as if tight cords had snapped, she felt release. In the half shadow around the room she saw Baron von Muhlmann alone at a table. He had lived a long while in Danzig. He probably knew many city officials. He could tell her how to get to Karl and how to help him. She wished her songs were over, so that she could go to him. She began another song, feeling that her nails were digging deeply into her palms. She knew that she was racing with the orchestra, but that did not matter. At last she was done with it. She almost ran to the Baron's table.

"Baron von Muhlmann!" she said excitedly.

"Ah, the little songstress!" he said, in his most annoying manner. "Sit down. I wanted to see you, Marya."

She never felt at ease with this man.

"Have a drink?"

She shook her head. She did not know quite how to ask about Karl.

"I owe you some money—ten gulden and ten extra. I'll mail it to you tomorrow."

She rebounded at his remark. He had not paid her ten gulden for the past month, as he usually did, but, having done nothing to earn it, she had not thought about it. "I have done nothing for you," she said. For just a moment she let herself think about a new dress.

The Baron became confidential. "Nothing this month, but I'm obliged to you for something you did some time ago. Remember a Herr Karl?"

She had to check (*Continued on page 116*)

The Light As a

By *The Earl*

IN a normal flight there are only two occasions when a pilot is called upon to exercise manual skill, namely, in taking off and in landing. For the rest, his chief concern is with map and compass

PERHAPS, more than any other human invention, the aeroplane has become "all things to all men." To the militarist, it is simply an offensive weapon. It provides a wonderfully expeditious means of wreaking destruction upon a distant enemy.

To the business man it is just a new means of communication. It takes his letters within a few days to the far corners of the earth, or himself in a few hours to confer with associates in a neighbouring capital. It is one of the great conveniences of the twentieth century.

To a great many enthusiasts, it is the ideal vehicle for creating records, and for proving that British enterprise, with British brains and British workmanship, can do this, that or the other thing. To a great many non-enthusiasts, it is a devilish contraption, used by crack-brained young men to the annoyance of all decent, peace-loving folk.

After all this, we may well enquire how the aeroplane appears to the ordinary individual who has no particular bias one way or the other. What importance or interest has it, for instance, for the average motorist—a person trained to some appreciation of luxurious pleasure-travelling? Or rather, how *would* the motorist react, supposing that we could persuade him to examine the typical light aircraft in an intelligent and dispassionate spirit, and to forget his earth-bound prejudices?

My own belief is that the owner-driver, looking at the aeroplane with the eyes of a potential owner-pilot, and being primed with a certain minimum of information, would very quickly come to regard it as a machine of extraordinary contrasts. He would surely discover in it certain qualities which would rouse him to immense enthusiasm. Alongside these, he would find other features which he would be bound to consider objectionable. He might indeed express astonishment to find such an intermingling of convenience and efficiency with inconvenience and awkwardness.

I can best express what I mean by drawing up a list of the "credit" and "debit" characteristics of the average light aeroplane—looking at it always as a vehicle intended to be used by the ordinary man for his ordinary purposes. (Speaking as one who loves flying for its own sake, I should hate to study it from any other viewpoint.)

My first item on the "credit" side may cause some eyebrow-lifting. The aeroplane is an amazingly reliable machine. Treat it decently, and it will go on functioning almost for ever. After a few years' flying, the pilot has to make a real mental effort to remind himself that the machinery which he controls is not infallible in the literal sense.

It is really not surprising that this should be so. We must remember that all aeroplanes are, in the first place, put together with extraordinary care. Furthermore, as many as possible of the vital parts are duplicated. Thus an aero engine always has two magnetos, with each magneto actuating a separate set of sparking plugs. This sort of thing is not the exception, but the rule.

Then, as regards the engine, we should note that it is only asked to do very light work. It is very rarely accelerated or decelerated in flight. For the most part, it runs at a steady speed—and this speed is surprisingly modest. It is generally about 2,000 r.p.m., which is roughly the speed of a motor-car engine when the motorist, in top gear, is just conforming to Mr. Belisha's 30 m.p.h. limit. In these circumstances, why *should* it be other than reliable?

Finally, looking at the aeroplane as a whole, we find that the whole design of it is exceptionally simple. A motor-car, by comparison, seems immensely complex. At a rough estimate, I should say that a motor-car has at least five moving parts—all of which are theoretically capable of giving trouble—for every one moving part which an aeroplane possesses.

THE *true* story of almost any aircraft disaster will confirm what I say. In the newspaper account, "the machine is seen to fall," and we are left to conclude that some mechanical failure has occurred. In the expert eye-witness's account, the pilot is seen to commit some clearly definable error of judgment. The aeroplane, to be sure, does not forgive a cardinal error. In return for its own supreme reliability, it demands sober and prudent handling, especially when it is operating at or near ground level. That is fair enough.

Another "surprise" item to the credit of the aeroplane is that it provides a marvellously peaceful mode of travel. In ordinary weather, the pilot never "grapples with his controls." You never see him sitting on the edge of his seat dealing tensely with some threatening

Aeroplane

Motorist sees it

THIS type of "Moth" bi-plane has a fine record as a training machine. It has the virtue of supreme reliability

of Cardigan

THE author ready for a flight. There are no "blind corners" in the sky

emergency. More often, although it is fair to assume that his brain is still functioning, he gives the appearance of being in a gentle doze.

The point is that he has no need to be tense and expectant. There are no "blind corners" in the sky. If there is any trouble, such as a patch of bad weather in the offing, you may be sure that his eyes have long since forewarned him of it, and that he has had ample leisure to think out an appropriate course of action. Nearly all flying "emergencies"—certainly those connected with the weather—take about ten minutes to develop in an acute form.

In a normal flight, there are only two occasions when a pilot is called upon to exercise manual skill, namely, in taking off and in landing. For the rest, a little map-reading, an occasional study of the dials on his instrument board, a periodic survey of the weather conditions—these are his quiet occupations. The machine "flies itself," and requires no more than a steadying touch now and then on the controls to keep it on an even keel.

This general sense of peacefulness does not affect my third, and perhaps the greatest, item on the "credit" side. The aeroplane is capable of giving an immensity of pleasure. If, in its latest form, it provides few legitimate thrills, there is still an endless fascination in the handling of it. Old pilots, I know, hate to admit that they enjoy their flying; they would prefer us to believe that they find it all a little tedious—but please note how miserable they become if they are ever forced into some other occupation!

APART from anything else, to travel by air is to travel always within sight of the grandest possible scenery. Even the dullest country is worth seeing from a vantage point equivalent to the peak of a high mountain—and the pilot's cockpit provides him with such a vantage point, not merely on favourable occasions, but during the whole time that he is in the air. One may become accustomed to this continual panorama; but one does not cease to take pleasure in it.

Finally, there is the glorious independence of all earthly obstacles. Draw a line on the map and, if you have any idea of navigation (in itself a fascinating study), the aeroplane will take you from A to B, no matter what frontiers, rivers, mountains or forests may lie in between. If that is not "luxury" touring at its very best, then I do not know what is.

For all these things, the motorist ought to feel drawn towards the light aeroplane. We must not, however, ignore what he will find on the "debit" side of the account.

I have said that skill, as distinct from care and judgment, is only required of the pilot while he is making a take-off or a landing. The question arises—how *much* skill? Is the cunning of a superman demanded; or can the ordinary person, without very much time to devote to training, expect to become reasonably proficient?

The fact that I must qualify the answer to this question is in itself an admission of the aeroplane's chief defect. Given plenty of space—by which I mean at least 100 acres—with a smooth, level surface, anybody can make a good take-off, and almost anybody can, with practice, make a reasonable landing. Reduce the space, and it becomes difficult. Reduce the space and add a few natural obstacles to the surface, and it becomes very difficult indeed. (*Continued on page 85*)

BOOKS: *History in Reverse*

By ARNOLD PALMER

(*Left*) *MISS MARGARET LAMBERT, author of "When Victoria Began to Reign"*

MISS MARGARET TROUNCER, author of "The Pompadour." The writer has produced a very good study of a most remarkable woman

THOUGH no doubt ascertainable, the number of His Majesty's subjects who can remember his great-grandmother is unknown to me; but it must be pretty large. She succeeded William IV just one hundred years ago, and, as a result of the length of her reign, anyone who saw her even once feels that he has a personal contact with an era which, to all the young and many of the middle-aged of to-day, seems legendary. In a sense a man or woman who, born in 1890, can remember seeing Queen Victoria is older than any of those people who never saw her. During the sixty-three years of her occupation of the throne, the face of England—the appearance of town and countryside, the personnel of Society, the organisation and mechanisation of industry—was more thoroughly changed than in any previous period of three or four times greater length. There must be many people who, if asked when the Middle Ages ended, would choose the date of Victoria's accession; and their reply, though wrong by a few centuries, would have some reason on its side. We live to-day in a country which is in many respects less than a hundred years old. But everyone who saw the great queen has a link with the old England into which she was born.

These thoughts, and others no more remarkable, occurred to me as I turned the pages of an unusual book called *When Victoria Began to Reign* (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.). The author, Miss Margaret Lambert, calls her volume "A Coronation Year Scrap-book," meaning that it consists of contemporary cuttings and borrowings. The suggestion does her far less than justice, for as editor and commentator she is the life and soul of her pages. I do not know Miss Lambert's age but, as an author, she is precisely the witty, intelligent, charming old lady she ought to be—a kindly, long-memoried product of Holland House, she might be, or a friend of Lady Blessington's, or an intimate of any of the Christian drawing-rooms which fought for the lions of 1837. In the easiest and least assuming of manners, she passes from topic to topic; political, social, artistic, religious, industrial, all points of view are hers in her own time; until, with the turning of the last page, the reader looks back at England, a not unfamiliar but rapidly receding landscape.

Just before Victoria's accession, a railway was opened from London to Deptford, and during the first twelve months of its operation it carried on an average 1,300 passengers daily. That, it seems to me, is a statistic which almost cleaves History in two. (Rather more than a hundred years before this, the ordinary life of the country had undergone another radical change, the substitution of tea for beer at breakfast.

All Sorts

ALISON SETTLE

H. P. SMOLKA

"Out of My Coffin": *by Marchesa Stella Vitelleschi*

(Hurst and Blackett, 12s. 6d.)

THE curious title of this autobiography derives from the fact that, in infancy, the author was not only mourned as dead but actually screwed up in her coffin. Her father insisted on carrying the coffin; it proved too heavy for him, fell to the ground, and produced a wailing noise. The Marchesa is half Roman, half Scotch, and wholly gregarious. She has countless relations and friends, about whom she is prepared to chat as long as anyone will listen. Her picture of life in the Rome of her childhood is the best thing in the book.

"Clothes Line": *by Alison Settle*

(Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

WOMEN'S fashions—where they originate, how they are organised, and what you are to do about them if you cannot put yourself in the hands of the *vendeuses* of one of the big houses.

"Gardens of Europe": *by G. A. Jellicoe*

(Blackie, 12s. 6d.)

DESCRIPTIONS and photographs of the most famous mansions and gardens in England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy. An entrancing subject which, for once, has found an author worthy of it. Mr. Jellicoe knows his subject, talks sense, is enthusiastic without becoming lyrical and incoherent. Forty-five magnificent photographs are reproduced in this handsome and thoroughly satisfactory volume.

"Forty Thousand Against The Arctic": *by H. P. Smolka*

(Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

MR. SMOLKA has already outlined, in articles in the *Times*, this account of one of the strangest of all the experiments undertaken by the Soviet Government. Forty thousand men and women have been sent to colonise the Arctic coast of Siberia, an area thirty times the size of Great Britain. The author is the first non-Soviet journalist to visit the new community. He put his opportunities to excellent use.

"Dead Puppets Dance": *by Philip Thornton*

(Collins, 10s. 6d.)

A LIVELY record of a young man's tour of the Balkans, Jugo-Slavia, Albania and Turkey. Mr. Thornton's principal interests are native dances and native superstitions, and his bag was a good one.

MISS MARGUERITE STEEN, author of "The Lost One," an entertaining book on the life of Perdita Robinson

Why do the standard historians ignore such significant features?) Contrast these extracts from a contemporary guide to etiquette. "In speaking to her husband, a lady may address him by his Christian name." "In carving, study ease and grace." "Never use your knife to convey your food from your plate to your mouth; besides being decidedly vulgar, you run the imminent danger of enlarging the aperture." "Some Mistresses allow to each Servant a whole Holyday every third Month, and a half Holyday in each intervening Month."

But if changes abound in the fashions of dress, philosophy and manners, the character of men as a whole seems obstinately fixed. Then, as now, there were a handful of generous-minded men and women, struggling to redress the horrible abuses of their day; a handful of wicked men endeavouring, for their own gain, to perpetuate the evil conditions; and, in between, the huge, slothful majority, sheltering the enemies, by dint of impeding the work of the friends, of mankind. There were some ugly-looking sores on the social body of 1837. They have not all gone, not by any means.

IT is sometimes illuminating to move backwards, instead of forwards, in History. After reading about the eighteen thirties, I read about the seventeen eighties, and though I was prepared for a plunge back into robust animalism, the force of the contrast surprised me; it also reminded me that what we call Victorianism was not the invention of Queen Victoria. It was a tendency already well established and in motion before she came to the Throne. As a good child of her age, she sympathised with it and lent it the full weight of her prestige. But she did not bring it with her. She found it already there.

This eighteenth-century volume to which I have just alluded is Miss Marguerite Steen's story of Perdita Robinson, one of the first, most famous and least fortunate of the mistresses of the young man known later as George IV. Miss Steen has called her book *The Lost One* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). With so many first-hand sources to draw upon, from her heroine's own autobiography to the letters and diaries of a gossip-loving generation, Miss Steen's difficulty was not lack of witnesses but lack of reliable evidence. On the whole, she may be complimented on the manner in which she has performed her task. She has a *faiblesse* for Perdita—a rather baseless indulgence, but it has probably given us this entertaining book—yet she sees very clearly not only her mincing hypocrisy but also her exasperating stupidity. She almost succeeds in turning her into a coherent and logical character. Almost, but not quite. Perdita took up the tough life too late, and she never made anything of it or of herself. By birth nearly a lady, by marriage nearly a heroine, by profession nearly an actress, by opportunity nearly a Fitzherbert, by application nearly a woman of letters, she was for ever getting her rôles mixed and missing her cues.

Maddening creature to contemplate to-day! And maddening, in a different sense, to contemplate in the heydey of her beauty! It is not surprising that Miss Steen has felt drawn to the analysis of her rather empty and shallow nature; it is even understandable, or almost understandable, that she finds herself compelled again and again, in spite of her better judgment, to champion Perdita's cause.

(*Continued on page* 88)

Fiction

"Sun Across the Sky": *by Eleanor Dark*

(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

THE story of an Australian fishing-village, exploited by an unsympathetic business man who wishes to turn it into a "resort." Like Miss Dark's previous book, *Prelude to Christopher*, this is an uncommon and almost a distinguished piece of work, robbed of complete success by the uneasy and inharmonious blending of psycho-analysis and a lurid plot. The ingredients get in each other's way.

"The Haunted Omnibus": *Edited by Alexander Laing*

(Cassell, 8s. 6d.)

SOME forty or more ghost-stories, chosen from sources so varied that they include Beowulf and Mr. Michael Arlen and W. L. George. Strange though the authors look in company, their stories have been selected by an editor who knows his own mind and his job. There is in this volume a story by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, an American writer of the 'nineties, which is the most harrowing and gruesome story I have ever read—not forgetting *The Turn of the Screw*. It alone is worth the money; and it is not alone.

"The Bridge": *by Francis Stuart*

(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

AN Irish story, strange, intent, and entirely genuine. Mr. Stuart's novels are not sufficiently well known. They have a character and a flavour of their own, the reflection of an unusually honest writer.

"Lucifer in Pine Lake": *by Samuel Rogers*

(Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.)

WITH his *Dusk in the Grove*, Mr. Rogers won the fourth *Atlantic Monthly* prize of £2,000. This, his first novel since his prize-winning effort, deals with professional life in a college in the Middle West.

"Stubbs at Fifty": *by Guy Pocock*

(Dent, 7s. 6d.)

A WELL-MEANING schoolmaster, innocent to the verge of silliness, retires at fifty, takes a cubistic flat in Chelsea, tries to go neo-pagan, finds he is too old, and turns to reformatory work. This novel is, like brown bread, wholesome and very pleasant. Some weaklings help it down with whitebait or oysters, but Mr. Pocock is made of sterner stuff.

"How Dare You, Sir!": *by Noël Godber*

(J. Long, 7s. 6d.)

MR. GODBER'S fifth humorous novel is about a formidable lady called Mrs. Catwick-Phimper. It should prove at least as popular as *Don't Do It, Doctor!* and *Twin Bedsteads*.

SAMUEL ROGERS

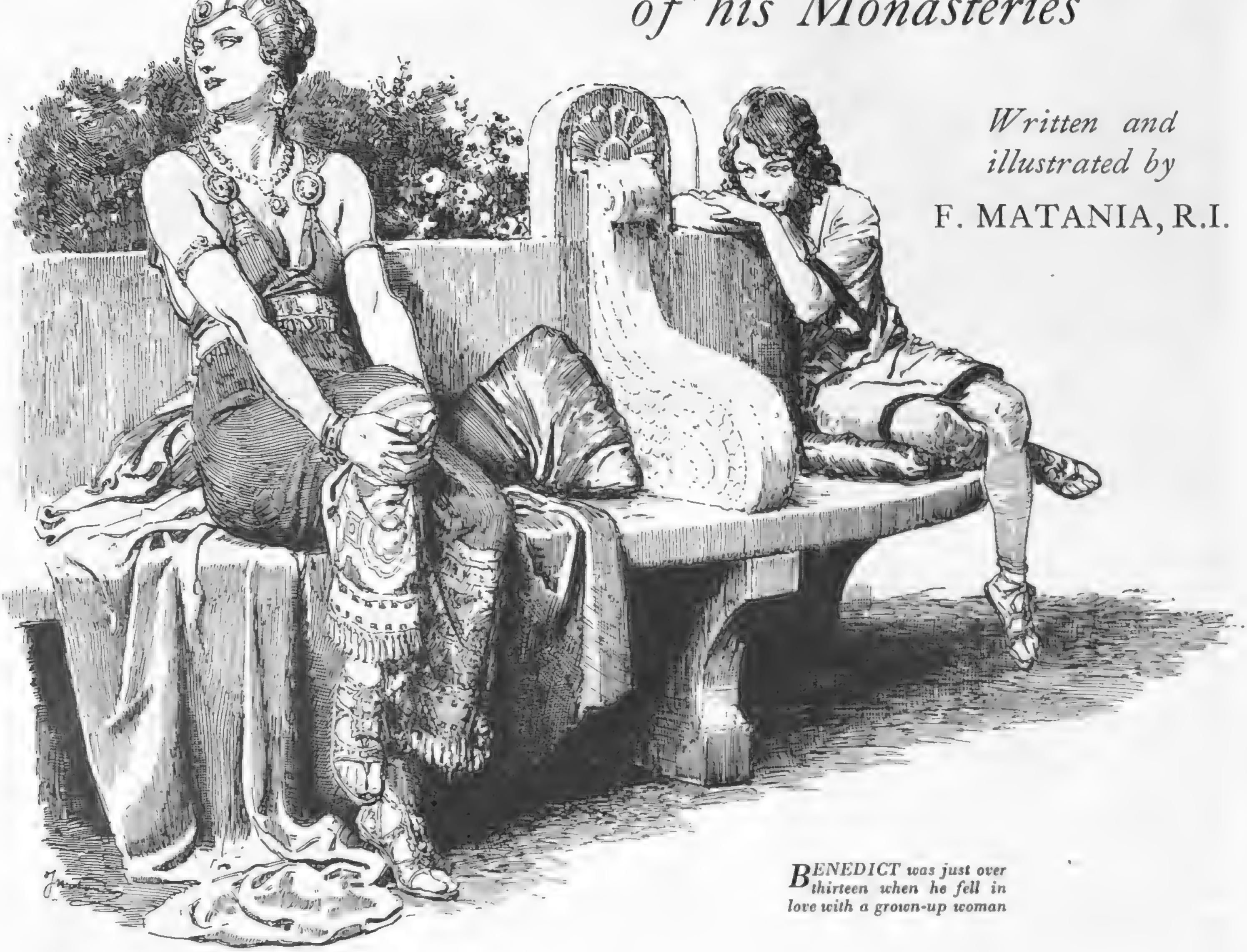
FRANCIS STUART

Old Tales Re-told

St. Benedict and the Foundation of his Monasteries

Written and illustrated by

F. MATANIA, R.I.



BENEDICT was just over thirteen when he fell in love with a grown-up woman

AT the end of the fifth century A.D. the union of the great Roman Empire was but a memory, and the revolution wrought by the spreading of Christianity was changing the face of Europe.

Anastasius, an officer of the Imperial household, elevated by the caprice of a woman to the throne of Constantinople, was proving his ineptitude. He was neither a Pagan nor a particularly good Christian, neither a warrior nor a peace lover, but a weakling swayed by prejudice and far from capable of dealing with the difficulties the dissolution of an empire was bringing in its train.

Italy was practically handed over to a Gothic invader, Theodoric, who proved to be a great leader of men. His huge army of semi-barbarians was scattered far and wide across the countryside, with all the consequences deriving from their innate instinct for looting.

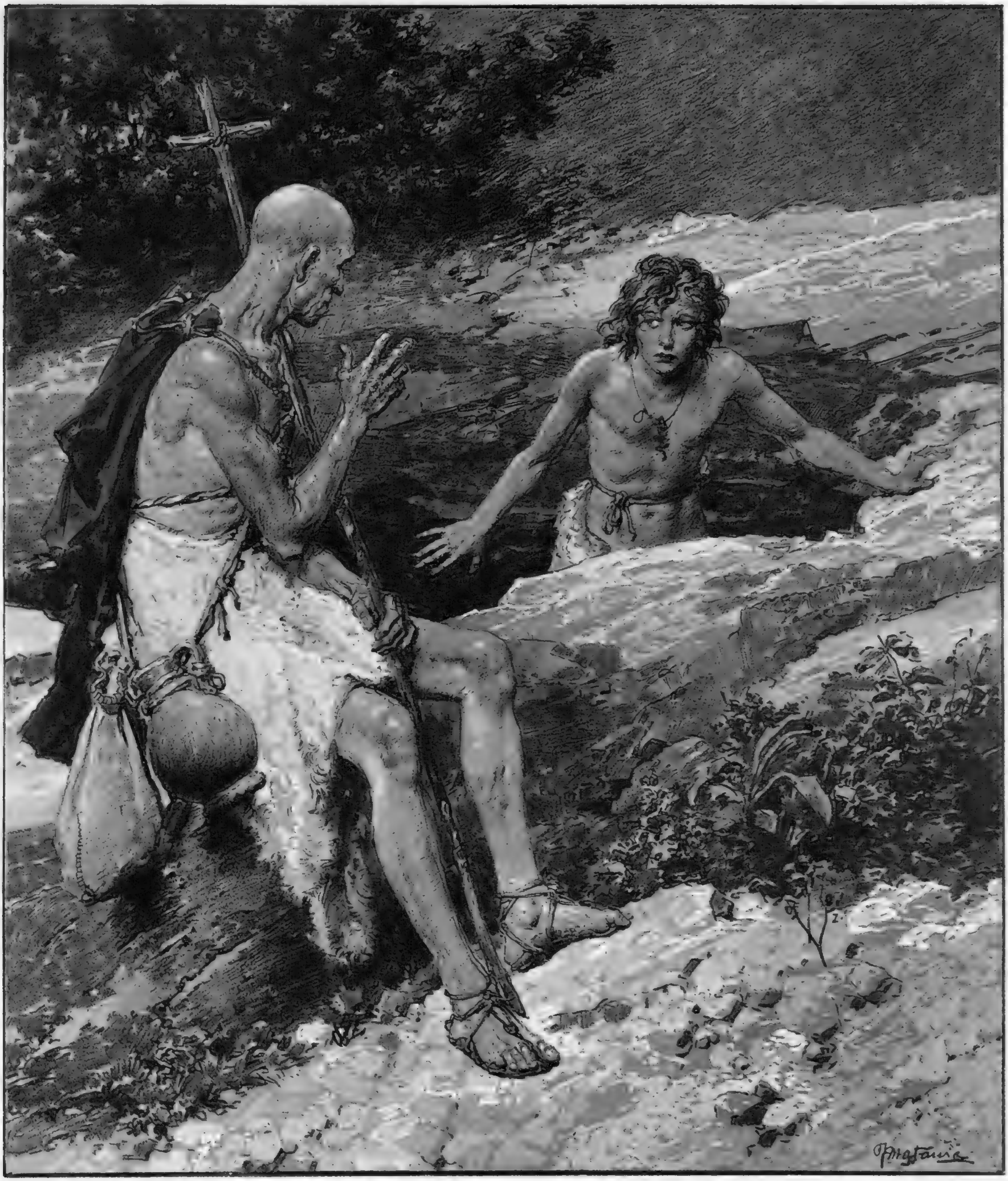
Rome, no longer the capital of the Empire, was still the great metropolis, the centre of the most extravagant luxury, and consequently the focal point of corruption. At the same time it was the one place affording the greatest possibility for education in every branch of social life.

It was usual for the patrician families living away from Rome to send their children to the old capital so that they might study under the best rhetoricians, mathematicians and philosophers, who were maintaining to a high degree the standard of Roman culture. It was in A.D. 487 that a little boy of seven, accompanied by his nurse, left the quiet villa of his parents, in Nursia, and traversed the ninety miles through that beautiful region, and came to Rome. His name was Benedict, and he was descended from the ancient Roman family of the Anicii.

What must have been the impression of the child when he left the peaceful villa, surrounded by the green hills of Umbria, and entered the noisy, crowded metropolis, may be understood best from what he did in the years following. His highly sensitive nature must have been violently unsettled by his new environment, the magnificence of which held no attractions for him. Indeed, there developed in his mind an unusual aversion for all that was flamboyant.

ITALY has often produced children whose intelligence develops long before the normal time. The clear vision of the strong things of life impresses them before their age is ripe enough to bear it. In these cases the bliss of infancy has a very short duration, and the emotion of their precocious understanding exposes them to more suffering than joy.

This must have been the nature of the young Benedict. The tasks given him by his preceptors, and the tender care of his old nurse, were not sufficient to protect the sensitive boy from the sight of the dissolution going on around him.



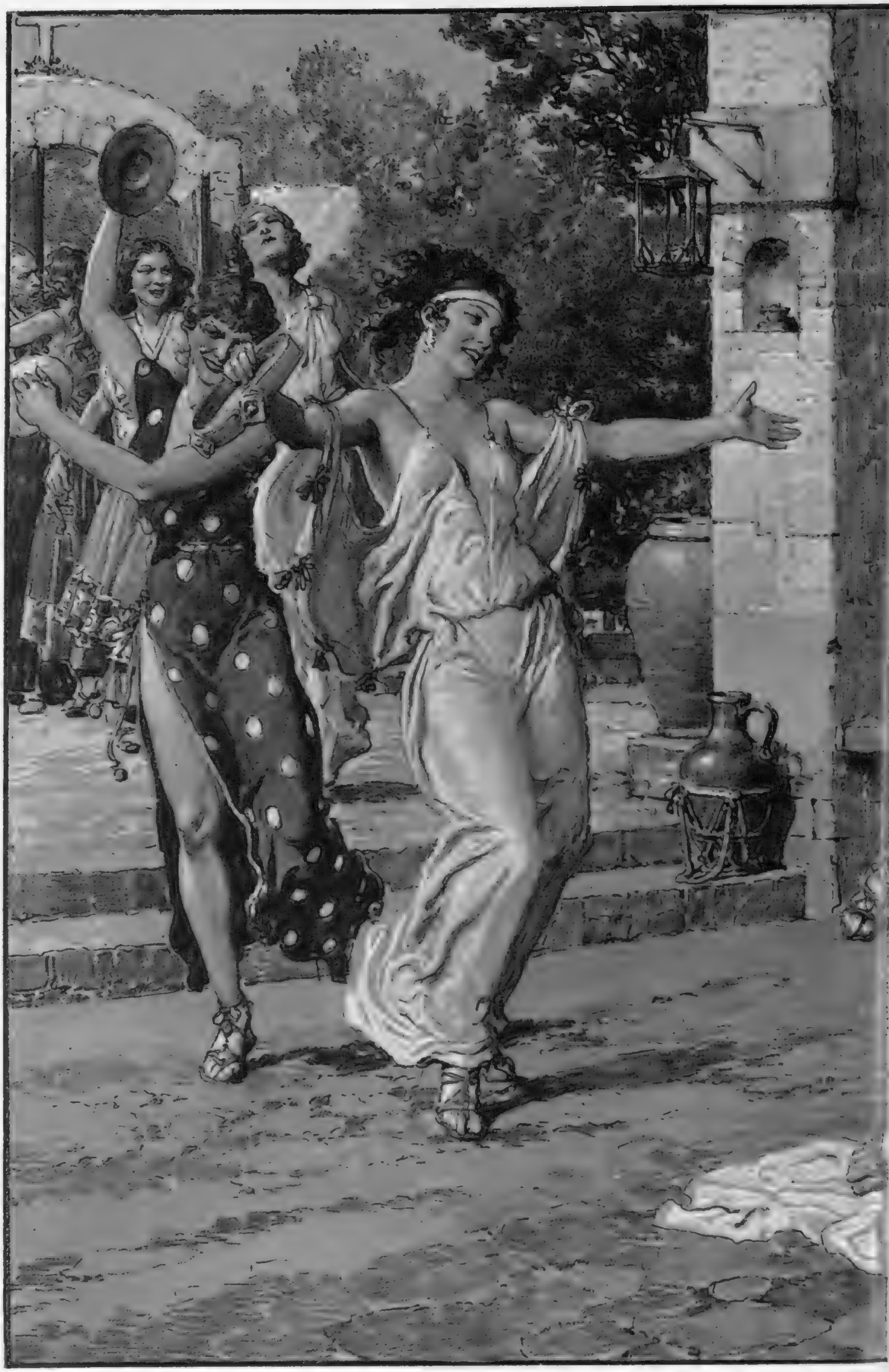
He encouraged the boy to live in absolute seclusion. He discovered a deep cavern in a rock below the ground. The boy made this his abode

He was just over thirteen when he fell in love with a grown-up woman, and his little heart was torn by a passion that at that age not only has no outlet, but is the cause of an inferno of tortures of which not the least bearable is the jealousy with which all grown-up males are looked upon. I once read a letter written by a boy in a similar state of mind. He was only twelve, and he wrote to a woman of twenty-five: " I wish I had the power to kill everyone in the world and leave only you alive."

BEFORE this period, that the right-thinking world would term as adolescent insanity, was over, Benedict disappeared from the house, left the woman he loved, his nurse, his teachers, and his boy companions, whose happiness only served to increase his misery, and became a fugitive among the forests of the Sabine hills.

He was only fourteen years old when he thus rebelled against the world. He reached a place where the River Anio went roaring into a gorge, and where five centuries previously Nero had built one of his magnificent villas.

During his wanderings he met a solitary monk. There were many of these scattered about the country, being forced to live that kind of life owing to the persecution of the Christians, which was not yet over. This first man, from whom little Benedict did not run away, was called Romanus, and he encouraged the boy to live in absolute seclusion.



A group of girls, very scantily dressed, pushed voking, and appallingly cheeky. In they came,

He discovered a deep cavern in a rock below the ground. The boy made this his abode, even renouncing the company of the old man, who used to let down some food to him by means of a rope, at the end of which was a bell. This constituted the only means of communication between the hermit and the voluntary prisoner. Romanus had also provided the boy with a hair shirt.

Historians tell us that at this time Benedict was liable to fits of tears and hysteria. An ordinary person, without doubt, would have lost his reason, but in this solitude the boy gradually acquired that calm of spirit that in time made him one of the great figures in the history of Christianity.

MANY were the people who, failing to find a satisfactory life where each social element was striving against another, sought the peace of the wild country. Many were their reasons for such a life; some were refugees from political persecutions, others religious fanatics fleeing from a different kind of persecution, or bandits hoping to escape from justice. These outcasts were glad to find a shelter wherever Nature offered it. Curiosity brought many of them near to the place of Benedict's abode. The news had spread amongst them that a boy, looking more like a wild beast than a human being, was hiding in the depth of a rock.

His appearance fully justified this description, but when they heard him talk they discovered beneath the ragged surface the most sweet and refined nature, and that whatever he said was based on sound principles far more mature than his age warranted.

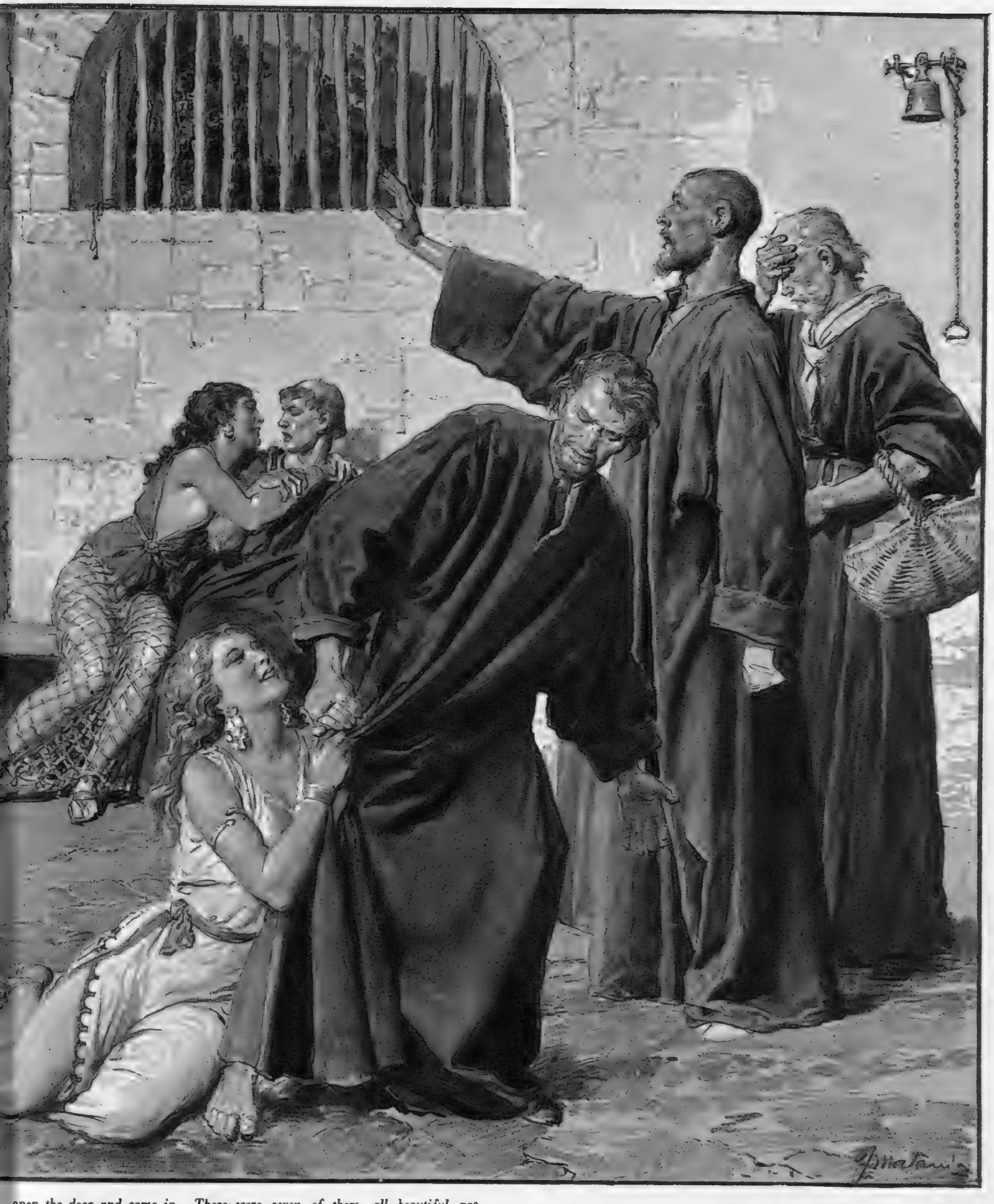
Of the seven years of literary education, not one word had gone amiss, nor had the wild life that he had lived for three years stamped out that refinement of manner instinctive to those who are well born.

He did not repulse the association of humble people; on the contrary, he welcomed it. All he had been elaborating in his mind for three years in silence was expressed in the reaction of loquacity that won for him the admiration of those poor souls whom the adversities of life had reduced to a nomad existence. At seventeen, Benedict already had his public, his followers, his disciples.

At some distance away there was an old building inhabited by a group of men who called themselves monks. The new religion, of which they had a very imperfect knowledge, was the reason for their congregation. Hearing of Benedict's intellectual superiority, they decided to have him with them to impart his doctrines, and so establish a religious centre worthy of the name. Benedict agreed to their proposal, but when he joined them it was only to discover that their habits were far from his conception of what should be those of pious followers of Christ.

At last his drastic rules led his at first willing, but now unwilling, disciples to seek a means of getting rid of him. They did not confine themselves to sending him away, but even tried to poison him. Here history has given way to legend, and we read that the far-seeing Benedict made the Sign of the Cross, and that the death-dealing cup was shattered in the hands of the very man who was offering it to him.

He left the place unharmed, determined to create monasteries of his own and institute his own rules from the very beginning.



open the door and came in. There were seven of them, all beautiful, pro-
jumping, dancing, beating their tambourines, and shaking their sistrus

He divided his followers into groups of twelve, and, making use of abandoned farmhouses and constructing huts, he succeeded in founding a small colony.

It was a strange assembly of men, drawn from every walk of life and including types of the most unmatched character. Yet in a way a common faith brought them into a common level, and such was the influence Benedict exerted that an amazing equilibrium was soon established.

Each one of them made his contribution of labour, according to his capabilities. One, a Goth of gigantic proportions, a fugitive from the invading host, who had been struck by the words of the new faith, had joined them, happy to devote to his brethren the energetic labour of his Herculean physique. Ecclesiastical history tells of a miracle concerning this man. It says that while he was breaking stones his pickaxe fell from his hands into the river. Benedict, by means of prayer, made the pickaxe float and come to him, afterwards restoring it to the astonished owner.

Generally, legends are founded on fact—facts of such a nature that a slight exaggeration, even unintentional, makes them appear to be feats beyond the possibility of human power. The simple-hearted Goth, in perfectly good faith, related to his kindred all that he had seen and heard, thus further spreading the seeds of Christianity.

With time a remarkable man joined the fraternity. His name was Maurus. Mentally, he excelled all the others, and soon came to be regarded as Benedict's future successor.

Many years elapsed and the beautiful valley of the Apennines became an oasis of happiness. The ground was cultivated, and the fertile soil was rendering a thousandfold the amount of labour expended on it.

The primitive huts had given way to buildings; there was also a small chapel. Each one of the monasteries was a self-supporting citadel. Hospitality was given to the poor, education to the children, moral and material help to all in need.

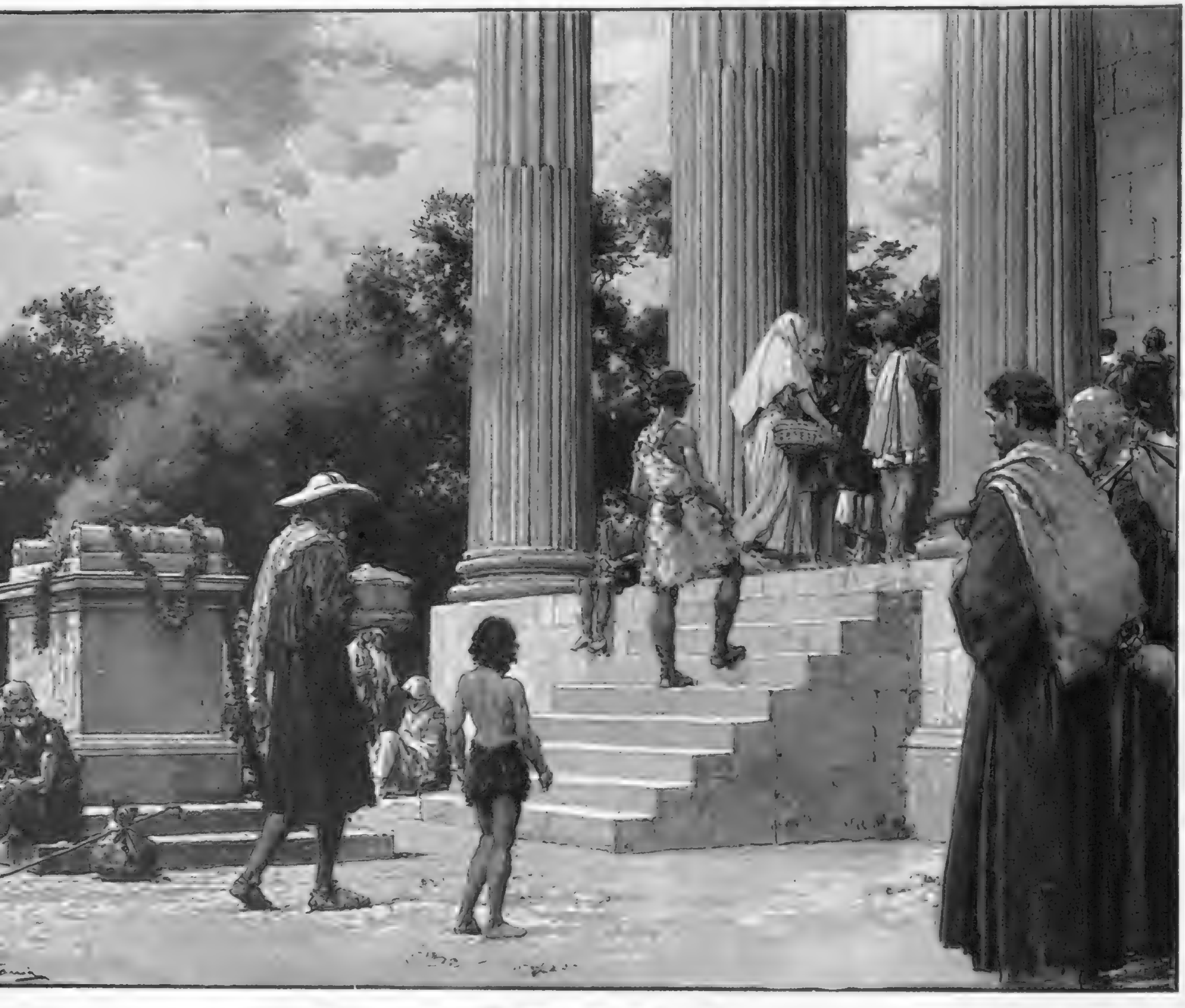
But there never existed anything beautiful in the world that could prosper without the cupidity or jealousy of someone trying to bring about its destruction.

No doubt if those simple minds had been left alone they would have reached that state of perfection which had always been the aim of the great master. Yet although the terrors of the Roman arena, the living crosses, the wild beasts, had failed to put a stop to Christianity, the Christian priests almost succeeded.

A certain priest called Florentius arrived in that valley, and seeing in what high esteem Benedict was held by everyone, he tried to usurp his place. Unable as he was to compete with Benedict, whose fame was too strongly established, he tried to poison him, but the criminal attempt was frustrated.

Benedict continued to be the object of everyone's adoration, and Florentius had to endure the daily torture of seeing the crowd reverentially falling on their knees as the saintly man passed, while for him there were only sneers and gibes.

He determined to try another way and destroy Benedict morally. He defied them to resist human weakness; he called them hypocrites who had to hide from temptation, who would be unable to resist if the possibility of sinning was brought before them. He added that one day he would make them the laughing-stock of all the neighbouring regions. With many such threats he went away.



The peasants arrive to make their offerings at the Temple of Apollo

ONE day there was a knock at the door of the monastery occupied by Benedict and his companions. As the monk lifted the heavy bar that was across the door, a burst of laughter came from outside. A group of girls, very scantily dressed, pushed open the door and came in. Before the astonished monk could utter a single word, his mouth was sealed with a most disconcerting and sensuous kiss.

There were seven of them, all beautiful, provoking, and appallingly cheeky. In they came, jumping, dancing, beating their tambourines, and shaking their sistrus. Impervious to the protests of the astonished inhabitants of the monastery, they abandoned themselves to the most audacious posturing. They took full advantage of the surprise, using every diabolical trick to drown every other feeling except human instinct, before the men could recover from their astonishment.

This kind of attack from the fair sex is a form of violence that cannot be counteracted by violence, except by a brute, but for anyone else the only means of opposition is indifference. It remains to be seen if indifference towards such a kind of immediate temptation is always possible.

How this scene, well worthy of the pen of the immortal Boccaccio, ended, history does not relate, but Benedict and some of his followers remained unstained by the profane invasion.

One can assume that the attempt was repeated all over the valley, and with success, because Benedict, after living thirty years and devoting his life to his monasteries in that place, felt that the pollution was such that he decided to leave it for good.

A sudden revival of paganism, in the form of an inrush of Bacchantes with their arms wide open had destroyed the harmony of the holy valley.

Florentius had succeeded. The trick had made many desert from the sacred ranks, and the general, beaten but not subdued, was compelled to start elsewhere on virgin ground.

If every farewell hides a certain amount of anguish, how deeply Benedict must have felt the pain of leaving the beautiful valley where he had made so many people both happy and useful.

His doctrine had brought the healthy innovation of abolishing the unproductive ascetic life without work. In his opinion sedentary meditation deteriorated the body and the acceptance of charity lowered the dignity of the individual.

Organised labour, self-supporting congregations were the keynote of his principles, and in thirty years he had had ample opportunity of seeing the wonderful results of his teaching. This was the only consolation tempering the pain of his departure.

So he went towards the rising sun, followed by a group of his most faithful companions.

At the top of a hill near the river Carignano, they saw a temple towering in the blue sky. As they drew nearer it proved to be much smaller than it had appeared from below. It was devoted to Apollo and preserved intact its pagan character. Lamps were burning within and odoriferous herbs were smouldering in the tripods.

At the extreme end, in the semi-darkness of the atmosphere saturated with perfumes, the statue of the beautiful god was standing.

Groups of peasants wearing the ciocia, the sandals still in use to this day, were making their offerings to the deity.

No strangers ever went there, except to buy cattle and wool. Not even the Goths had disturbed the peace of those simple folk with the brown hair and smiling eyes. They knew nothing of Christ.

The temple was right on the summit of the mountain, which emerged from the ground almost like a volcano. An enchanting view spread in front of their eyes on every side. The broad valley of the Carignano extended itself towards the west and south, where even the sea could be perceived on the far horizon. Towards the north and east the mountainous country displayed its impressive prospect, right up to the rocky peaks of the Abruzzi.

Benedict's bold imagination saw the pagan temple fading away and another building taking shape on the same spot, a building which would have for its apex the Cross of Christ, the sign that would tell the world of the new triumph of humanity.

The wonderful dream could become a reality only if the demolition started in the hearts of those folk, who for generations had been brought up in the pagan beliefs.

Those peaceful and happy peasants would have become so many wild beasts if their temple had been touched by the hand of a stranger.

Benedict had to prepare the ground long before disclosing his object, and so he set out to attempt the difficult task.

Gradually he gained the attention of the young ones, prevailed over the fears of the timid, and tried to explain those few words of Christ that this world has not wholly understood yet: " Love thy neighbour as thyself."

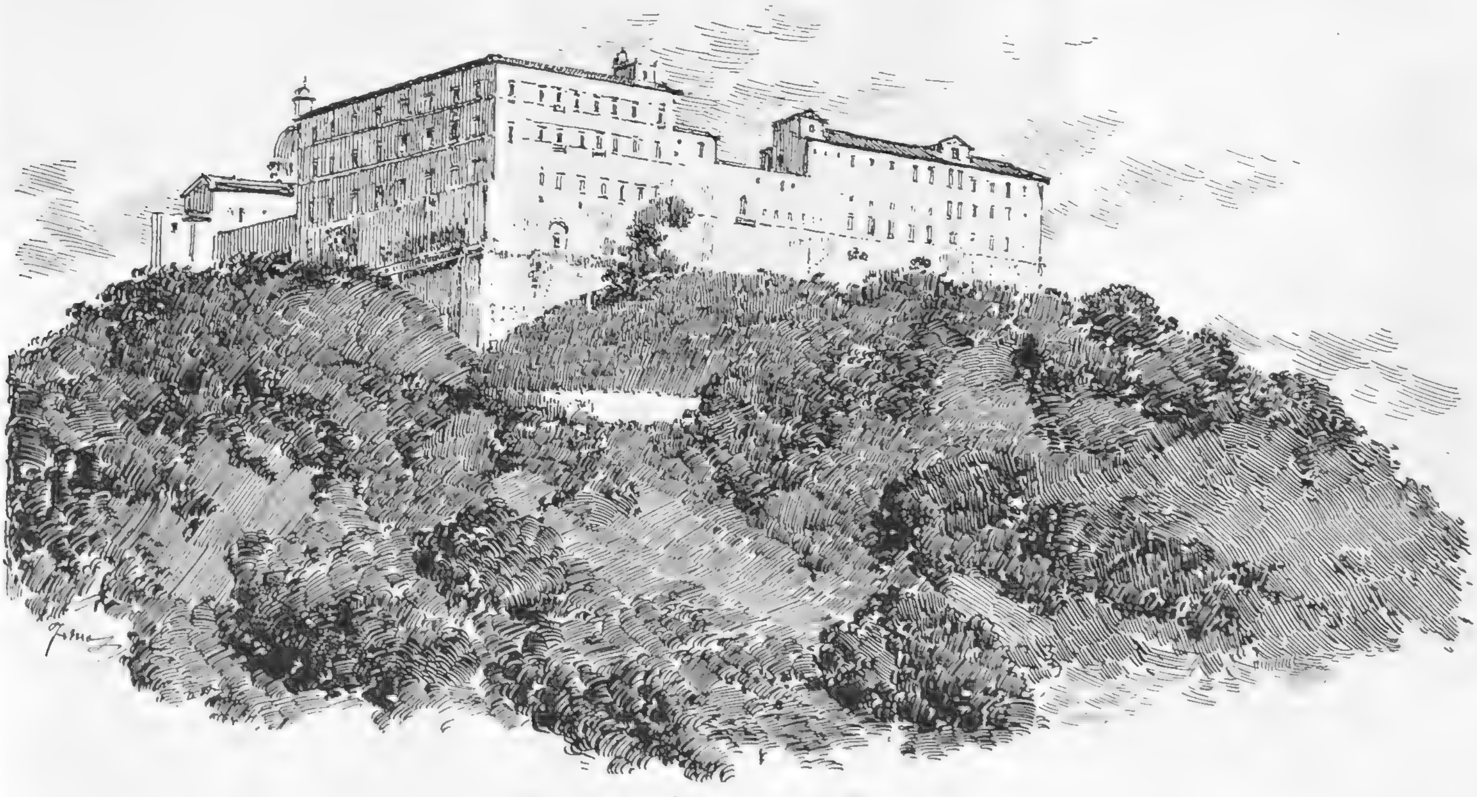
Eventually the time came when the axe gave the first blow on the connecting points of the old structure.

Every stone that fell in a cloud of dust was the symbol that the old world was giving way to the new. Every column that crashed to the ground was only freeing the space for the rebuilding of a higher one, destined to sustain a more lasting edifice.

For Benedict and his enthusiastic people that demolition was as a promise to posterity which one day would recognise a God Who did not need offerings, a God Who would give instead of taking.

Some time afterwards, the sober line of the monastery of Monte Cassino had replaced the white temple of Apollo.

Benedict had created a stronghold of the faith that attracted not only the disbanded people made homeless by the chaos of an empire, but year after year in pilgrimages up the slopes of Monte Cassino came every type of human being, every colour of skin, every language. The old patrician who had lost all his possessions, yet still insisted on wearing his toga; the dejected Greek, whose craftiness had not been productive; the fair barbarian deserter, like a bewildered child, disappointed through having left one country and not having gained enough in another; kings and generals, with the (*Continued on page* 110)

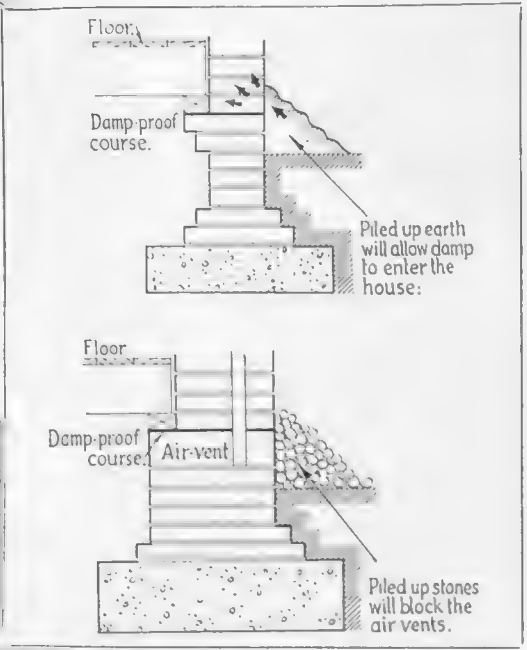


THE sober line of the monastery of Monte Cassino had replaced the white temple of Apollo

WHEN YOU

Here is a pleasant medium-sized house just outside London: many of the vital points are obvious. The colouring, which the picture does not show, is green and white, including tiles

(Below)
Illustrating that puzzling thing, the vital "damp-proof course"


Floor
Damp-proof course.
Piled up earth will allow damp to enter the house:
Floor
Damp-proof course.
Air-vent
Piled up stones will block the air vents.

Unless you are very, very rich or completely insensible to discomfort and worry, you cannot afford to make mistakes with the house you are going to buy—whether you are choosing it "off the peg" or having the fun of getting it "made to measure."

Yet the owner-driver of a new car, which cost about five times less than a house, takes care to know more about it than he does about a new house.

Though we do know more than ever before about grand things like modern architecture, functional design, and so on, most of us do not know the right points to check up on the skeleton of the house we are buying—until circumstances force us to learn them.

You may keep your theories about modern streamlines, and leave me my facts about foundations, party walls and the vital point of the lap of the tiles. And *my* house will, anyway, keep out the common enemy, the British climate.

It is hardly necessary to add that the architect and the builder of repute and the honest speculative builder will really welcome the client who is knowledgeable. Actually, so jealous of their reputation have the experts become that there is now a National Housing Standards Board and a "minimum standard specification," a model specification which even the laywoman can understand and would do well to acquire.

Check up the quality of the wood used and the manner of its "anchorage" inside your new house

There is nothing worse for mind, body or bank balance than to have to live with regrets. Honest mistakes are expensive and nearly always unavoidable. So here, shorn of the trimmings, are some points.

First, hire an expert right at the start, either an architect (if you are going to build) or a surveyor (if you are just buying). The latter's fee is rarely more (and often less) than five guineas and is a premium against being had.

The architect's fee is a fixed percentage on the whole job. He has the job of standing between his client and waste, and even roguery. Get hold of him before you select the site—there are heaps of things to settle before you go ahead with the actual house. Do not, for instance, wait until you have signed the conveyance to find that it is clay subsoil and that tradesmen do not deliver so far and that the late night train service is appalling. Then, in addition to checking up on the exact setting of your new home from the viewpoint of local services, sports, and so on, visit the local Council offices and ask: "Are the rates likely to rise? What, if any, are the local Town Planning restrictions? Are there any plans for housing estates near my site?" And so on.

The layout of the house itself is a matter of your taste: but the structure—materials and manner of their use—must follow certain proved rules and come up to a certain standard.

If you are choosing a home on one of the new estates—and some of them are beautifully developed—look at the show house by all means and admire the gadgets. But walk down the line and check up on the house they are still building.

You will have read in the specification that the bricks are good quality, and the mortar (vitally important) is strong, binding and watertight. But ask about or look at the foundations.

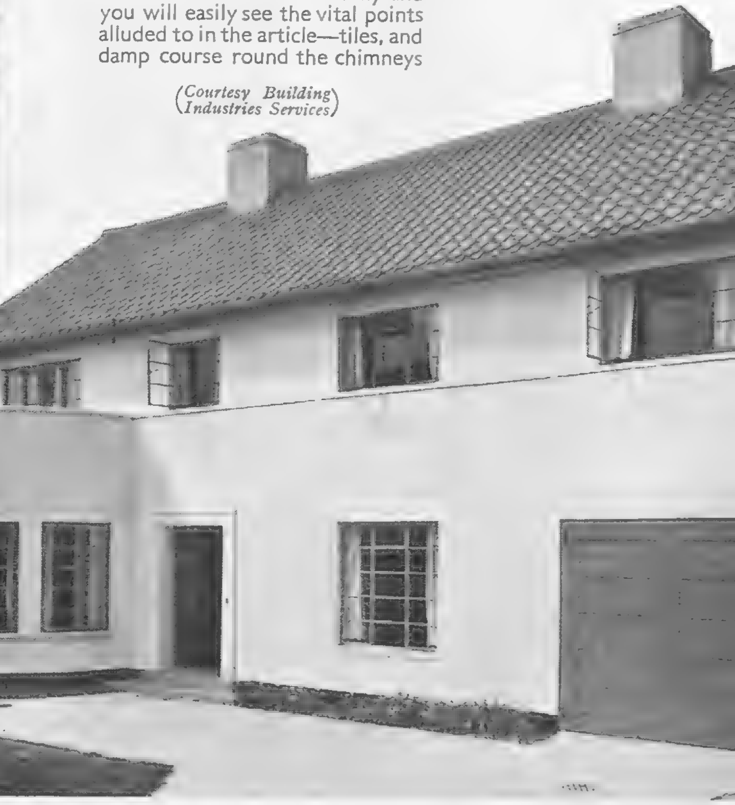
In case of chalk or other rocks, or well-knit gravel, it is enough to anchor your house by foundations buried below ground to some 2 feet—never less than 18 inches. First trenches are dug to that depth and all the area within the walls cleared of top soil. Then there should be a 6 or 9 inch layer of good concrete to link your home with the earth. Then come the wider, lower layers of hard fired or vitrified bricks, and a little higher the damp-proof courses.

The damp-proof course (of which we

CHOOSE YOUR HOME

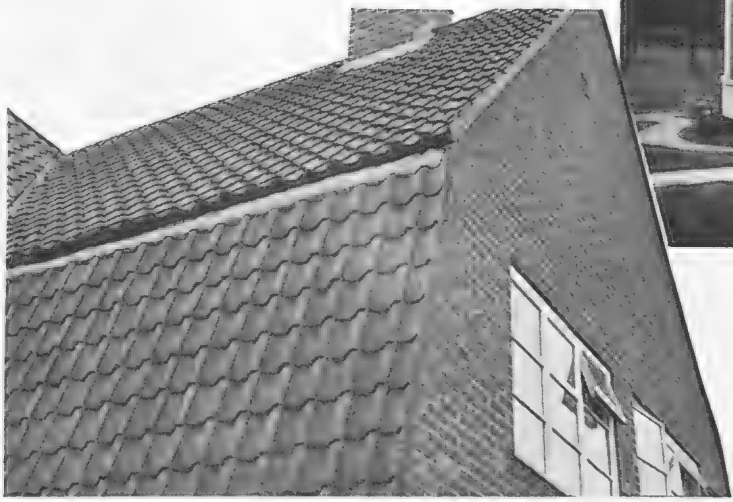
By JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

There are infinite varieties in the houses that you see already built . . . but check up on their details



Examine this house carefully and you will easily see the vital points alluded to in the article—tiles, and damp course round the chimneys

(*Courtesy Building Industries Services*)



(Left)
A roof with its protective lead at vulnerable points

speak so glibly) is perhaps the most important part of the walls. It is a watertight seal against the invasion of moisture through the brickwork.

Get your builder to explain the exact arrangement of this seal (the illustrations show you a little), but remember you should see that the damp-course only occurs after the walls have risen at least 6 inches above the ground level—6 inches is two layers (or courses) of brickwork.

Next, walls. There are two types—solid and the newer, more satisfactory cavity walls. The former should be at least 9 inches thick. But the latter, actually two skins—as it were—to your walls with about 2 inches in between them, act as a barrier to damp and a mild " thermos " effect to heat, cold and noise.

These are tied at intervals by metal strips. See that there are no droppings of mortar on these specially shaped ties, or damp will creep across.

The base of your cavity wall should be above the ground level, but below the damp-proof course. Remember this.

The chimney has its own lead damp-course round its neck, or should have. You can see this plainly if you look at your neighbour's house.

Talking of chimneys, if you can see the daylight up yours, then the flue is badly designed. It should have a bend as near the top as possible, to intercept the rain.

To some people a hat is just any old hat. In the same way a roof is just a lid to a house. But, if you can, select your tiles carefully ; they are made in varieties of shapes and colours.

A pitch of about 45 degrees is considered sufficient : but if your site is really sheltered you might have 40. If you select pantiles (tiles which interlock), you can take that risk and have a lower pitch. But check two things. Without going into the details of roof construction, you can remember that the bad builder can save in number of tiles by giving less overlap to each layer ; there should be at least 2½ inches. And nails used with them must not corrode. Ask if they conform with British Standard Specification 402—and surprise your builder.

Refuse to allow a roof which is constructed over feather-edged boarding, a method of saving on close boarding and tile battens.

Here, briefly, is a word of advice and warning about timber. Beware, always, of sappy timber and wood with a lot of knots—always, but especially for joists.

Meanwhile keep a list of what woods are good for what in your mind. For floor joists, rafter and general joinery—yellow deal and Columbian pine. Structural timbers which either enter the ground or are in exposed positions must be durable hardwoods, like oak, jarrah, gurjun or iroko. Window sills the same. Draining boards of mulmein teak or iroko, and built-in work like doors and panelling and floors of yellow deal or Columbian pine. Floors that have to stand up to a lot could be of oak, maple or jarrah.

Finally, among the ingredients of your home comes the important question of plumbing. Check up the material used for the plumbing. Of the three materials in most use, that best suited to the small or medium house is lead (copper is said to be the best of the three, but a shade too expensive for most people). Lead is admirable, easily bent, easily fixed and entirely reliable.

By Winifred Lewis

ROMANCE IN

Back to the four-poster, to rose-patterned chintzes and hand-quilted coverlets. A room which hoists the standard of romance over the stronghold of modern decoration

All the feminine charm of the Victorian period without its despoiling features appears in this ultra modern scheme for a bedroom

If proof were needed that interior decoration is a serious form of expression, we need not go far to look for it. Throughout history the different phases of human development and retrogression have put their imprint upon our homes. Period decorations are the material expression of passing moods, changing sentiments, and for this reason have an historical significance that, at times, outstrips their æsthetic worth.

The homes of Ancient Rome as they are pictured now give us a glimpse, better than any written word, of the minds and temperaments of the people who created them. Arrogance . . . flamboyance with an undertone of savagery that gives a cold edge to culture.

Later—much later—the medievalist decorator creates for us a grim, grand picture of his day. Squalor and brutality are inherent in the turrets and tapestries of the time; romance is a thin veil for darkest ignorance.

So on, through changing moods, to the Tudors, a period of bold grandeur in decoration, of grim flamboyance. "Tough," we should probably call it now.

Through the gay Stuart phase with flaming colours, rich stuffs to cloak their discontent; past the brutal austerity of the Puritans and, at last, to the decline of bestiality and blood to the suave immorality, the exquisite poise of Georgian England.

Still onward, each phase of decoration a permanent record of human effort, human reaction. Prim, fusty, stolid and lovable Victorianism. Ugly, prosperous Edwardian, smugly secure.

And then what? Decoration falls into the doldrums. The calm, orderly progress of the neo-Georgian reign found decoration becalmed. Human expression, particularly in the artistic sense, is most negative when life runs smoothly.

That is why we come upon one of the most startling and reactionary phases in history with the advent of "modern" decoration. Grim disillusionment was reflected in the bleak contours, the shrill colours of early modern decoration. Stripped naked . . . cruelly divested of charm, the post-war period expresses life as it then was, stark and bleeding.

Morbid eccentricity ran riot, but a strong vein of wisdom made itself felt. It was the wisdom that is born of bitter experience.

Slowly the bitterness subsided. Shyly at first the new faith in beauty, grace and charm was manifest. It has taken twenty years to subdue the living horror and disillusionment of war. Twenty troublous, progressive, triumphant and agonising years.

And now where are we? Back to romance.

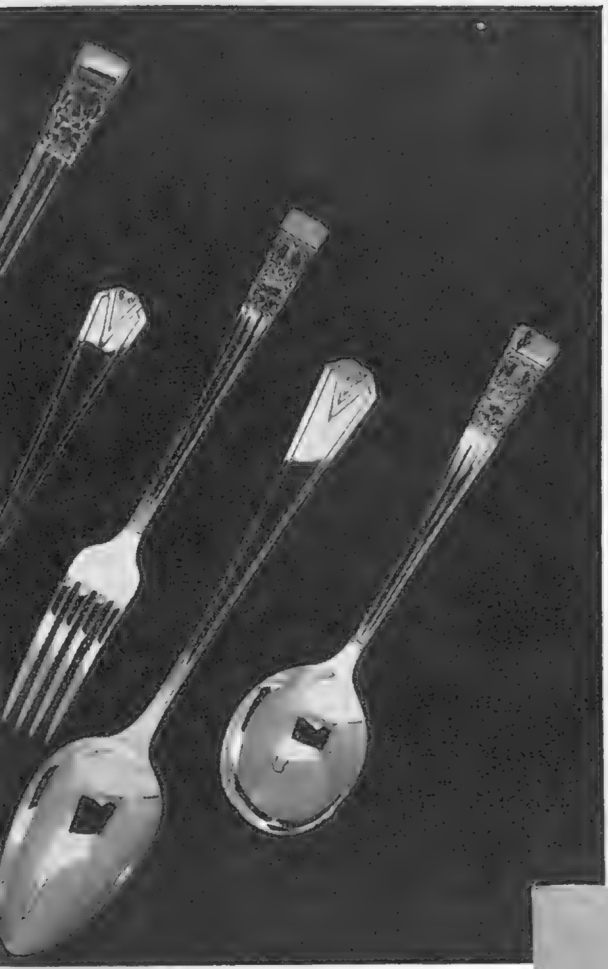
You could hardly tell it was happening at first. It began with a softening of colours and contours. Angular shapes, severity, melted, almost imperceptibly, into charming simplicity. All the practical features of comfort and hygiene that came up with the tide were left when the waters of extravagance receded.

Materials were becoming a little less queer. Flower patterns that had suffered almost complete extinction came into bloom again. Architecture was found to be combining some of the most gracious traditions of the past with the healthy, virile characteristics of the present.

Furniture of the new pattern was found to be at its very best in the company of pieces that had acquired the mellow, sentimental qualities of age—the amalgamation of old and new went on and on, and in its progress marked the return of sanity and a new craving for beauty.

Season after season brought some fresh surrender to romance, until at last we find ourselves in a new period

DECORATION



Decorative accessories follow the romantic lead, even to table appointments. The Community Plate pictured shows period designs of exquisite charm and quality

Top right :

A mantel treatment typifying the sentiment of the past whilst upholding commonsense features of the present

Right :

Petit point, exquisite china, bouquet patterned rugs in muted pastel colouring are features of the modern room pictured

Below :

Gracious and graceful . . . a 1937 scheme miles removed from the barren severity of the decoration which we have come to associate with the description "modern"

and one that seems as if it might leave its mark upon the pages of history.

The home of to-day is gracious, charming, practical and even sentimental at times, though in a sane, "we-know-what-we're-doing" way. Painted furniture is the darling of fashion. Reconditioned Victorianism expresses the swing back to feminine effects; shimmering silks and prim glazed chintz do their part in the metamorphosis of charm.

Befrilled dressing-tables, eighteenth-century prints, quilting and *petit-point* are dominant in the new " period." Colouring is sweeter and more appealing than before. Bleak whites and shrill contrasts are gone. Muted pastels and flower tones have come to take their place.

Accessories reflect the new sentiment. China has gone back to the traditional designs. Reproductions of Worcester, Crown Derby, Rockingham, beautify our tables and slender, exquisitely chased glass brings back the pride of the English table.

Linen is softly coloured, often exquisitely hand-wrought and much decorated with flowers. Windows are draped and frilled ; beds are curtained and quilted.

Romance has indeed come back, but with the practical advantages of comfort, easy maintenance and, to a great extent, economy.

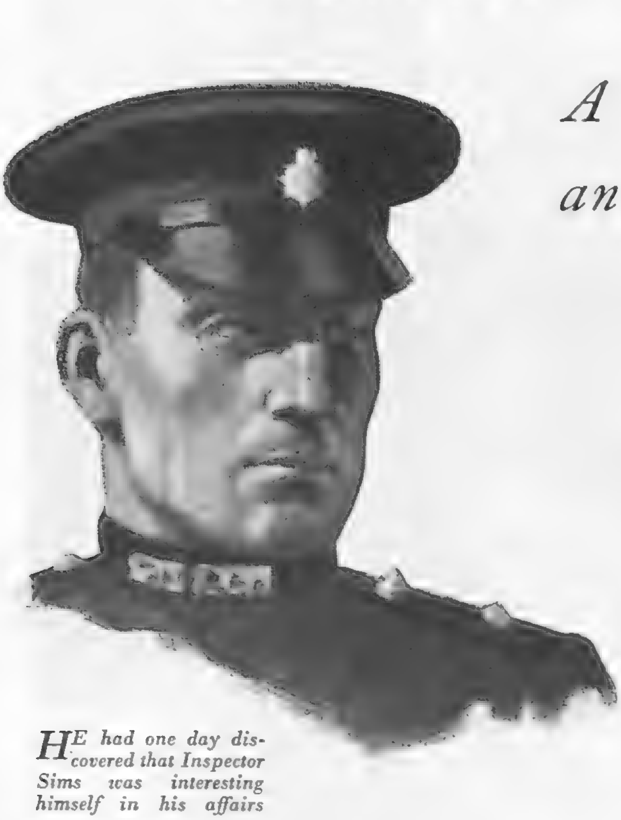
So, welcome Romance. . . . .

Alibi for Murder

A Cool Brain, a Steady Hand and—the Long Arm of Coincidence

By H. E. Blyth

Illustrated by Edward Osmond



He had one day discovered that Inspector Sims was interesting himself in his affairs

EVERY Saturday night, punctually at seven minutes to twelve, John Maxwell stepped from his taxi outside the station, gave the driver his fare and a sixpenny tip, and then passed through the barriers, acknowledging with an almost imperceptible nod the ticket-collector's deferential salute.

Slowly, almost primly, he would walk to the first non-smoking first class compartment on the train and, having seated himself in his customary corner, with his hat and gloves on the rack (and his overcoat as well, if the weather were exceptionally warm), he would open his evening paper, glance idly through the headlines, and then settle back and close his eyes. By the time the tall chimneys of the Battersea Power Station, like stern white sentinels against the London night, had slid past his carriage windows he would be asleep.

Two hours later, at two o'clock precisely, he would step down on to the platform at Belton-on-Sea and, walking as primly and sedately as before, would again accept with the faintest inclination of the head, the "Good night, sir" of the ticket-collector, would step into his luxurious black limousine, would suffer his chauffeur to tuck a heavy rug around his feet, unless the night were exceptionally warm, and would then glide silently away to his country house in the heart of the Sussex Downs.

On Monday morning the ritual would be reversed and he would return again to London, dignified, expressionless, immaculate, expecting and receiving from all whom he encountered the respect and deference due to one of wealth, position and integrity.

On this night in early summer he had followed his inviolate course, had tipped the taxi-driver his sixpence, and had noted with approval that his first class non-smoker was empty. Only very rarely did he have a fellow passenger, and on such occasions he travelled in some discomfort, for he had a horror of being spoken to by strangers.

Once settled in his corner seat he glanced idly at his paper, noting with a refined disgust the glaring headlines which announced the evil passions of mankind, and then cast it away from him with distaste. For a moment the Thames glistened dull and oily beneath him, then the wheels rumbled once more on to solid ground, the Battersea Power Station loomed up and was gone, and the roofs of countless ugly little houses passed in dim procession beneath his window. But he did not sleep.

Staring out of the window, tightly closed against all possible draughts, for the night was chilly, he abandoned himself to reflection.

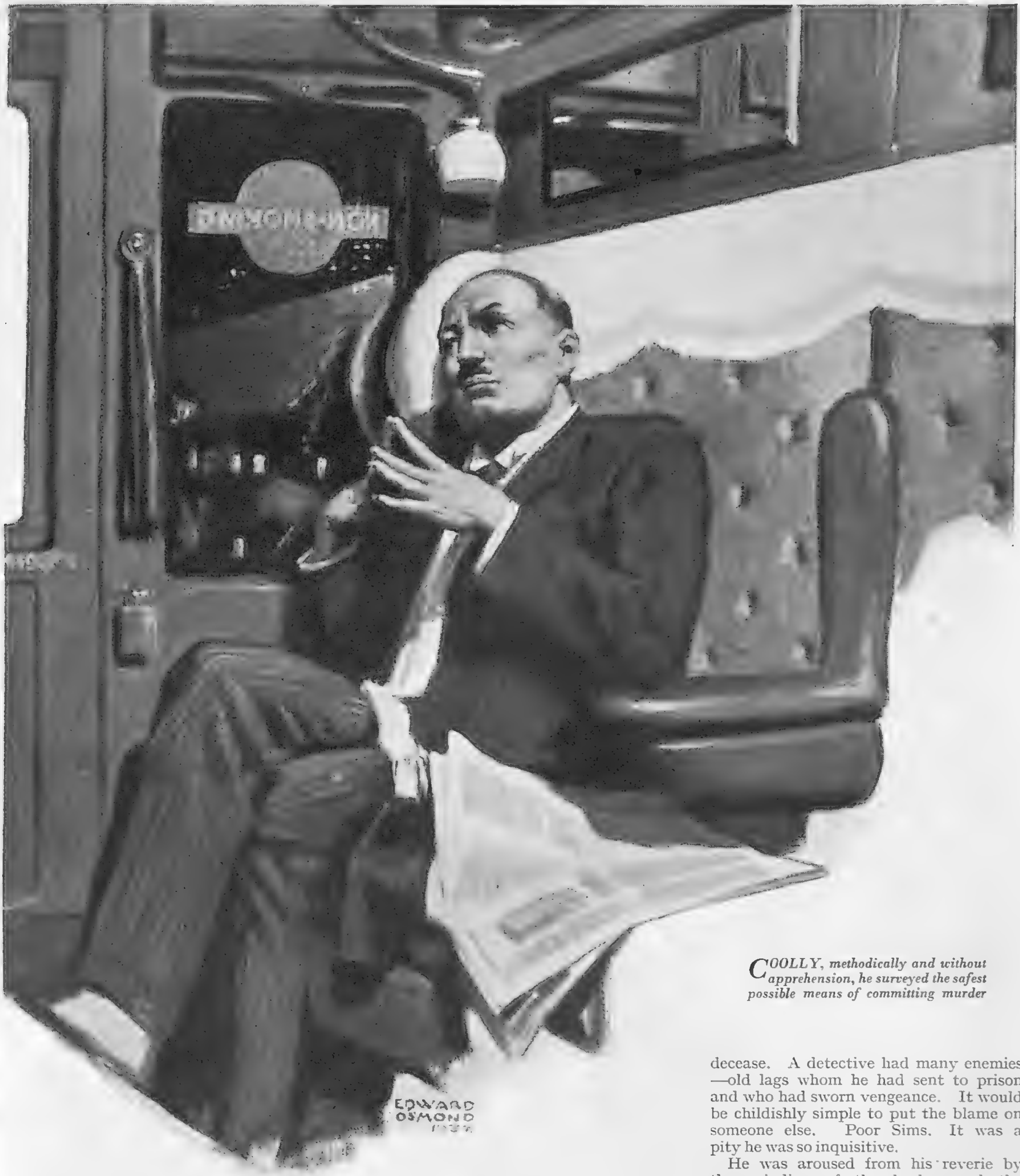
Coolly, methodically and without apprehension, he surveyed the safest possible means of committing murder.

The emotions which lead to murder are few and well defined. Jealousy, passion, avarice and fear—these are the motives which send the poisoner about his work and prompt the killer to bring unexpected death upon his fellow man. Insanity, of course, but we are all, to some extent, insane.

To John Maxwell jealousy and passion were unknown—he would have scorned such emotions as crude and vulgar. Women he despised as hindrances to concentration and progress, useful on occasions, desirable but rarely, essential never. A source of income, yes—but Maxwell's means of livelihood were many and varied, known only to himself and all so far removed from him that no one ever guessed his real intent. He moved through life remote and suave, unloved, respected and aloof. Passion and jealousy, therefore, were unknown to him. Besides, jealousy, if not of women, implied that others had what he had not, and John Maxwell had everything he wanted and most admired—a cold, logical, relentless brain and with it dignity, great wealth, security. Security until——

It had been purely by accident that he had one day discovered that Inspector Sims was interesting himself in his affairs. A chance remark had led to instant suspicion, crystallising gradually into certainty, and fear at once was born—fear of discovery, fear of exposure for the blackguard he was, fear that his castle of wealth and respectability might suddenly crumble about him. All his life he had lived in comfort and luxury, and the thought of a prison cell lay like an ugly shadow behind his daily life. Not that Sims seriously troubled him. He had too great a faith in his own ability to outwit the law. But still—ways and means had clearly to be considered for ridding himself of this unexpected danger.

Even so, it had been a long time before he began to think seriously of killing Sims. He knew the police would have great difficulty in implicating him with the many shady businesses that made him rich, and so careful had he been, so skilful in foreseeing any possible leakage of incriminating information, that he remained at least outwardly calm, and if at first he contemplated murder it was only as a business man idly toying with



COOLLY, methodically and without apprehension, he surveyed the safest possible means of committing murder

an attractive proposition which entailed too many risks. He had no scruples and no conscience—he would willingly have killed the Inspector and a dozen others had there been no danger to himself—but for a long time he waited, turning over in his mind a hundred different alibis, all of which lacked that certainty and security which alone would satisfy his agile brain. He knew his time would come, and he knew that the Inspector's work of investigation must inevitably be slow. So he had watched and waited, biding his opportunity.

Murder, he thought, as he sat gazing out of the window of the carriage on that night in early summer—murder required brain and determination, the ability to foresee all eventualities and allow for them, the ability to cover up one's tracks so that not even suspicion might be aroused; the ability to strike at an enemy and remove him just so soon as he became too dangerous.

Sims, he knew, had now learnt too much, so the time had come for Sims to make his exit. Maxwell smiled to himself as he thought of the Inspector's proposed decease. A detective had many enemies—old lags whom he had sent to prison and who had sworn vengeance. It would be childishly simple to put the blame on someone else. Poor Sims. It was a pity he was so inquisitive.

He was aroused from his reverie by the grinding of the brakes and the carriage jolting to a standstill. He rubbed the haze from the window and peered out. The train had stopped in a thickly wooded section of the line which was familiar to him—there was always a brief stoppage at this point on a Saturday night. It was really ridiculous, he mused, for it to take two hours to get from London to Belton, a distance of only fifty-five miles and with only one stop after East Croydon—at the sleepy country town of Potters Heath. The next twenty eight miles, until they got to Potters Heath, seemed always to be taken at a snail's pace. The service really was abominable.

He glanced out over the dim outline of the trees to where the country dropped gently away towards a cluster of lights at the foot of the hills a few miles away. That would be Drayton, he supposed.

Drayton. He started involuntarily. Why, it was near Drayton that Sims had his little country cottage, a few hundred yards from the main London road. Maxwell had been there once, just to pay a nice, friendly little visit, during which he and Sims had sparred verbally with the affable skill of two clever men who were determined to give nothing away to each other, but were desperately anxious to discover just how much the other knew—or suspected.

Sims had been most courteous and obliging, and had even insisted that Maxwell should stay to dinner. He had not left the Inspector's cottage until nearly midnight. Sims had waved his apologies aside. "Don't worry about keeping me up," he had said. "I work in my study until two every night that I'm down here. That's a detective's life for you, Mr. Maxwell. How lucky you are to have no business troubles or worries." They had looked at each other in silence for a moment, and it was in that moment that Maxwell realised how much Sims knew. He had motored back to town that night seriously disturbed.

The train gave a jolt and started forward again, but Maxwell stayed with his face pressed against the window. Sims's cottage could not be more than seven or eight miles away from this spot, and the London road was just the other side of the wood through which they were passing. He glanced at his heavy gold wrist watch. It was just twenty to one. The train, if it was not late, was due to reach Potters Heath in just under the hour. Twenty-eight miles in an hour—why, that was nothing to a fast car along a road like that between London and Belton.

He leaned back in his corner once again and put the tips of his gloved fingers slowly together. Twenty-eight miles. If a man had a fast car waiting for him in the wood, and then drove through Drayton to Potters Heath, he could easily get there before the train. Indeed, he should have at least ten minutes to spare in which he might occupy himself with any other business that might take his fancy. Potters Heath was a sleepy little station, and its one porter was seldom in evidence when the midnight train from London pulled in. It would be easy to climb over the low parapet of the bridge which crossed the line above the station, to step into the bushes at the end of the platform, and then get back into the train again. And the alibi would be perfect. A dozen people would see him enter the train in London and get out of it at Belton. Such a man could not be suspected of murder.

The fingers in the yellow gloves tapped lightly against each other, and Maxwell gazed thoughtfully at the carriage ceiling, while a smile flickered for a moment at the corner of his mouth. For weeks he had been looking for a perfect alibi, and here it was. Incomplete as yet, of course—it would require a great deal of thought—but, unless he was much mistaken, this was the opportunity he had been looking for. Poor Sims. It really was a pity he was such a meddler.

Maxwell gave a sign of contentment, placed his feet carefully upon the opposite seat and closed his eyes. Soon he was sleeping with a tranquillity which only comes to those who are not troubled by conscience—either because it is clear or because they have none.

THE machine bounded forward, faster and faster along the perfect surface of the long, straight road

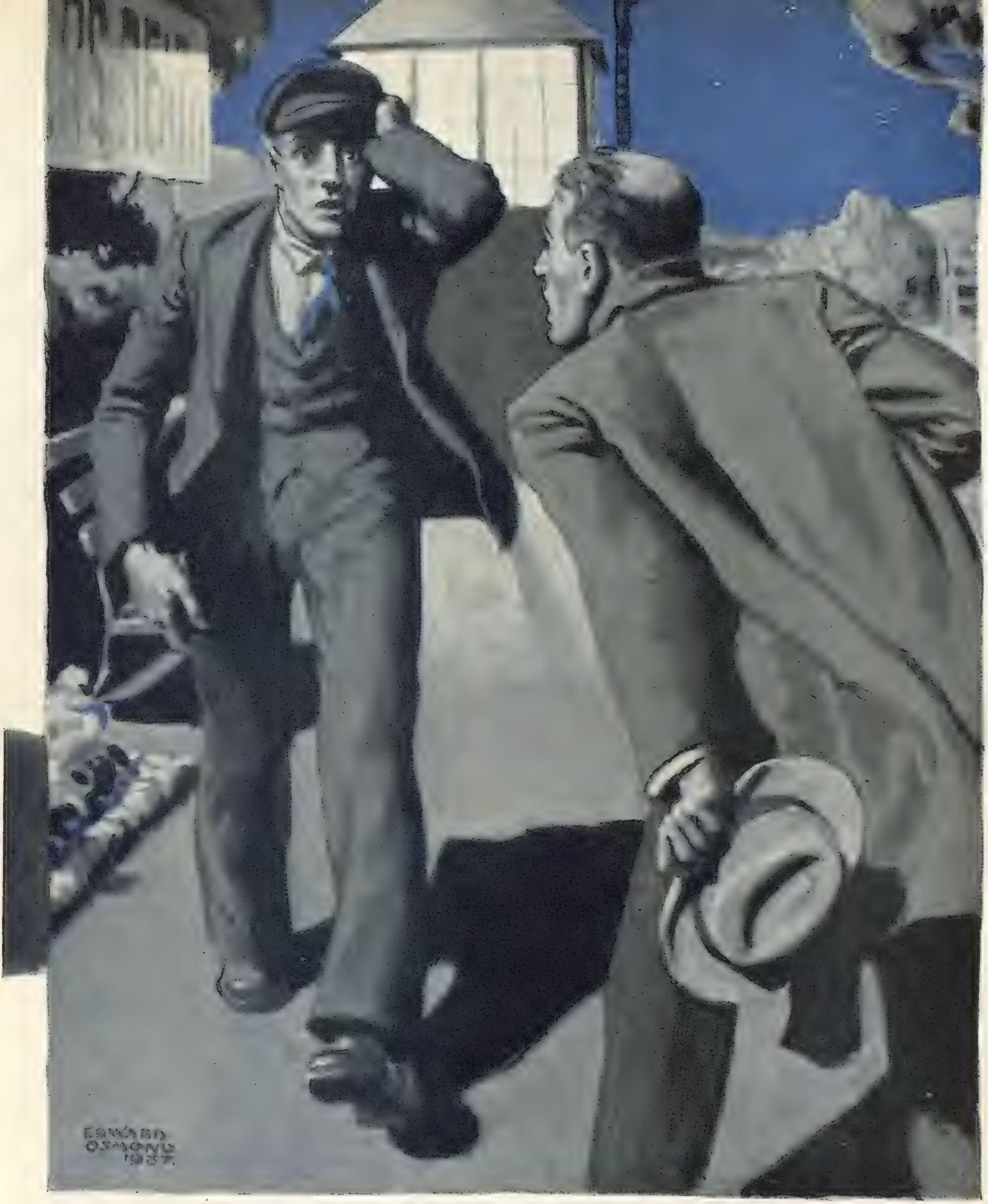
WITH a fine irony, Maxwell spent the next day, Sunday, in elaborating and perfecting his plan. Every detail had to be considered, every possible accident foreshadowed before the final step was taken; and, because he was a clever man who never made the mistake of underrating his opponents, he put himself in the position of a detective investigating the crime after it had been committed, examining each clue which, by accident or inevitability, might be left behind, and seeking for a means of removing all causes for such unwanted evidence.

Clearly his trump card was Sims's reputation amongst the underworld of London. He had sent too many men to long terms of imprisonment for him to be without enemies. There had been more than one outburst from the dock recently, and more than one threatening letter had been sent to the Inspector, promising him an uncomfortable and sudden demise when the writer got out after serving his "stretch." Sims had shown him one the evening they had spent together at the cottage. It had been crudely printed on a sheet of paper torn from a penny note-book, and the writer had sworn that he would get Sims before many weeks had passed. Sims had laughed it off unconcernedly, but Maxwell had examined the letter with interest and had noted that the dirty, crumpled envelope bore a Camden Town post-mark.

Even at the time he had at once foreseen that here was the first link in any attack he might make upon the Inspector's life. Whatever articles he needed in connection with his crime must be bought in the Camden Town district, in case they might be traced. By this means suspicion would at once fall upon the writer of the threatening letter.

The question of the car gave him much food for thought. That his plan should be communicated to anyone else was unthinkable—his wealth, his security, his greatness as a criminal, had all been based on the fact that he had no partners, that he took no one into his confidence, and, as a consequence, that no one but himself—and Sims—had any knowledge of his real means of livelihood. Because he knew that he himself would have double-crossed his dearest friend had the need risen, he therefore trusted no one, preferring always to work on his own and to make his own decisions.

So if a car was to be waiting for him in the woods by the railway, it must be he himself who hid it there, and he who would drive it. But a car was an un-


EDWARD OSMOND 1937.

"QUICK!" he gasped out. "For God's sake tell me. Why is the London train so late?"

satisfactory means of transport, too easily traced, too big, too noticeable. It would be unwise to use any of his own cars, foolish to buy one just for the murder.

A motor-cycle! That was the thing. Easily bought, easily hidden, easily disposed of. A few hundred yards from Potters Heath Station the road crossed the river where it was wide and deep. A motor-cycle could be thrown over the parapet when it would sink into the muddy bed of the river, and, if it was by some miracle recovered by the police, it would lead them nowhere—or, rather, only to Camden Town, where it would be bought, a little furtively, so as to cast suspicion on the buyer.

Then a weapon was also needed. His old service revolver would do the trick. That, too, could be thrown into the river with the motor-cycle. He would wear gloves, of course, and would need a pair of waterproof leggings and a cape to cover his immaculate clothes. It would never do if he boarded the train in London looking smart and spotless, and arrived at Belton wet and dirty.

The motor-cycle would have to be fast and in

(*Continued on page* 132)

Star Makers of

ERNST LUBITSCH—AND CIGAR—WITH MIRIAM HOPKINS, IN ONE OF THE FIRST TALKING FILMS HE DIRECTED IN HOLLYWOOD

ROBERT Z. LEONARD IS TELLING JEANETTE MACDONALD SOMETHING FUNNY AS SHE STANDS READY FOR A SCENE IN "MAYTIME," WHICH HE DIRECTED

Directors have the power

SOME time this year a dark-haired Italian, of medium height, with keen brown eyes and a volcanic manner, will make a pilgrimage of over six thousand miles from California to his native Italy, for the purpose of directing a film under the direct auspices of Signor Mussolini. The Italian is Frank Capra. When film audiences first recognised his genius, Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures, could not afford to spend more than £30,000—even on a Capra film. Mr. Capra's latest production for the same company—"Lost Horizon," starring Ronald Colman—has cost over £400,000.

Hollywood regards Mr. Capra as its ace director to-day. He is known as the Man who makes Big Stars Bigger Still. Stars he has lifted to greater fame include Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night"; Barbara Stanwyck in "Forbidden"; Jean Harlow in "Platinum Blonde"; a new and witty Myrna Loy, in "Strictly Confidential."

Frank Capra's return to Italy is the kind of triumph that belongs to the Prince in a fairy-tale. He was three years old when he accompanied his parents to the United States, an emigrant. He comes back, at the age of thirty-six, one of the most successful, highly paid men in the business of making movies. His life could be filmed as an example of the perfect success story.

Other men stand close to Frank Capra in the thin, strong line of Hollywood's star-makers. Clarence Brown, who has reason to be proud of the fact that when he directs Greta Garbo in her latest picture, "Madame Waleska," he will be guiding the Swedish actress through a film for the eighth time, a record held by no other director. There is Ernst Lubitsch, the sturdy cigar-smoking German once an actor, now famous as the first man to put wit into celluloid. To Lubitsch, also, must go the credit for making Maurice Chevalier an internationally famous film star.

There is W. S. Van Dyke, creator of "The Thin Man," builder of many stars. He has two nicknames. He is known as "Woody," a title which has never been explained; and he is called, more frequently, "One-Take-Van-Dyke," thanks to his ability to get what he wants out of his players in one take, in nine scenes out of ten. There is Frank Lloyd, an Englishman, who delights in the biggest, broadest kind of canvas he can find for his film pictures. It was Frank Lloyd who made "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Cavalcade" and "Maid of Salem." It was Frank Lloyd who grappled with the first big film about Lord Nelson (in the days before sound came to the screen) under the title of "The Divine Lady."

John Ford, turned out of the acting end of films through a galloping horse, became a director and won the coveted Academy award for "The Informer." George Cukor, genial, somewhat rotund Hungarian, produced "David Copperfield" and "Romeo and Juliet," both of them outstanding screen creations. Robert Z. Leonard, a giant in stature and in achievement, has "The Great Ziegfeld" to his credit for all time. Sidney Franklin, to whom goes the credit for the remarkable picture "Good Earth," has been in the picture-making business since 1914. Cecil B. de Mille is one of Hollywood's veterans. He was a pioneer in the days when films were made in barns, open to the sky. He is still making pictures to-day, on a gigantic scale, fit to stand side by side with "The Ten Commandments" and "Ben Hur."

The story of Frank Capra should be told. From Palermo, in Italy, he set out for America in the year 1900, with his parents and six assorted brothers and sisters. None of them knew a word of English. In the vast State of Kansas Papa Capra descended from the train to buy some food, handed over a twenty-dollar gold piece, was given some bread and fig-bars in exchange, but not a cent of money. Gesticulations followed, succeeded by arguments and entreaties in fluent Italian. In the middle of it all the train left quietly, with the rest of the Capra family on board! Thus drama entered the life of Frank Capra at a very early age.

Hollywood

GEORGE CUKOR, HUNGARIAN DIRECTOR, RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY BIG HITS IN HOLLYWOOD, IS SEEN HERE WITH GRETA GARBO AND ROBERT TAYLOR DURING FILMING OF "CAMILLE"

By Margaret Chute

FRANK CAPRA, HOLLYWOOD'S ACE FILM DIRECTOR

to make a star

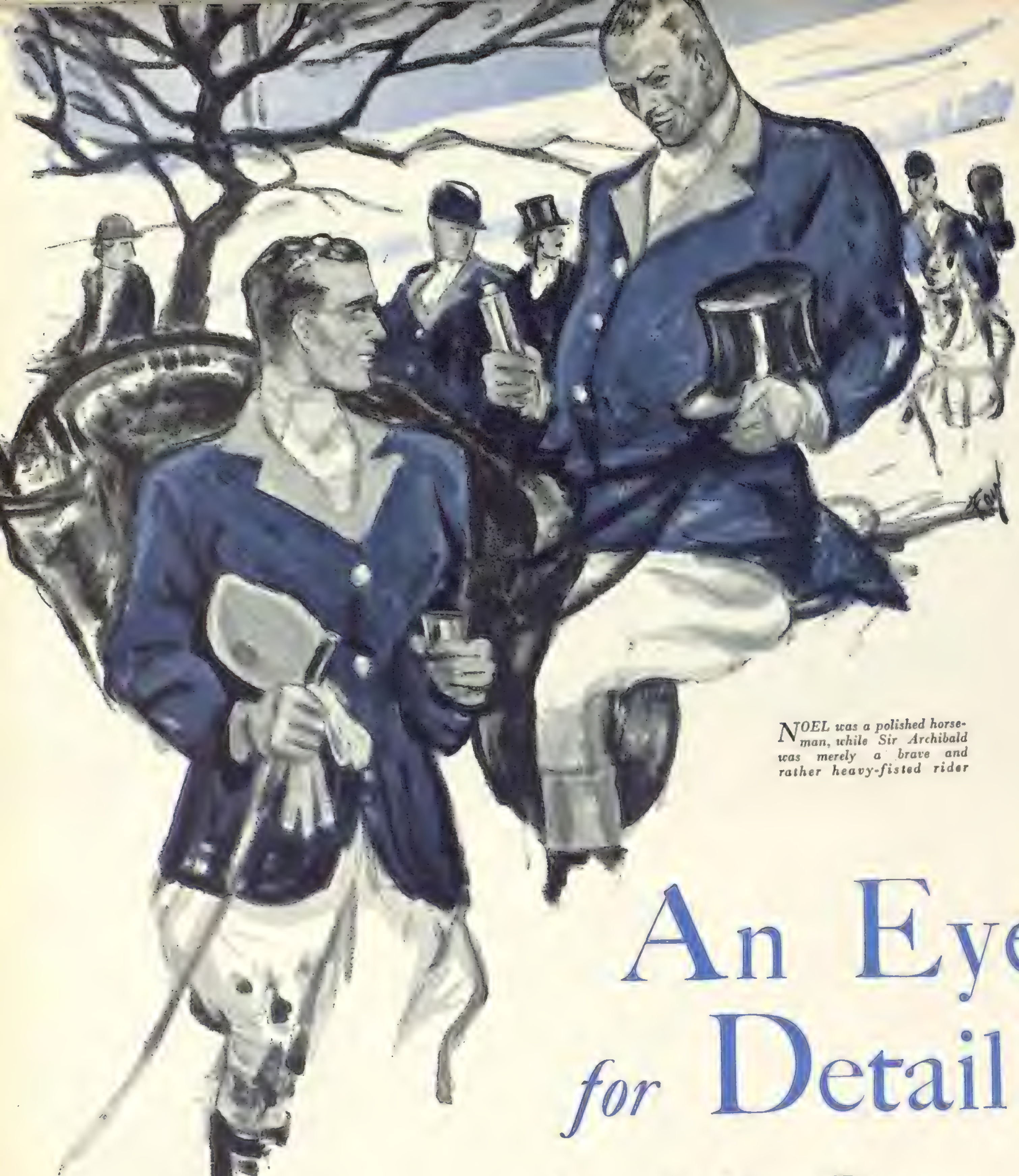
Arrived in Los Angeles, the small emigrant child set to work to earn money to pay for his own education. The struggle of his own early days must have helped to put that vital human touch into his films. Frank Capra sold newspapers on windy street corners, and taught himself English by reading his own merchandise. When he started to have money in his pocket, he did not spend it on soft living, but slept on park benches and used the cash for books, or concert and theatre tickets. Food and soft beds meant nothing to him. Knowledge was all that counted.

During the war Capra became an instructor with the coast artillery because he spoke French, German, Spanish and Italian, as well as his un-native English. His next adventure was as a tutor, followed by a dive into authorship as creator of short stories. Then he bumped into a man who ran a scenario school—on capital supplied by credulous pupils, of whom Frank Capra became one. When all the money was exhausted he wandered round the cafés of Los Angeles, where he sang—literally, not figuratively—for his meagre supper. Tree-pruning in the San Fernando peach orchards, at the vast remuneration of 10d. per tree, three trees per day, came next, followed by a determined onslaught on the film business. A job with the Christie Comedy outfit came along, and creating two-reel comedies taught Frank Capra the backbone of picture-making. He moved over to the then insignificant Columbia studios, to make screen snapshots.

But the studio in which he was to win fame let him go, and Frank took himself to Hal Roach's outfit on Washington Boulevard, where he became one of the unit responsible for turning out "Our Gang" comedies. His job was to create gags and outline plots—and that is why gag scenes mean so much in present-day Capra pictures. He begged for a chance to direct, but nobody would listen to him. So back he went to Mack Sennett, at £10 a week, to turn out strings of gags. No office was provided. Capra sat on heaps of scenery or bundles of timber, and scrawled down his brilliant ideas on scraps of paper. With a new gag outlined he would dash to the director—who probably turned thumbs down on the idea.

While gag-man to Harry Langdon—now one of filmland's forgotten men—Frank Capra reached his first directing appointment: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" was the title of the slap-stick comedy which proved to the one-time Italian immigrant that he was right in thinking film making was his métier in life. In 1926 he made a Langdon comedy called "The Strong Man." By critics in Hollywood it is considered the finest comedy ever put into celluloid—but Mr. Langdon thought otherwise, and Capra found himself (*Continued on page* 114)

CECIL B. DE MILLE, WITH GARY COOPER, DURING THE MAKING OF



NOEL was a polished horseman, while Sir Archibald was merely a brave and rather heavy-fisted rider

An Eye for Detail

By Colin Davy

GENERAL Sir Archibald Butcher opened and shut the wicket gate leading from the park into the garden six times to make sure that the catch was in working order. It was just as he had thought, if the gate was closed properly it was impossible for the cattle to push it open. He didn't have gates on his property with inefficient latches. There wasn't a gate on the whole estate, he'd wager, which wouldn't open and close properly. More than that, there wasn't a tap which dripped, a window which rattled, or a cigarette box which wasn't always filled in the whole house. In his army days he had been far-famed for his eye for detail. Once when inspecting a crack cavalry regiment he had caused the men to dismount so that he could count the holes in the stirrup leathers; and to this day his name brought forth indignant imprecations in their mess. Now, with advancing age, this passion for detail was becoming almost a mania, and a nuisance to all around him. Having made a mental note to call someone over the coals for leaving the gate open and allowing the cattle to stray into the garden, he leant against the railings to gaze across the meadows and woodlands in the evening sunlight while he lit a small cigar.

The bend of the river like a great silver S, the mass of yellow iris below Hanging Wood, and the deep blue of the distant hills were not the cause of the sigh of satisfaction which escaped him. He was thinking, " All mine . . . as far as I can see." And then his thoughts leaped to page 143 of *Landed Gentry* —he even knew the number of the page, as well as what was printed there.

An eye for detail had proved a great asset in the military career of Archibald Butcher. It stood him in good stead when he became a country gentleman—in his choice of the right clothes, the right wine, and in acting as host to the right people. How it finally undermined the whole structure of what he had built up is told here

"Butcher, Major-General Sir Archibald, K.C.M.G. . . ." How he wished he had been able to change it to the more aristocratic-sounding Bucher.

Though there had been no basis of truth behind it, he had always hinted to his friends that there was a "property" which one day he might inherit. He would like them to see him now that the purely mythical "property" had become actual fact. But that satisfaction was unlikely to be granted, for most of his old friends were living on their pensions in small villas around Cheltenham and Farnham. It was unlikely that their small family saloons would bring them past Wykeham Place; still more improbable that they would venture through the imposing lodge gates. As he thought of those people and the narrow, restricted lives they were forced now to lead, the neatly fenced pastures before him seemed to take on an enhanced richness, and his cigar a better flavour. He thought of their dowdy, middle-class wives, ill-dressed and ill-preserved, and compared them with his own. He sniffed contemptuously. Life was what a man made it, he thought, and *this* was what he had made of his.

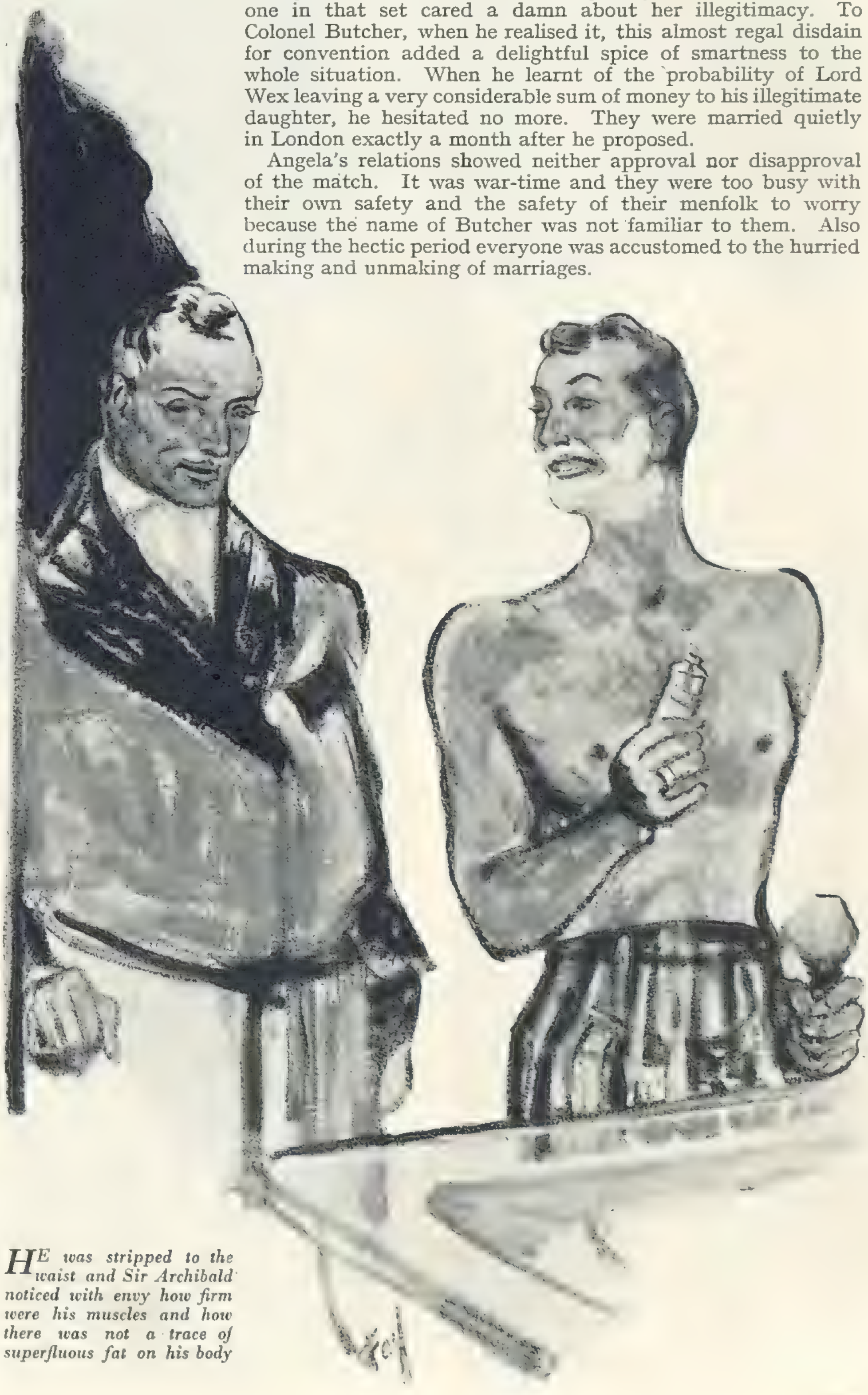
THE son of a successful mess caterer in Aldershot ("My people have always been army people," he was fond of saying), by some queer trick of heredity he had inherited traits of character exactly opposite to those of his father. Where the father had been modest and unassuming, he from childhood was filled with social ambition. With this as driving power he had worked hard enough to gain a scholarship at one of the lesser public schools. Once there, nothing would satisfy him but the easiest of all steps upwards on the social ladder—the Army. But ambition and an immense capacity for hard work could not move mountains when allied with what was at best mediocre intelligence. Though he failed to achieve Woolwich and the Sappers, he reached Sandhurst and from there the A.S.C. And officers in the A.S.C. wore spurs and were frequently mistaken for cavalry officers by those not well informed.

By 1915 his tremendous industry, backed by obsequiousness to his superiors and bluster towards his inferiors had earned him a Colonel's appointment on the Q staff. From there it was an easy step across the Channel to London and the clothing department of the War Office. With red tabs, a Savile Row uniform, highly polished field boots and a staff car, his equipment for stalking Society was complete. When he found that the beautiful young woman who drove his car was the daughter of a Peer and not at all averse to his attentions, he proposed marriage. To his great delight he was accepted. He had made his kill. However, disappointment, as bitter as that which a sportsman suffers when he finds what he thought to be a fresh-run salmon is only a kelt, was his when Angela Scarsholme casually remarked: "I hope it doesn't worry you that my mother wasn't married to my father when I was born."

It did worry him, and he had great difficulty in hiding the fact. He realised that his preliminary reconnaissance had been faulty. But he had not the courage to break the engagement forthwith; so he laughed it off with as good a grace as he could parade, and retired to appreciate the situation.

It seemed that Angela Scarsholme was the product of one of the greatest scandals of Victorian times: the fruit of the last Lord Wex having run away with the Lady Anne Herepath to set up house together in Spain . . . and that everyone knew it except Colonel Butcher. But the odd thing to his way of thinking was that no one seemed to mind in the least. Angela was on excellent terms with both her father's and mother's family, and visited their houses regularly. It seemed that no one in that set cared a damn about her illegitimacy. To Colonel Butcher, when he realised it, this almost regal disdain for convention added a delightful spice of smartness to the whole situation. When he learnt of the probability of Lord Wex leaving a very considerable sum of money to his illegitimate daughter, he hesitated no more. They were married quietly in London exactly a month after he proposed.

Angela's relations showed neither approval nor disapproval of the match. It was war-time and they were too busy with their own safety and the safety of their menfolk to worry because the name of Butcher was not familiar to them. Also during the hectic period everyone was accustomed to the hurried making and unmaking of marriages.



HE was stripped to the waist and Sir Archibald noticed with envy how firm were his muscles and how there was not a trace of superfluous fat on his body

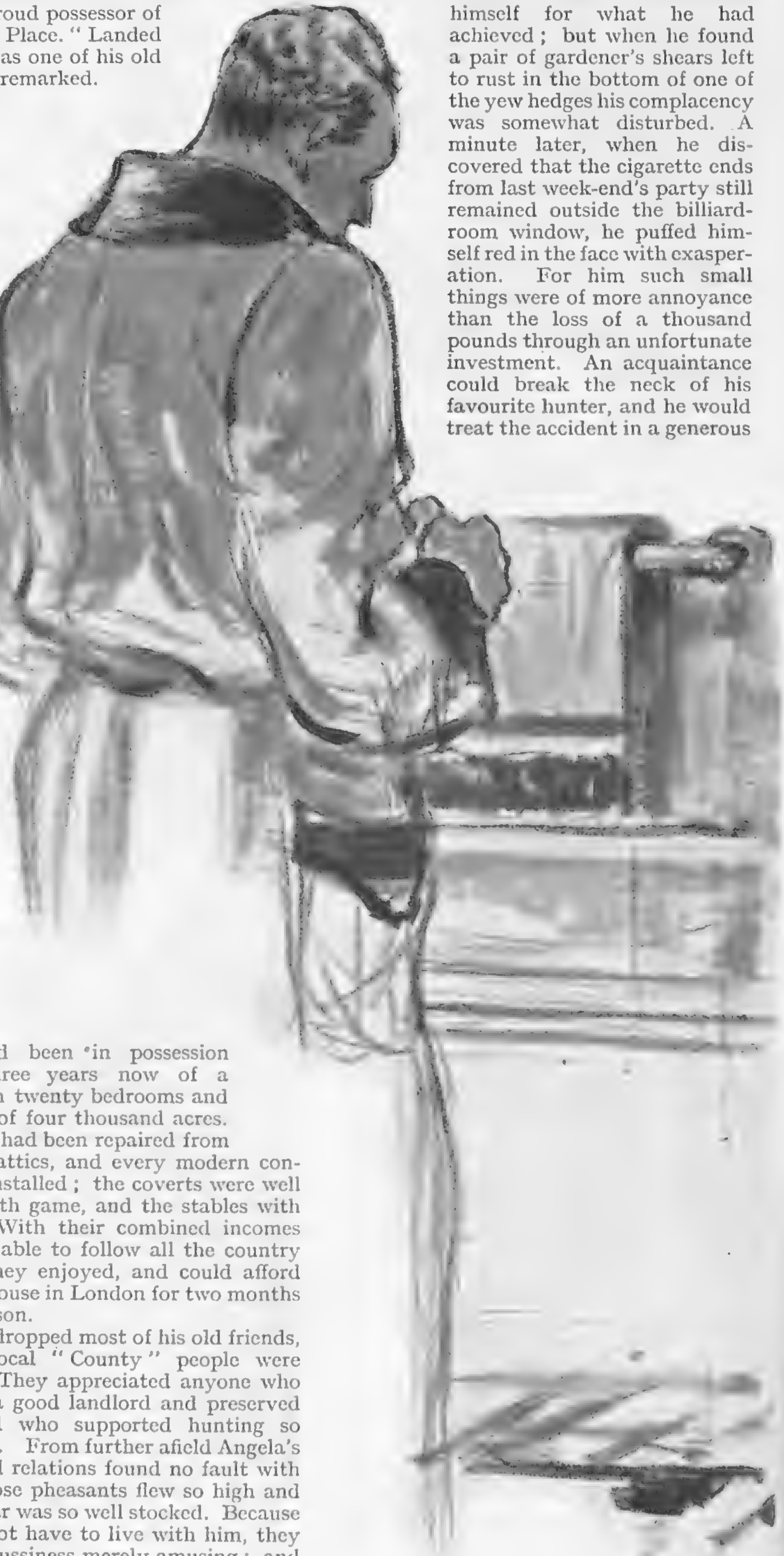
DURING the first year Colonel Butcher, now Brigadier, found many reasons for regretting his rash bid for social advancement. From the beginning he found intimacy with Angela an intricate problem. Tactics which had been successful with the few other women he had met failed dismally with her. He was at first bewildered and later exasperated by the realisation that her thoughts and feelings ran on entirely different planes from his own—planes so far beyond the scope of his imagination that they were for him hopelessly unexplorable. When he tried to please her he only maddened her; when he was angry with her she was greatly entertained. It seemed that she neither loved, honoured nor obeyed him, and had never had any intention of doing any of those things. The most maddening of all her peculiarities was that when he made love to her she treated the matter as a joke. And that with any man, and above all to a possessive creature like Butcher, is the most dastardly and devastating form of provocation. Yet she lived with him, ordered his house efficiently, and accompanied him whenever he desired to theatres and parties. So, despite all the difficulties of their private life together, he had secured exactly what he had set out for, a handsome, elegant and extremely dignified woman for his wife, to say nothing of nearly a score of Lords and Ladies to whom he could refer as "My brother-in-law," "My sister-in-law," or "A connection of mine." As the years passed he decided philosophically that one couldn't have everything. He gave up the unequal struggle of trying to understand the subtleties of Angela's nature, but decided he had not struck too bad a bargain.

In 1926 he was ordered to an appointment in India. Angela came out for one winter to see what it was like, and then returned to England. The next autumn she wrote that her doctor forbade her to repeat the visit, and though when her husband went on leave he found her apparently in the very best of health, nothing would persuade her to live with him out there again. To Butcher, now Major-General and District Commander, this was outrageous behaviour. If ever there was a stage on which to display his smart and aristocratic wife, it was Flagstaff House—more especially as she was connected with the Viceroy ruling at that time. She had given Butcher no children, so in these circumstances he was getting nothing whatsoever out of his bargain. After two winters out there and no sign of Angela changing her decision, savage with disappointment, he decided to cut his losses and arrange a divorce. His letter announcing this decision was half written when he heard that old Lord Wex was dead and had left Angela a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. He decided to deliberate yet a little longer. And then came the news that Angela's mother, the Lady Anne, had died as a result of a motor accident only a week after her lover's death. She too, it seemed, had left property of nearly the same value to her daughter.

With her usual arrogance as regards money, Angela wrote: "I have decided that the easiest and most comfortable arrangement will be for us to divide this money. Then, if you want to, you can give up soldiering, and come home to look for a place."

"The easiest and most comfortable arrangement!" It was both of those to General Butcher. The day after the birthday honours were published, and he saw that the K.C.M.G. which he had been promised was his, he sent in his papers.

Three months later he was the proud possessor of Wykeham Place. "Landed at last!" as one of his old comrades remarked.



"BUT . . . . how . . . ." *began Angela in a strained voice. Then her hands went up to her mouth, and she could only stare in horror at her husband's face*

HE had been in possession for three years now of a house with twenty bedrooms and an estate of four thousand acres. The house had been repaired from cellars to attics, and every modern convenience installed; the coverts were well stocked with game, and the stables with hunters. With their combined incomes they were able to follow all the country pursuits they enjoyed, and could afford to take a house in London for two months in the season.

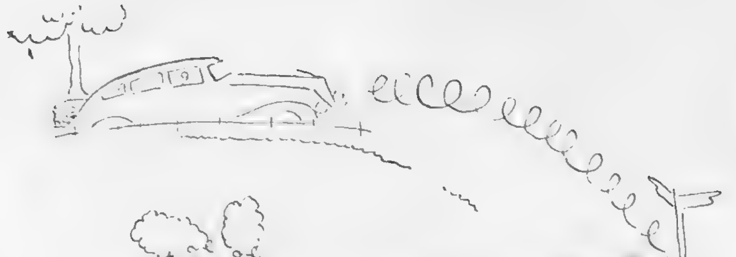
He had dropped most of his old friends, but the local "County" people were friendly. They appreciated anyone who was such a good landlord and preserved game, and who supported hunting so generously. From further afield Angela's friends and relations found no fault with a host whose pheasants flew so high and whose cellar was so well stocked. Because they did not have to live with him, they found his fussiness merely amusing; and condoned his rather vulgar pomposity as being an habitual trait of retired "Army Officers."

It hurt his vanity that he was no nearer even now to becoming on intimate terms with all these people. He would have liked them to have referred to him as "Archie" rather than the more formal "General." But the latter was infinitely preferable to his old army nickname of "Butty." He hoped that would never follow him to Worcestershire.

Walking along the terrace on the south side of the house that evening he was well content with his world and with himself for what he had achieved; but when he found a pair of gardener's shears left to rust in the bottom of one of the yew hedges his complacency was somewhat disturbed. A minute later, when he discovered that the cigarette ends from last week-end's party still remained outside the billiard-room window, he puffed himself red in the face with exasperation. For him such small things were of more annoyance than the loss of a thousand pounds through an unfortunate investment. An acquaintance could break the neck of his favourite hunter, and he would treat the accident in a generous and philosophic manner: if the same man by inadvertence burned a small mark on a dressing-table with a cigarette, the General would not forget the incident for years. He had worked himself into a fuming rage by the time he came in sight of the front door.

Before the house stood a long, grey car which he recognised as belonging to his neighbour, Noel Long of Upton Idle. Though this visit made it necessary to postpone the tirade he was brewing for the servants, with the suavity which had served him so well in the army, he swallowed his rage and became immediately the good-natured host. He hurried through the hall, calling "Hulloah! Hulloah, Noel! This is a pleasant surprise. Where are you, old boy?" He liked Noel Long least of all the local people, but he was tired of his own company and glad to have a visitor.

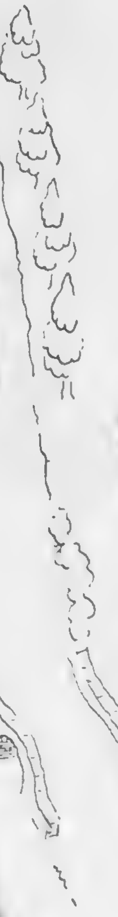
There were two main reasons why the General disliked Noel Long: the first was that Noel was everything which Sir Archibald would have liked to be; the second was that Noel possessed some land which the General coveted to a point of frenzy. Noel was the same age as the General, yet looked ten years younger. He was lean, hard and active, yet took no trouble whatsoever to keep himself in that condition. This in itself was a source of intense annoyance. Then Noel had lived in the country all his life, had all the history of the district at his finger-tips, knew everyone from highest to lowest by their Christian name, knew the run of every fox and the best method of driving every beat and covert in the county. Nor was his knowledge confined to country pursuits and practices; he could give even Angela points in a discussion on art or literature. And Sir Archibald had once betrayed the fact that he thought "a Corot" was a piece of furniture! Noel was a polished horseman, while Sir Archibald was merely a brave and rather heavy-fisted rider; Noel was a brilliant shot, while many lessons at shooting schools at great expense had not been able to make Sir Archibald anything better than a good second-class performer. Even in the military—the General's own sphere—Noel was ahead of the General, for although his only experience of soldiering had been during the Great War, when they met on the parades of the British Legion plain "Mister" Long's decorations were far more numerous and distinguished than those worn by the professional soldier who had spent thirty years bluffing and toadying to obtain them. Though no one would have called the General a sensitive man, he was acutely conscious of his shortcomings in Noel's company; he felt like a bad copy in the presence of an old master. Yet though he almost hated Noel for his obvious superiority, that feeling was not one tenth so strong as his covetousness for a certain part of Noel's estate. The part of the Upton Idle estate known as the "Risely Hardmoors" he wanted beyond everything; but nothing, not even the most fantastically extravagant offer and all his coaxing could induce Noel to part with it. This tongue of alien territory intruded like (*Continued on page* 90)



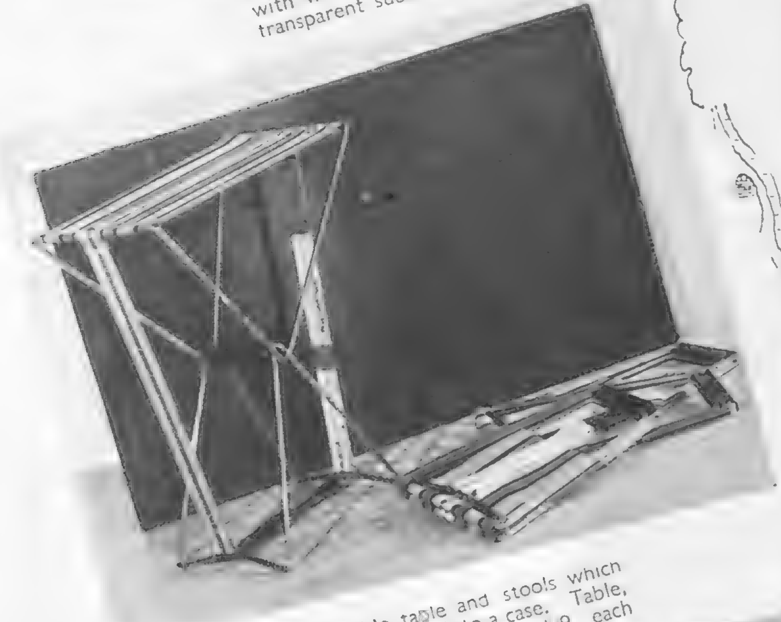
PICNIC DAYS

Once men hated picnics, holding that they meant dried-up sandwiches, lukewarm drinks, flies, discomfort. Nowadays, they are as enthusiastic as the kids over eating out of doors. Because with the clever modern picnic requisites, it is just as comfortable as eating indoors.
And—have you noticed?—they enjoy playing about with the gadgets.

Blue picnic set in a basket woven with wicker and a blue and white transparent substance. £1 12s. 0d.



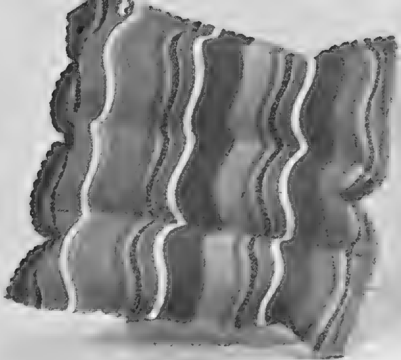
Careboard plates, with coloured borders. Nine-pence a dozen. Matching cups and saucers, 1/- a dozen



Collapsible table and stools which fold compactly into a case. Table, £1 1s. 0d. Stools, 1/9 each

An oak tray which fixes on the back of the car seats. 6/6

Large and useful wicker basket. Most suitable for a small picnic party. Fitted with convenient handles. 4/6



Somebody will say "Thank you" for an air cushion like this one in attractively striped waterproof cloth. 2/11

Two wicker-covered milk bottles, 2/9 and 3/9. Screw-cap jar for tea or sugar 1/8. Large-sized sandwich box, 5/9

In the grand manner. The open case is luxuriously fitted for both luncheon and tea, £2 17s. 6d. Next to it are the contents of the closed case, a cocktail shaker, vacuum jar for ice, four cocktail beakers, £2 16s. 0d.

These four seats fold into the table, which in turn folds into a case four and a half feet wide. The whole affair is in one piece, easy to assemble. £2 17s. 6d.

Easy to carry tea picnic basket with fittings as shown, 16/-. The light-weight indispensable summer rug costs 25/6

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

Oh! My Feet....

Thousands of women say this at the end of a hot day. There is nothing for it but to change stockings frequently, wear looser shoes and take foot-baths. It is amazing what a proper course of foot-baths will do: certainly keep down foot-swelling.

The first one should be taken before starting out on the day's work or play. Let it be lukewarm, with two fistfuls of kitchen salt to every gallon of water, and have the feet immersed in it for five minutes, above the ankles.

Then, if the day's work is to be serving in a shop, or walking round the cricket pitch at Lord's, strenuous tennis, or entertaining, or shopping, or anything that implies footwork—rub in a very little olive oil, and follow it with a brisk rub of eau de Cologne. You needn't use the very best. But a combination of oil and spirit ensupples and tones the sole of the foot, and the incidental massage strengthens the arch.

A dusting of boracic acid powder now, before slipping on your stockings, will not come in amiss, especially if you will not be able to change stockings until the end of the day. But business women would do well to change stockings when they arrive at work, and change back when they leave.

A foot-bath during the luncheon interval is also a good plan, and one in which women at home can surely indulge. This bath should have a level tablespoonful of Lysol to every gallon of water. Lysol is the quickest known *aerator* of the foot, leaves the soles wonderfully refreshed and odourless. If business women realised what a foot-cocktail it was, they would keep a bottle for a lunch pick-me-up in their lockers.

Then, after a long day, or before going off to an evening's fun, there is nothing so foot-slimming as a soak in Epsom salts. A handful of this to every gallon. If none is in the house, make it a teaspoonful of vinegar to every gallon of tepid water. Or a handful of washing-soda; but nothing is as good as Epsom salts. It is positively de-swelling.

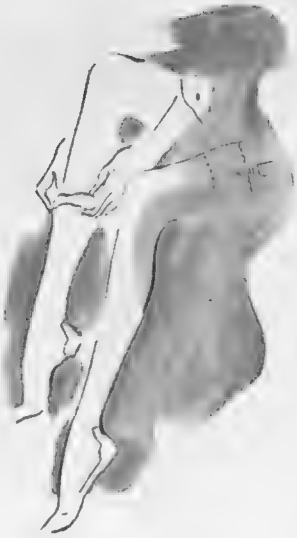
After it, place your feet in a soup-plateful of methylated spirit for three minutes, as a precaution against tenderness. When you lift them out, leave the spirit to dry on.

If you are taking this bath before going to bed, to guard against foot-burn, then take each foot in turn after the bath, and twist and work the toes sharply round with both hands. Knead hard between the toe-joints; press firmly up on either side of the centre foot bone to the ankle; twist the ankle round and round and dig in with the fingers where-ever you can round the bones. Now, try to bend the foot up so that the big toe points towards the shin-bone.

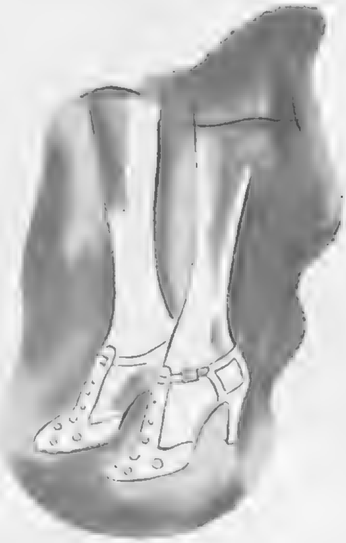
This manipulation will break up any uric acid crystals or other secretions, and impart a sense of freshness. No night ache or burn is possible after such handling. It sets the circulation pulsing, which revives the muscles and disperses tiredness.

Exercises are always good. After the first foot-bath in the morning, it is as well to move round on tip-toe while dressing—all for the sake of arching the arch.

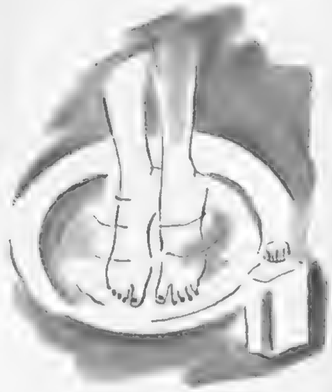
Wear your shoes loose. (*Cont. on page* 143)



Change stockings frequently



Wear loose shoes



Take foot baths

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

Beauty On Holiday

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

This page is to be a practical guide to the woman—and she can be any one of us—whose face blooms with imperfections while she is on holiday and wishes to look her very best.

This fairly frequent misfortune is due to the fact that any change of air enormously increases the activity of the skin glands and may cause the appearance of a rash, unusual shininess, unbecoming dryness, an outcrop of acne, or any other complaint which is wholly unforeseen and unglamorous.

The really wise woman will treat herself to calcium and sulphur pills, compounded with some other ingredient, for three weeks before going on holiday. These not only condition the bloodstream, but set up a control over the action of the skin glands so that they function normally in response to any conditions.

If, however, you have not done this, there is a new and carefully adjusted effervescent saline, pleasant to take and without any depressing after effects, which supplies a most efficient restorative to the complexion.

Here are the outer applications if you are suddenly surprised by :

A Rash. If this is irritating, dust on bicarbonate of soda powder—obtainable at any chemist—and the tingling will disappear. Bicarbonate is a very strong alkali which straightway neutralises the acid causing the rash.

It is generally unwise to apply water or grease to a rash, so clean the face with a distilled extract of witch-hazel and then dab on a calomine lotion—both of which can be had at any chemist. You can powder over the calomine, but it will be impossible to rouge. One night's application of this, however, should do the trick, and only a very slight precautionary dab next day will be necessary to complete the cure.

After this I would advise you to use a very special lotion of cucumbers to be left to soak into the skin half an hour before making-up ; and a certain essence of herbs to be used as a wash or make-up remover.

Both of these soften and smooth the skin and counteract any over-drying influence of the calomine and witch-hazel. The cucumber lotion should be included in every holiday bag. It is wonderfully soothing for sunburn.

Shininess. This is a clear proof of over-secretion by the skin-glands and will be greatly helped by a daily quaffing of half a teaspoonful of the effervescing salts I already mentioned.

Then, there is a very fine toning lotion to be rubbed into the skin twice a day, which settles the matter as far as appearance goes ; it disposes of all shine.

Unusual Dryness. This can be swiftly corrected by an overnight application of a highly nutritive cream—which should be gently patted in till a mere film of it remains. Follow with the cucumber lotion next morning to clean and brace the skin, under a mousse for a make-up basis and an emollient powder. No dryness or trace of roughness will remain, but a miraculously soft and transparent surface.

If the roughness has suddenly transpired over arms, neck and chest, dab the affected parts with the cucumber lotion and pat in a complementary skin-food. After this has been wiped smooth, finger-tip all over with a liquid powder and the redness, goose-flesh, or burn will present an ivory-white surface which will last until the liquid powder has to be removed.

There is nothing to equal this treatment if you have suddenly been caught out by the sun and wind and yet have to look your best at a dance. It's just a lightning transformation, and cures while it transforms.

Acne or Blotchiness Hateful words, but let us deal with the subject boldly.

There are two kinds of acne—one weeps, the other is hard.

If you are afflicted by the first, wash with very hot water and Cuticura Soap and then dust thickly over with bicarbonate of soda powder. This may sting at first, but it dries the weeping and allays irritation.

If you suffer from the second kind, there is a balm on the market which dissolves the hard secretions in the pores. The good work is completed by a sulphur cream which gives elasticity back to the walls of the pores, so that these close up and do not fill again.

But if the acne lumps have become tender, red and swollen, it is better to use a cream, aptly called "obliterating cream" which has the same solvent action as the balm, and also completely (*Continued on page* 143)

CRISP WINDOWS

What are the essentials which go to make a charming summer room? What gives a home that character of cool, sweet restfulness that soothes away the ravages of heat outdoors?

Texture, colour—these are the ingredients which most of all make the house basically right for summer.

Smooth, crisp surfaces, clear, cool colouring, brought to replace the rougher textures and the warmer hues of winter, act like magic in dressing the home for summer.

Dominating, as they do, windows and floors call for the largest share of attention when the change-over comes along. Crisp windows and cool floors are the secret of restful rooms.

Luckily, fashion takes a hand just now in the task of "daintifying" windows and floors. The boom in delicate flower tones and muted pastels make window-dressing a joy, and with less bleak white on the walls and more flowery toned backgrounds we start with an advantage over former seasons.

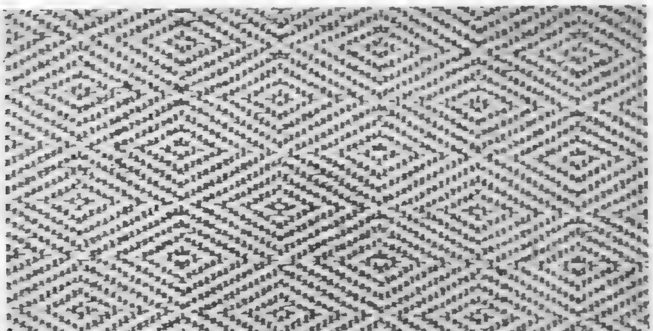
Old-fashioned laces and organdies and new-fashioned sheers make window treatments dramatic and divinely cool this year, while bouquet-patterned chintzes support the illusion of a garden indoors.

In relation to floors the fashionable preference for smoothly bleached and polished boards is helpful in creating an effect of spacious coolness, and the silky smooth texture of the newest rugs in blond colourings joins the conspiracy.

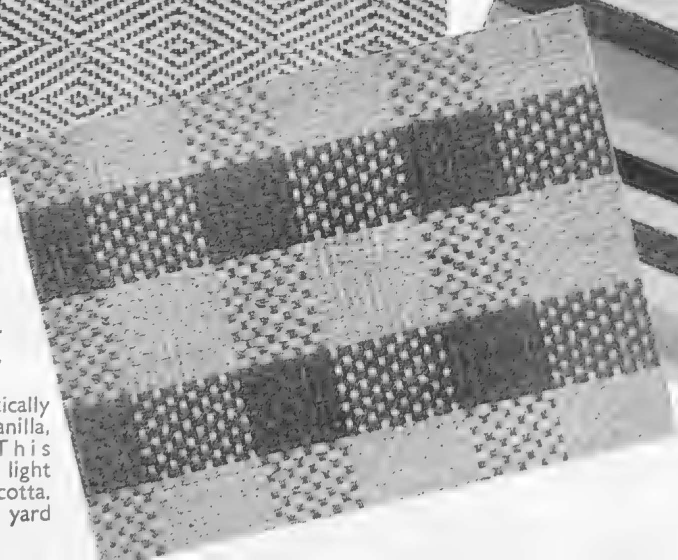
If your windows are large and deep you are in luck, because sweeping drapes of ninon, frilled organdie or dotted swiss are stop-press fashion and very, very lovely to look at. To give a "lift" to smaller windows there are any amount of original treatments that look crisply cool and cost next to nothing at all.

Roller blinds of this leaf design slub give a distinction to summer windows. The fabric is reversible and has a natural ground with leaves in two shades of blue or green. Price 1/11 a yard

Ships sailing on a cool background make this Rosebank fabric a good one for summer curtains. There are various colourings, and the width of the material is 50". Price 5/9 a yard



Manilla matting, fitted like a carpet, is decorative as a background for modern furniture. In cream with black or other colours 4/3 yd.



Coco matting, practically as effective as Manilla, but cheaper. This check design is in light green with terra-cotta. 18" wide, 1/11 a yard

Patna Oriental rugs, with their smooth, cool textures, are excellent for summer and very decorative against painted or bleached floorboards. This one costs 23/9 and measures 48" x 84"

AND COOL FLOORS

For the kitchen you can make trim curtains of white marquisette and embroider the edges with gay wool, or finish them with a wide Tyrolean braid in dashing colours. White net with an old-fashioned ball-edging in yellow, blue or red are quaintly pretty and wash like the proverbial rag.

Bedrooms take on a summery air when frilly curtains are brought to the windows. Picture ruffled organdie in forget-me-not blue against muted pink walls and delphinium-blue drapes, or, if you are looking for an ice-cool window effect, plain green percale with ruffled edges of printed chintz in toning colours. Dramatise them by adding screening curtains of white dotted swiss looped across the glass.

Blinds help a lot in coaxing summer indoors. Outside awnings do more than cast a welcome shade into the interior of the house: they give a dash of colour and a new interest to the fact of it as well. Properly fitted window-shades are a rarity in this country, but they are quite inexpensive if you go to the right source for them, and they pay for themselves in comfort and protection from faded fabrics and blistered paintwork.

Indoor roller-blinds are hard to improve upon when the shape of the windows permits their use. Dusty, lace-trimmed rollers are cast into the limbo of forgotten things, and bouquet-patterned chintzes and cool, flower-coloured percale are now used to screen our windows.

A chintz roller-blind showing between the crisp folds of organdie makes a lovely summer window treatment. The blind is lined, of course, and perhaps interlined, to give essential stiffness and additional protection from the sun.

At a casement door, plain satin drapes of water-lily-green framing a roller-blind of paler green glazed chintz, patterned with water-lily sprays, is lovely in its effect both by sun and by candlelight.

Venetian blinds, too, go absolutely unchallenged as the best means of protection from

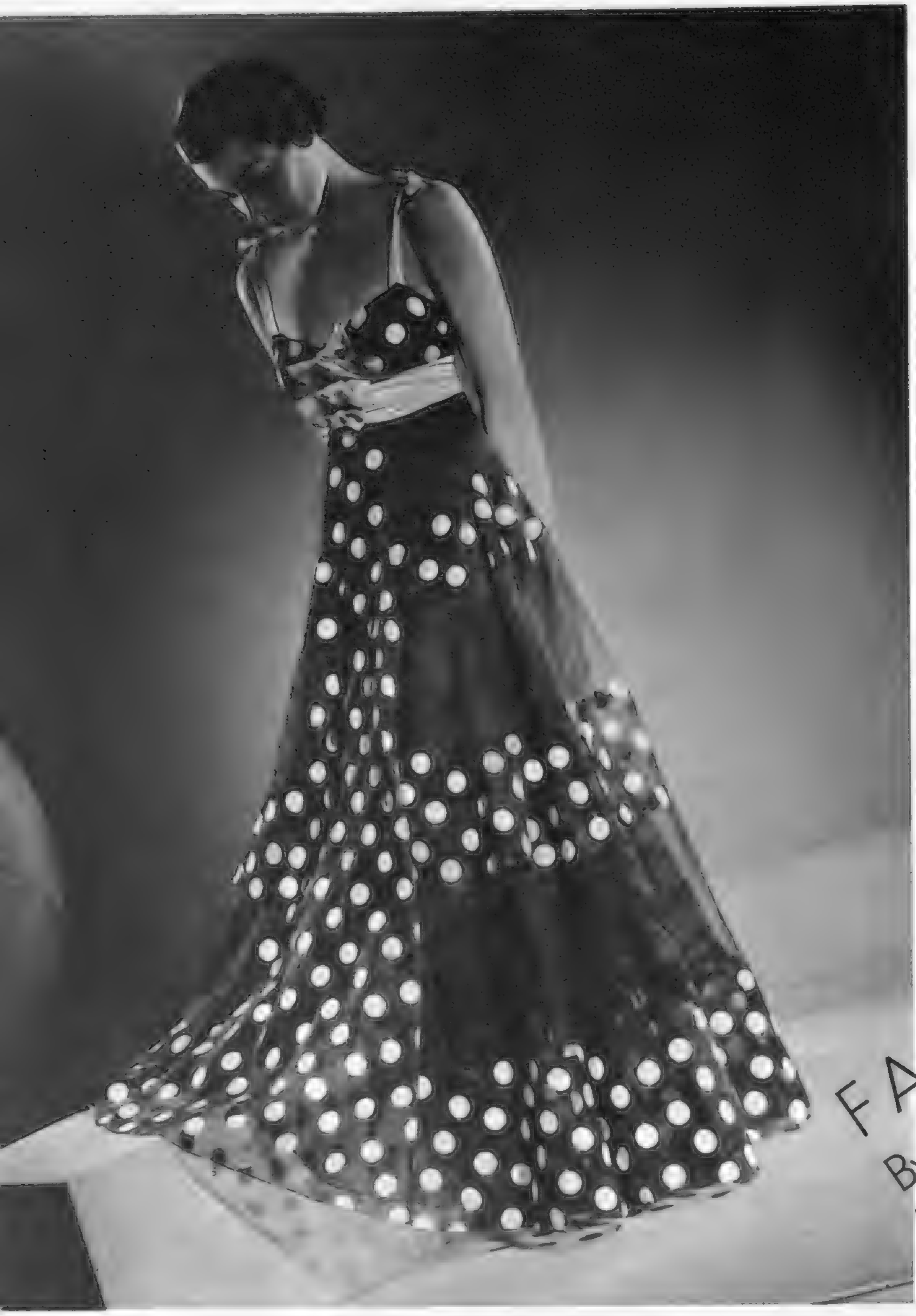
(*Continued on page* 94)

Cool window with sheer white ninon and glazed chintz. The chintz is turquoise with a white design and touches of muted pink

Spacious coolness with stripped pine floorboards and clear green walls as a background for rich, smooth textured rugs

A casement window leading on to a roof garden is given a vividly-coloured venetian blind. Decorative and very cool

Some traditions of the farmhouse kitchen have been used in the decoration of this country house sitting-room, with cool effect. Whitewashed bricks surround the open fire and ice-cool walls add to the effect of the flagstone floor



Navy organza, appliquéd with white piqué circles, white piqué bows on the corsage, shoulder-straps, belt. Victor Stiebel.

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

For Beach

Ruched silk swim-suits, very décolleté, woven with lastex so they fit and support like a corset. . . . Slightly flared skirts, buttoning off and on to wool swim-suits. . . . Cotton swim-suits, with full-skirted legs, lined with wool, in every gaudy, splashy print. . . . Full-length fitting coats to match printed swim-suits. . . . Reversible wraps, printed cotton, terry towelling. . . . Short towelling boxy coats. . . . Play-suits with shirt tops, shorts, and front-buttoning matching skirts. . . . Sunback-top play-suits, with shorts and matching front-buttoning frocks. . . . In chintz, cretonnes, sharkskin linen, shantung. . . . A lot of white, roman stripes, vivid scrawly prints.

For Smart Country

Linen, linen tweed, silk linen and shantung dresses and matching jackets, man tailored, but with woman touches, like embroidered lapels, saucy fastenings. . . . Pastel linens or piqué jackets over dark or printed linen dresses. . . . Schiaparelli suggests a flecked green linen tweed jacket, with darker green skirt and pink blouse. . . .

For Town

Prints and redingotes. . . . Printed short-sleeved dresses with wool lace or any see-through fabric redingotes. . . . Printed redingotes over plain dresses. . . . Printed dresses with matching short jackets. . . . Printed coats and skirts with plain blouses. . . . Plain dark dresses with short bright jackets, plain, printed, or roman striped. . . . Black alpaca coats and skirts with frou-frou blouses.

For Evening

Two silhouettes, the svelte, the very full skirt. The first for women with showable hips, which look good in smooth fabrics like satin jersey, satin, crêpe, rayon. These are low cut and a background for sumptuous jewellery. . . . Over them jackets that sparkle with diamond dust or embroidery, or puffed and frilled tulle capes. . . . The second line, exploiting laces, chiffons, organzas, muslins, nets, for women who are good to the waist, then lumpy. Full skirts slim waists, hide hips and are always good to look at.

EVENING PRETTIES

1. Mother-of-pearl shell-shaped flowers, with bright-green spiky leaves on a comb that fits back of the head. (*Schiaparelli*)

2. Royal blue net gloves, bunches of wallflowers at wrists. (*Schiaparelli*)

3. White silk handbag with Beauvais pastel embroidery and pearl-studded gilt clasps. (*Asprey's*)

4. Cocktail or evening hat in cyclamen tinted silver mesh, with hair coloured net crown, trimmed cyclamen mother-of-pearl flowers. (*Schiaparelli*)

5. Copper make-up box for evening. There is Hollywood foundation, copper rouge, lipstick and nail varnish, copper and Chinese amber powder, green eye shadow and mascara, brown eyebrow pencil. (*Elizabeth Arden*)

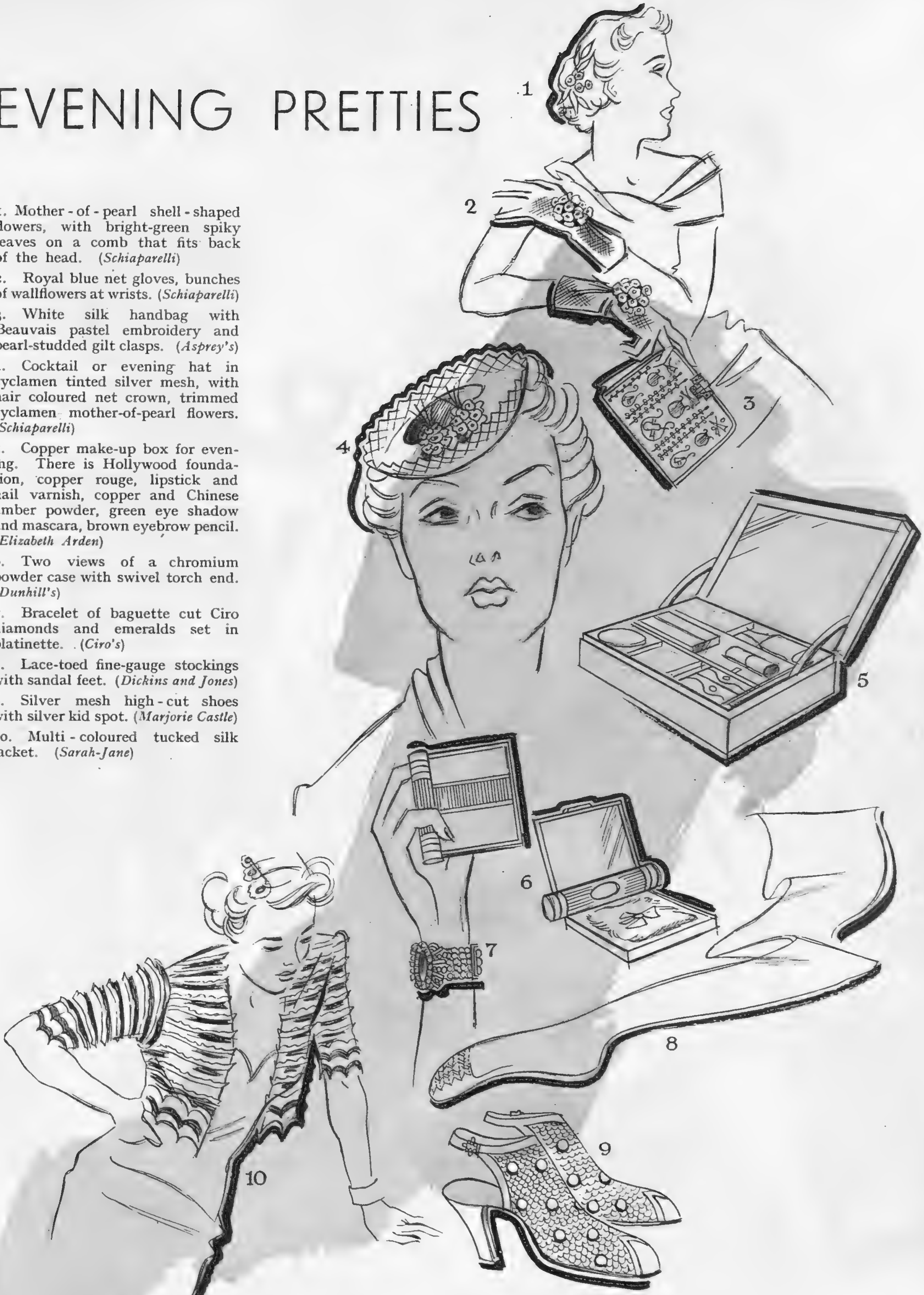
6. Two views of a chromium powder case with swivel torch end. (*Dunhill's*)

7. Bracelet of baguette cut Ciro diamonds and emeralds set in platinette. (*Ciro's*)

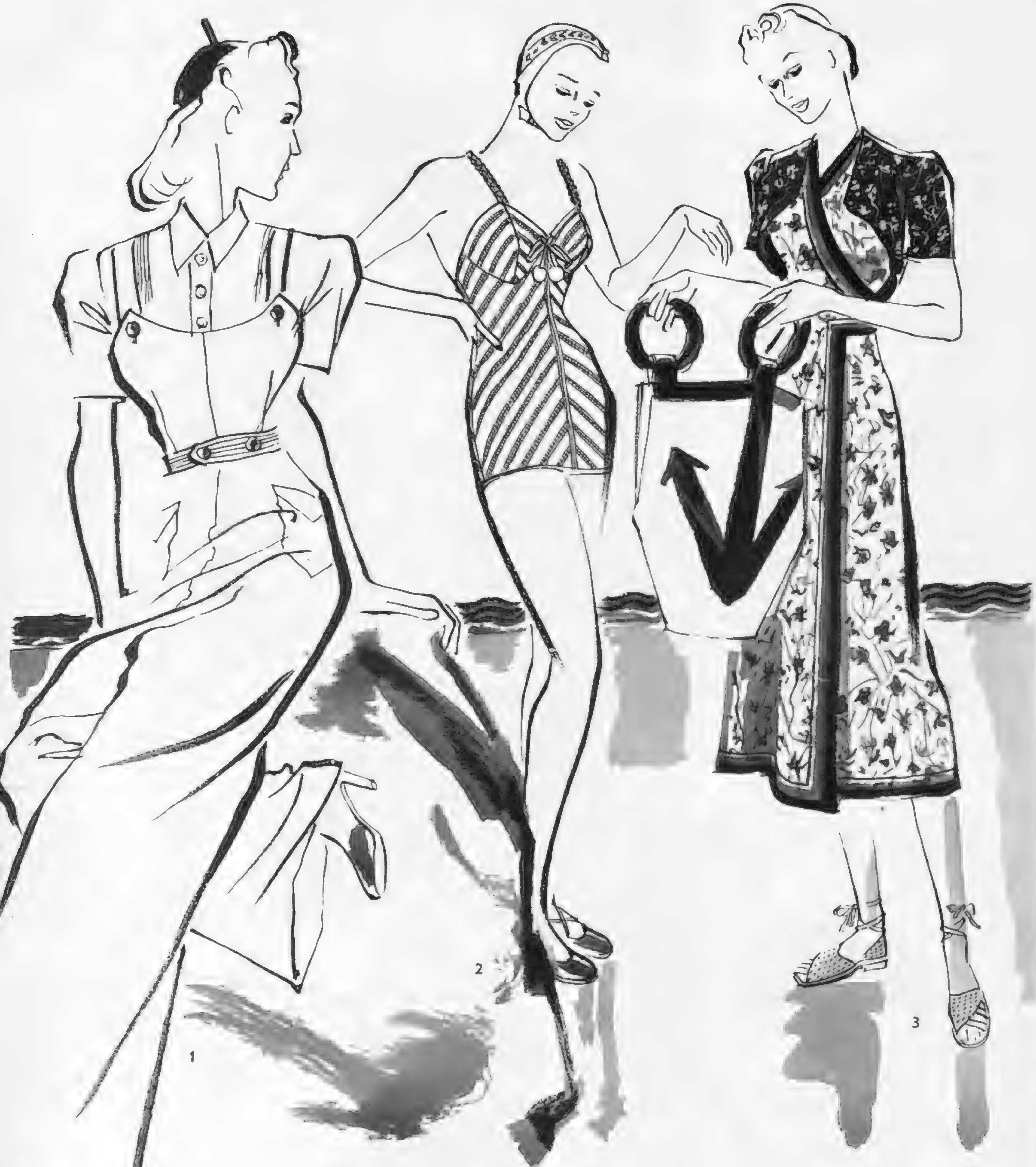
8. Lace-toed fine-gauge stockings with sandal feet. (*Dickins and Jones*)

9. Silver mesh high-cut shoes with silver kid spot. (*Marjorie Castle*)

10. Multi-coloured tucked silk jacket. (*Sarah-Jane*)



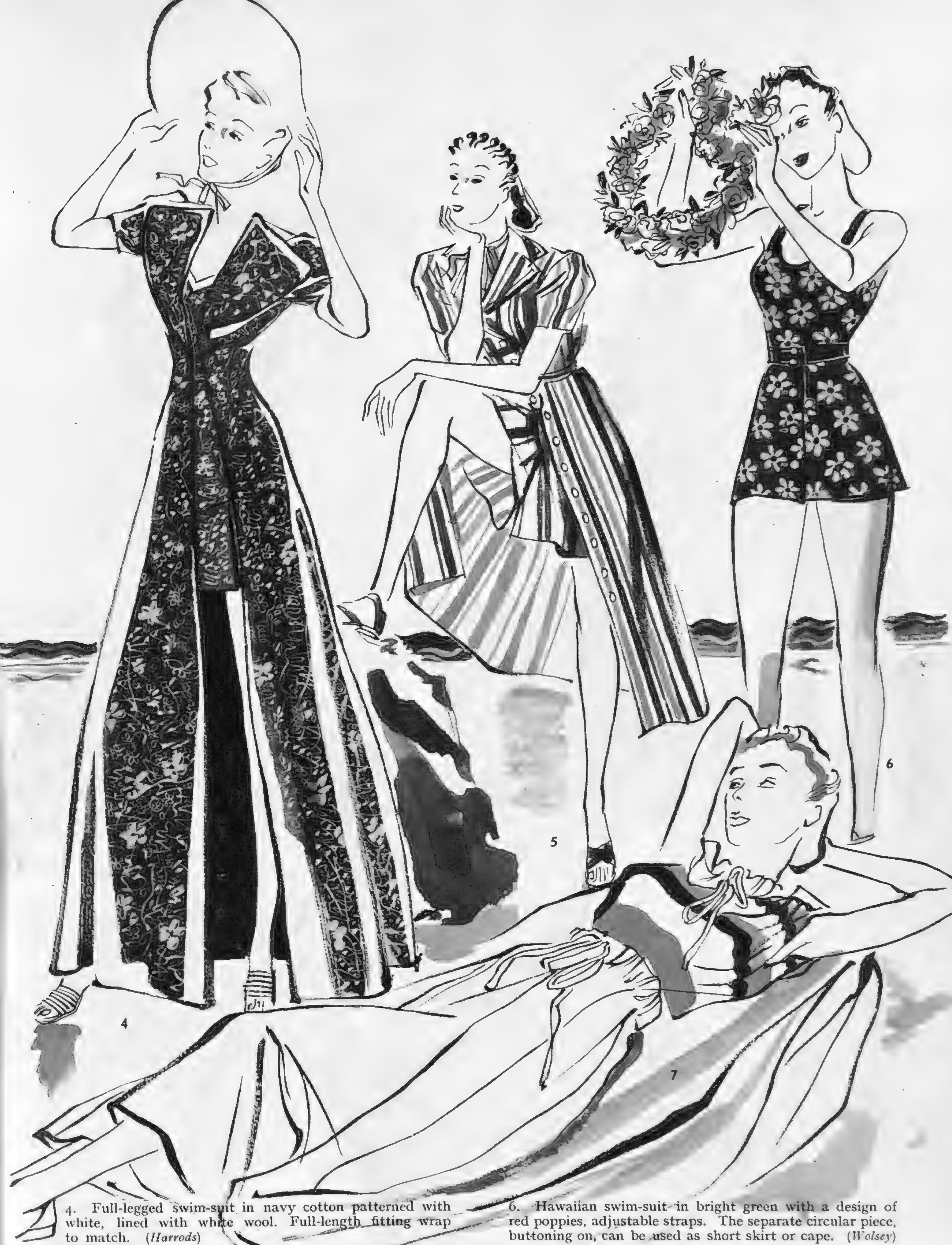
SEA AND SUN



1. Grey worsted dungarees and tailored shirt. (The dungarees are good, too, for sun-bathing.) (*Jaeger*)

2. Smedley bathing-suit, with all-round skirt, uplift top, adjustable straps. (*Selfridge's*). The cap is a Roxy, which means it has an inner device to keep your hair bone dry.

3. Wrap-over sun-bathing dress in hand-blocked linen with halter neck. Bare back covered by a brief bolero, which dips behind; patterned linen, darker to match the dress border. (*Jaeger*)
Leather-soled beach sandals with coloured webbing tops. (*Jaeger*)
Beach bag in natural linen, with anchor design in American cloth. (*Harrods*)



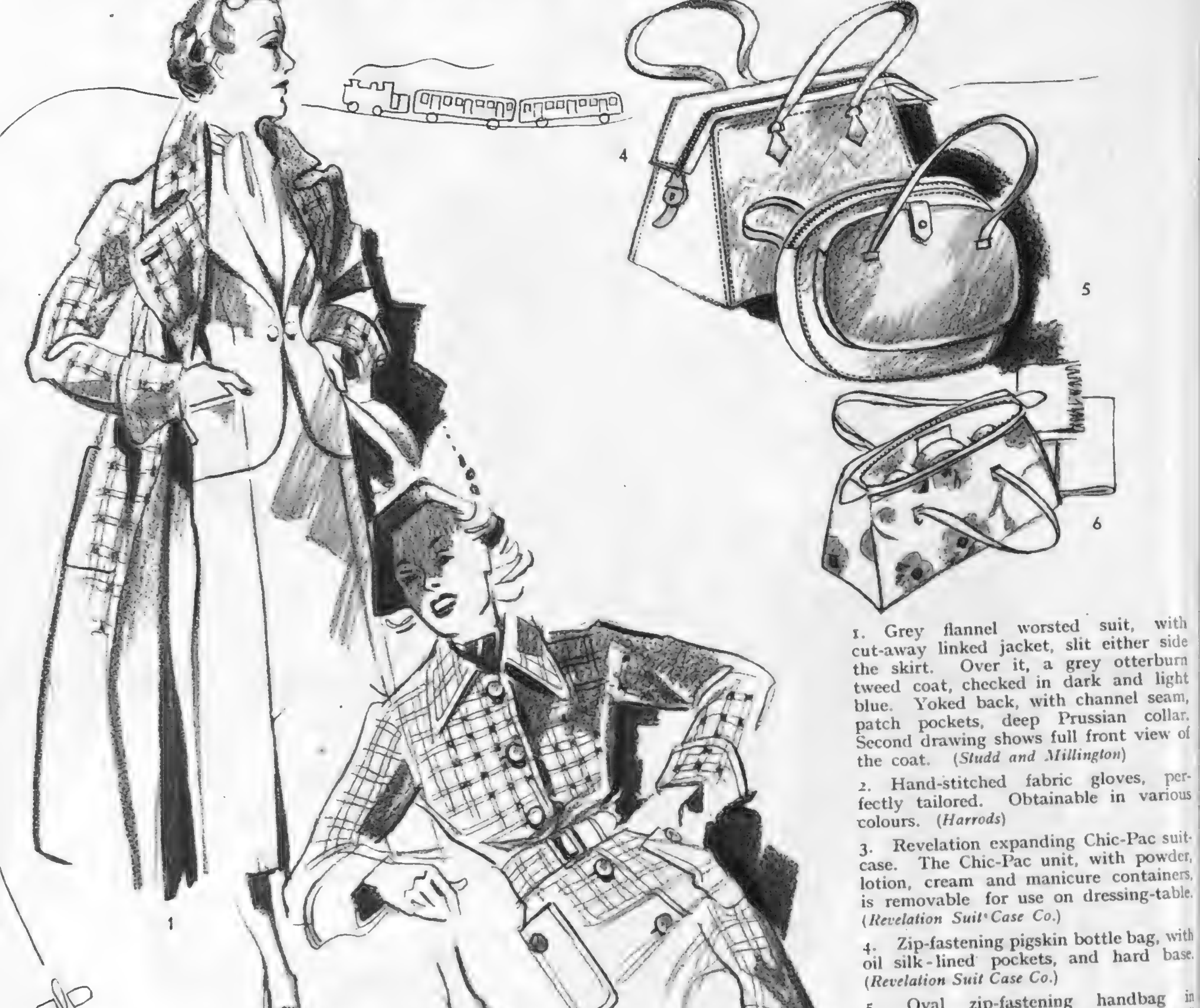
4. Full-legged swim-suit in navy cotton patterned with white, lined with white wool. Full-length fitting wrap to match. (*Harrods*)

5. Backless halter-neck play-suit, with buttoning coat-frock to match in Roman striped cotton crêpe—bright colours. (*Harrods*)

6. Hawaiian swim-suit in bright green with a design of red poppies, adjustable straps. The separate circular piece, buttoning on, can be used as short skirt or cape. (*Wolsey*)

7. Yellow towelling beach-wrap which loops up and ties at waist. When untied at waist and throat, it becomes large-sized spread for lying on. Striped brown, yellow and putty shantung sun-top and yellow culottes. (*Winifred Mawdsley*)

TRAVEL TIME



1. Grey flannel worsted suit, with cut-away linked jacket, slit either side the skirt. Over it, a grey otterburn tweed coat, checked in dark and light blue. Yoked back, with channel seam, patch pockets, deep Prussian collar. Second drawing shows full front view of the coat. *(Studd and Millington)*

2. Hand-stitched fabric gloves, perfectly tailored. Obtainable in various colours. *(Harrods)*

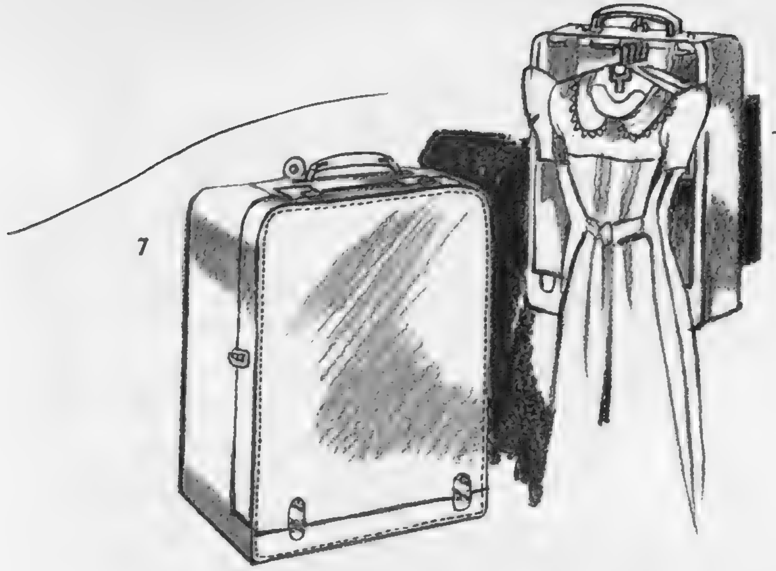
3. Revelation expanding Chic-Pac suitcase. The Chic-Pac unit, with powder, lotion, cream and manicure containers, is removable for use on dressing-table. *(Revelation Suit Case Co.)*

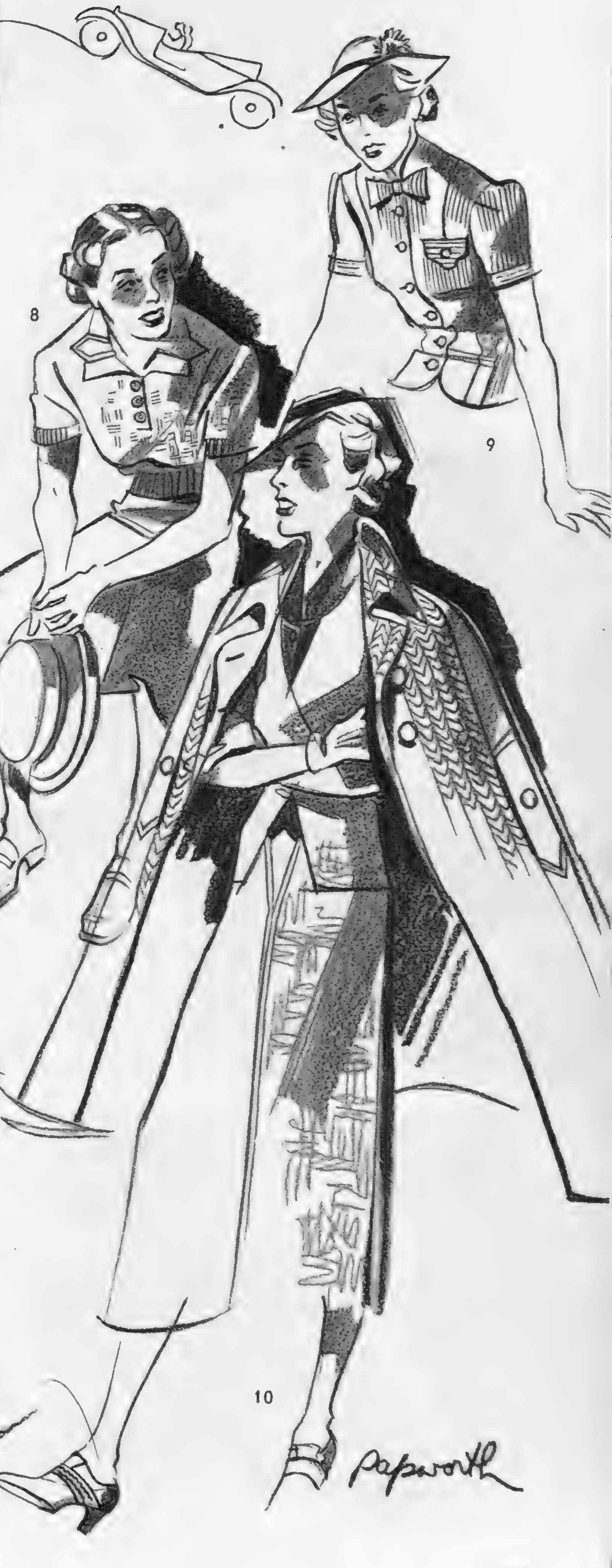
4. Zip-fastening pigskin bottle bag, with oil silk-lined pockets, and hard base. *(Revelation Suit Case Co.)*

5. Oval zip-fastening handbag in dull calf, various colours. Separate oil silk-lined pochette, outside pocket, two inside divisions, and excellent fittings. *(Revelation Suit Case Co.)*

6. Sponge bag beauty case in Celanese satin, flower patterned, lined with pink rubber, fitted with four bottles, powder case, two cream boxes, mirror, soap in container, washer, towel, comb. *(Harrods)*

For air, sea, or any form of travel sickness, take AIRSEA. It is wonderful.





7. Rev-Robe, folding wardrobe suit-case, seen open and closed, which takes twelve dresses. (*Revelation Suit Case Co.*)

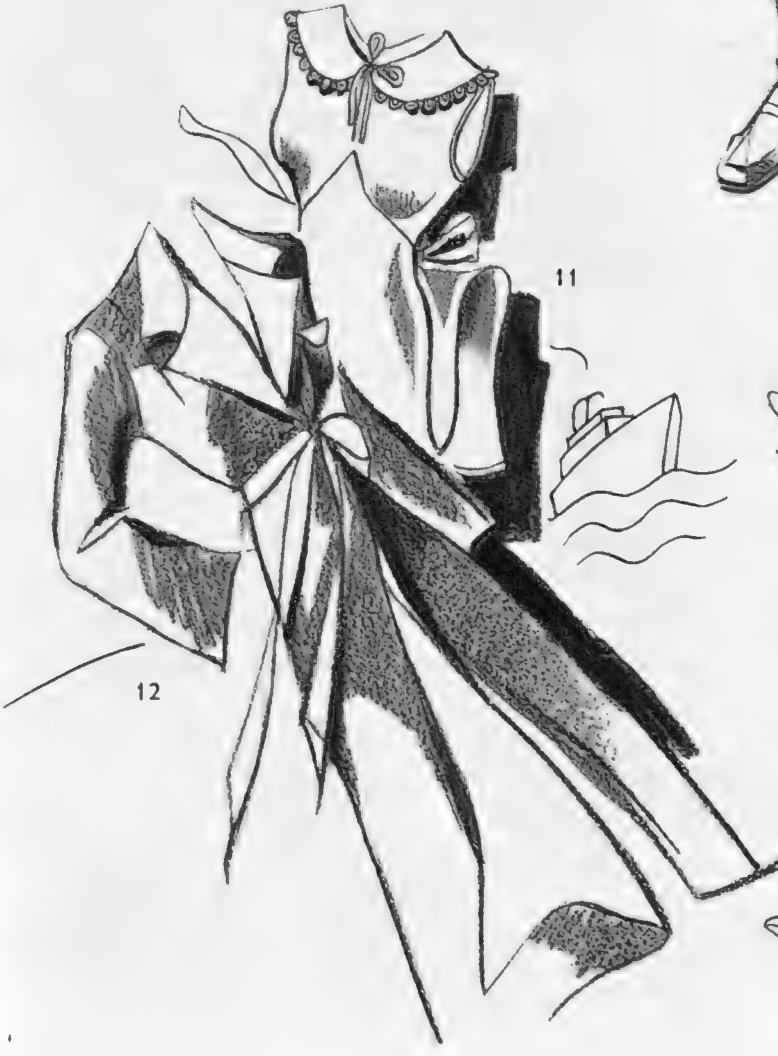
8. Light-weight Shetland jumper in fancy basket stitch. Various colours. (*Jaeger*)

9. Sea-island cotton shirt, finely striped, in various colours. High-shaped bow-tie neck. Fitted band buttoning at back of the waist. (*Simpson, Piccadilly*)

10. Suit in Irish tweed green mixture, with detachable waistcoat in dark green, which forms collar. Pleated panel to skirt. Over it a five-seam cape with deep collar in dark-green Harris tweed. Shooting strap with deep buttoning pockets. Suède walking shoes with ribbed leather strap buckling across front. All from *Burberry*.

11. For train or steamer sleeping. Peach georgette nightdress, georgette piping edging high collar. (*Selfridge's*)

12. Double crêpe-de-Chine dressing gown, reversible. In various colour mixtures. (*Selfridge's*)



YOUR CHILD AND RELIGION

By Audrey Wrangham

"Wet or fine, we went to church on Sunday"

Twenty-five years ago the Sunday routine of our childhood was cast-iron. Wet or fine, we went to church on Sunday morning, and on Easter Sunday we wore a new coat and hat.

Until the age of eight or nine it was not compulsory to stay for the sermon and we went out rather noisily during the hymn before it, accompanied by one of our elders and betters. There was tremendous competition to take us home. Why, we did not realise till many years later.

Church was followed by Sunday lunch of roast beef and apple tart and junket, a rest, then a walk in the afternoon, tea, games—but not card games—or favourite hymns sung with the parents, bath, and bed.

Children's services there were in those dim days, to be sure, but they were "extras," and attendance at 3.30 p.m. did not absolve one from morning service, so that there was no great enthusiasm displayed.

Nowadays there is a new Sunday routine in which no time has been left for church, so that the problem of the earnest parent is how to fit in any religious observance at all. The day begins with a late and leisurely breakfast and a browse over the Sunday newspapers, before parents and children get into the car and are off to the country for the day.

By the time they return it is bedtime and past for the children, and the parents are hot, tired, and rather out of temper.

The modern parent needs to dress up religion to make the modern child interested in it. If there were services for children at 9 or 9.30 a.m., lasting half an hour at most, without sermons, church could be included in the modern Sunday routine.

I know of only two in London—Father Deakin's 10 o'clock children's Mass at St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate, and the 11.30 children's service in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The first is too complicated for most children, and the incense makes them cough. The second is far too late to allow for the Sunday hike.

Few parents will bother to stay in London the whole of a fine Sunday to take their children to a service at 3 or 3.30, and the ordinary morning service is too long, too boring, and too difficult.

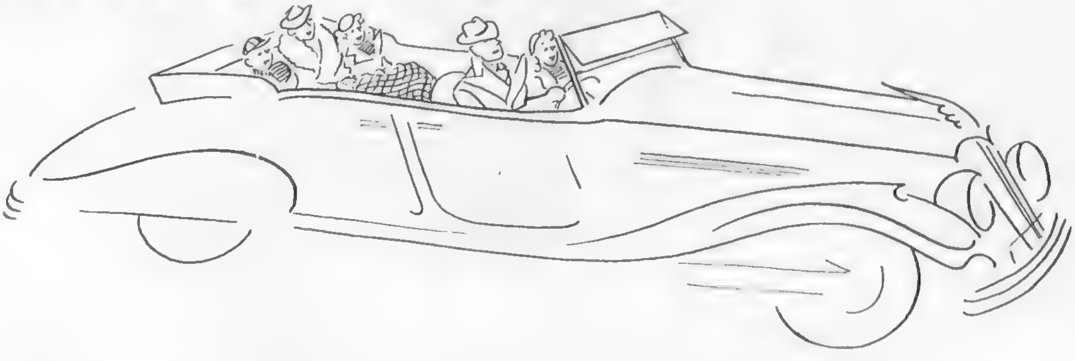
Organised religion is still thrust upon children in both boarding- and day-schools, to such an extent that those who have never been taken to church or familiarised with the Prayer Book at home are completely at a loss when they reach school.

Sunday in a boarding-school soon becomes the most disliked day, with two full-length services, no games, collects to learn, and very often also a Bible class.

The solution of the problem lies in less organised religion, at an hour when it suits the majority of people. I would have one service a day on Sunday in schools and elsewhere, lasting half an hour to three-quarters, at 9.30, a combination of the Mass and Matins, and then the rest of the day free. No prohibition of public games and sport, no humbuggery of collect-learning and Bible classes, no more grace-saying before meals, and no saying of elaborate prayers by children who have no idea what the words mean.

I would enlist the cinema to illustrate the New Testament in schools and elsewhere and start cinema services—as is being done in London this summer for the first time—and have short services at churches on the by-pass roads from London and the big towns, so that hikers, cyclists, and motorists and their children could stop off for half an hour on their way to the country. And they would not be expected to be in Sunday clothes or to wear hats.

And in order to bring back religion into the everyday life of the people, from whence it has long since been driven by the puritanical, I would have wayside shrines by the roadside and in the fields, at the corners of streets in towns, in the stations, outside the cinemas and theatres, the churches always with doors wide open and welcoming.



"Nowadays . . . parents and children get into the car and are off to the country"

By JEAN BURNUP

Woman's Talk

I knew of Elizabeth Arden as the top beauty specialist, as a world-famous woman, as a remarkable personality. But, until yesterday, when I drove with her round and round the Park for an hour that passed like ten minutes, I didn't know she was a darling.

Like all the really big people who matter, Elizabeth Arden has a simple, almost childlike quality, quite endearing. It makes you forget for a moment that she has one of the shrewdest, most alert brains in the world.

We got on like a house on fire. Who wouldn't? She has wads of humour—rare enough in a successful woman—a tang to her tongue, enthusiasms, repartee, quick emotions and, over all, a clear flame of physical and nervous energy.

She has worked pretty hard in the twenty-five years she has been busy making such a success of things. Played hard, too. Horses are her big passion. Her tragedy just now is that her three beautiful horses were burned to death in their stable. She almost wept. "But I'm going to get some more immediately. From Germany."

People fascinate her, but she hates it when she finds out that anyone is nasty and mean. As nice as could be herself, she wants everyone to be kind and worth while too. Just as she wants all women, the world over, to stop still and get no older. "Young English girls are utterly lovely. It's the Englishwoman of forty and over that worries me. She grows old too quickly. There's no need. We can keep them young." She has a new electric mask she is working on now which she says is going to be a real world-beater, an age-fighter.

She is a happy person and proud of it. Running round the world as she does, she loves cities, but likes to get to the country as often as possible. The Coronation gave her her biggest thrill to date. Talking of it, she wept again. The next minute she was oh-ing at the sight of a tired woman eating her lunch on a park bench.

She talks a lot, quietly, her thoughts tangent-ing off, like the darts of a dragon-fly; her hands, white and young, punctuating her words. She is practically never bored. Her figure is straight and slim as a girl's, her feet and ankles probably the neatest in two continents.

War? She is vehement. "Women all over the world ought to have a sit-down strike at any talk of war. Let's start something to stop it. Pass on the thought. We've all got to think there isn't going to be war. Then there won't be."

We talked. Books, music, night clubs, horses, art, love, flowers, horses, clothes, health, horses, American politics, people (she knows, intimately, most of the Big Named), architecture.

"Why are they pulling down beautiful London and erecting monstrosities . . . ?"

Her greatest ambition is to meet Queen Mary. "She sets an example to the world."

For heaven's sake . . . here have I filled a column, with other things to write about, and still I haven't told you how clear and young the woman's skin is, how bright her eye.

Yes, she takes her own treatments.

William Hollins, who make Viyella, a fabric which they can't improve, because it is perfect already, but which each season has cleverer weaves and more toney designs, showed us recently what they could do with their nursery Viyellas.

Those adorable baby frocks, for all ages, so trim, so well designed, so reasonably priced, made me long for second childhood. There was nothing, in my day, like those natty, inverted pleats, pretty pockets, little refinements. All the dresses have three-inch hems, hand sewn, for when baby grows. You can get them at most of the good shops.

The eighteen-months-old mannequin was slightly temperamental, slightly vocal. But the veterans of three, four and five did splendidly.

Liberty's in Regent Street, have just held a most interesting exhibition, showing how they make their lovely hand-blocked printed silks.

Up at Merton Abbey, the Liberty print works, modern machinery replaces many old methods in silk production, but block printing remains a fine and skilful hand craft.

The process is fascinating. The silk is gummed to a bench. The block is dipped in ink, placed in position, and hammered down on to the silk. Dipped again, placed in position—they have a pin-point follow up device to take care of the pattern being properly joined—hammered down with exactly the same strength. And so on all along the length. Each colour on the pattern is put in with a separate block. So a dress length might have four hundred blocks on it.

Then comes steaming, fixing the colour, rinsing, and voilà . . . There is your hand-blocked Liberty print which has an unexcelled richness and beauty of colouring as superior to a roller-printed silk as hand-sewn is to machine-sewn.

Wandering around Liberty's after, I found a fabric worth special mention. It is a silk mixture, with a wool feel, light and brisk, called Ravendale. It comes in a large range of superb colours, costs 5s. 11d. a yard, won't crease, and is just what you want when you want something with a trifle more body than crêpe or marocain or linen. For sports shirts, dresses, little coats, housecoats, it is unmatched.

When the people who made Skol Sun Lotion put on the bottle "Prevents Burning, Encourages Tanning, Non-Oily, Invisible, Relieves Sunburn" they took the words right out of my mouth. You can get it at your local chemist's, 2s. and 3s. 6d. a bottle. It is Something.

Finally, a catty story. A little while ago, there was a grand party for all the important and elegant ones in beauty and fashion.

An important and elegant one I know was waiting at Schiaparelli's for her new hat to wear for the event, a turned-back affair with an enormously high tin feather.

Enter Schiaparelli herself, en route for the same party, wearing almost the same hat, only more so. My friend was invited to go in the Schiaparelli Rolls. She entered gingerly, tin-feather-careful. Schiaparelli forgot. Her tin feather caught in the door and knocked the hat off. She arranged it again beautifully. The car purred on, but even a Rolls can't avoid bumps in the road. Wh-up they went, and both tin feathers and hats were impaled on the roof of the car.

There is a moral here, if only I could think of it.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

Have you noticed at this time of the year what a lot of people complain of foot fatigue? The odd part is, they seem to think that warm weather and tired feet are inseparable. They just do nothing about it. No woman expects to look her best unless she gives her face daily care, but it seldom occurs to her to do the same for her poor, hard-working feet. Yet it is surprising how grateful the feet are for one minute's attention a day.

I have lately been trying out ointment which really does put new heart into summer feet. By feeding and strengthening the tissues, it keeps the skin soft and supple and prevents the nails from getting brittle.

Regularly used, it has been found to ward off corns, chilblains and rheumatic conditions generally. The cream is non-greasy, and as it will not stain stockings it can be rubbed in first thing in the morning and left on all day. Price of the ointment is 1s. 3d. (or 3s., a giant size). Money is refunded if you are not satisfied with results.

Rooms suffering from a morning-after-the-night-before feeling can do with a shower as well as their owners. So here is news of a perfume spray that will get rid of that post-party-mortem feeling in a few seconds. Disinfects the place, too.

There are several perfumes from which to choose. With spray complete the outfit costs 1s. 9d.

One of my major cavils against Nature is her carelessness in the matter of bust measurements. Nearly every woman I meet is moaning that her bust is too large, too flat, or too small.

In the majority of cases, these days, flatness and droopiness is the trouble. And that, in an era of uplift, Empire frocks and strip-tease swim suits, is a real tragedy.

Remedy? Of course there is a remedy. Actually, there are several. But in treating a part of the body so sensitive as the breasts, it is vital to use discrimination.

A cream, then, which after many years of research by doctors and chemists, has been found to stimulate the mammary glands (it is these which carry nourishment to the tissues) without injuring the delicate tissues of the breast, is something like a discovery. Once the glands are strong and active, a healthy rounded firmness will develop.

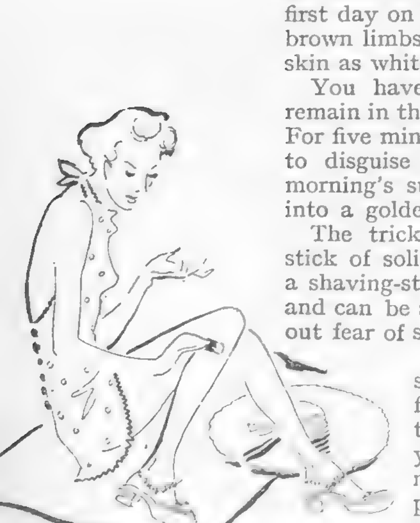
The treatment is quite uncomplicated. First, the breasts are bathed with hot water, dried thoroughly, and the cream rubbed in gently for ten minutes. Results may come quickly, but if they are slow, perseverance is all that is necessary. The cream can be used with benefit on other parts of the body: wherever you fancy a curve instead of a hollow; rounded flesh for bone.

Without any apology for mentioning the subject, I submit that there are women who do not feel safe and *soignée* without extra under-arm protection in hot weather.

Nothing can give such a feeling of complete assurance in this respect as a dress shield, and the newest type of shield is so well tailored, is made of such airy-fairy substance, and in such attractive lingerie colours, that no woman need feel embarrassed at the idea of wearing one.

Furthermore, here is a new trick up your sleeve. This shield deodorises as it protects. The rubber is interlined and the interlining is sprayed with a compound that obliterates all odour. The process has been through severe tests and has the approval of the Institute of Hygiene.

You may ask, as I did, whether the deodorising process evaporates at the sign of a washtub. It does not. Neither will repeated washing or time affect it.



Is there anything more shaming than the first day on the beach on holiday? Sprawling brown limbs on every side, and you with your skin as white and flaccid as a fillet of fish.

You have only yourself to blame if you remain in this state for more than five minutes. For five minutes is just about the time it takes to disguise the fact that this is your first morning's sun-bathing and to transform you into a golden-skinned Romany girl.

The trick is worked with a handy little stick of solid suntan cream. No bigger than a shaving-stick, it comes in a screw-top case, and can be slipped into your beach bag without fear of soiling your book or your tatting.

Simply rub the stick over the skin, work the cream in with your finger-tips, and lie back and relax in the comfortable assurance that your tan is as good as the one next door and will soon be just as permanent. No risk of frying, either.

And now, what about a nice cold shower?

There's a new one out that I think is the best so far. First reason: although a real wall shower that hits you with a ping when you turn it on, it doesn't need any expensive fixing. The rubber suction cap sticks to any kind of wall like a limpet.

Second reason: it has a clever arrangement—a ring to slip over the head and which rests on the shoulders—whereby you can take a shower and keep your hair dry without having to mess it up with a bathing cap. Third reason: the specially designed faucet connection will fit over any kind of tap. Fourth reason: here, at last, is a really luxurious shower that can travel with you and takes up less room in the luggage than a hot-water bottle.

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at Britannia & Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

What Is A Woman's Best Point?

HANDS . . . EYES . . . NOSE . . . WALK . . . VOICE . . . LEGS . . . FIGURE . . . SKIN . . . THESE ARE IMPORTANT, YES, BUT THERE IS ONE THING STILL MORE ESSENTIAL TO YOUR OWN AND OTHER PEOPLE'S HAPPINESS

In America a girl knows just what she can do if she suspects that she is not a riot. She can go to a Charm School (two of them in New York are making millions for their founders) and they will undertake to teach her to twist men round her little finger and bend fate to her will.

In England it is not quite so simple. Anyway, how can you describe charm ? Most people get into a fluster if you ask them to define it, and most of them react to it differently. So where are you ?

Getting down to something definite, what *is* a woman's greatest asset ? What is most likely to bring her the lovely things of life ? And, when she's got them, what must she have in order to keep them ?

If she is just completely beautiful, she probably won't have to worry much anyhow. She will get what she wants, and she will be offered a lot more than she wants, which will inevitably cause her worry and other people suffering. But most of us are not completely beautiful. All we can do is to make the best of our good points.

Let us start with the obvious ones. If you have a tip-tilted nose, you'll find that most people will long to make life easy for you. Men will never take you seriously—which is all to the good, for it is better to be cherished—and maids will fuss over you as they never will over more efficient and probably infinitely more considerate mistresses.

If you have a flawless complexion you ought automatically to be a brilliant conversationalist, for you can read intelligently while we others pat and dab earnestly in front of a mirror; and then worry about our gradual deterioration as the evening wears on. Nor do you ever come up against any colour bar. Anyway, even if you cannot talk, men probably won't mind. Not at first.

If you can cross a room so that everybody in it wants to know you : if you can walk down the street as though you owned it, or as though you don't care a hoot who does, you'll have something that is just about as good as a really imposing bank balance. Everyone inevitably will take that for granted.

There are those who claim that there is nothing so alluring in a woman as hands that are more eloquent than words, more graceful than flowers. It is true that they have a greater subtlety than lips or eyes, for they can express things that could never be said, and looks are so public.

There are others who say that her voice, vibrant and full of life, has a fascination which never grows stale. And many a woman has achieved success because she has had legs like a racehorse, or a figure that is beyond price. Or even a head of red hair that promises all sorts of excitement.

It may be, of course, that your personality is your strong suit. That's fine. But it isn't without its pitfalls. A too striking personality can become as nerve-shattering as a too-clever room.

Stimulation is all very well in small doses, but nobody wants to be up on her toes all the time.

So what ? Even if you have enough of all these things to get by easily, there is still something else that is as essential to your own happiness as it is to the delight that other people have in your company. And that is poise. Not the foundation-garment kind, but that true poise of mind that is the result of graciousness and self-control and sympathy.

Just take a look at the women who have it. Nobody ever wants to get away from them, for they make everybody feel at their best. They just aren't open to the things that trip up the rest of us. You see, they have come to terms with themselves. They have given up striving for effect, and so petty jealousies and envy and competitiveness cannot touch them.

In their homes they create an atmosphere of happiness and well-being, for they waste no time in fretting or fuming, and their sense of proportion prevents them from ever being bores.

Because of that same sense of proportion they are never carried away by triumph. Instead, they remember the names of even the slightest of their acquaintances, and, while apparently enjoying every minute of a party, their gaiety never grows brittle.

Not clothes, nor looks, nor background is important to them, for they have complete independence and a glorious sense of humour. You cannot achieve poise until you can first laugh at and then forget yourself.

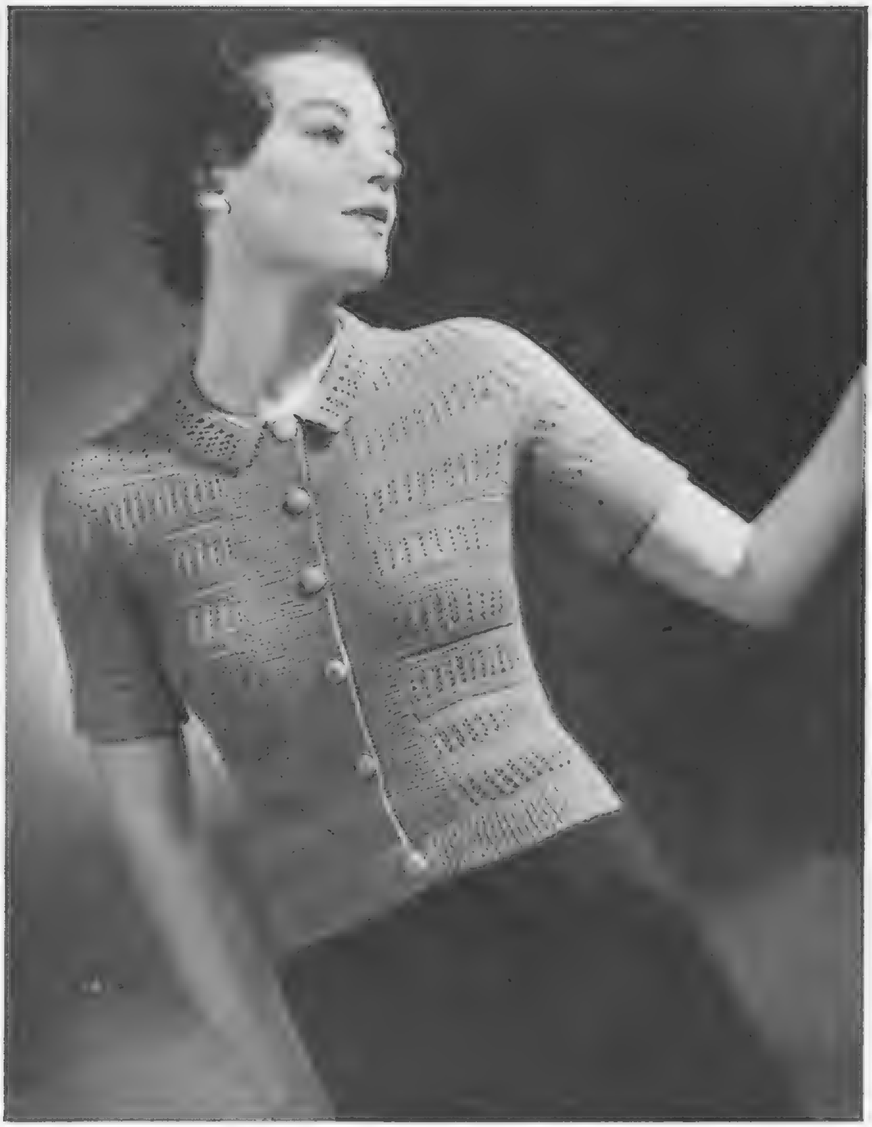
But, having won it, you can for the rest of your life, do whatever you like, and make other people like it too.

BY OLIVE RANDALL

A NEW LACY STITCH

Materials required

6 ozs. Fleming Reid's 3-ply Greenoch Super Fingering; 1 pr. Stratnoid Pins No. 11; 1 pr. No. 8; Buttons.



Measurements

Length from shoulder 19½ ins; Across Back underarm 16½ ins; Across Fronts underarm 10 ins; Sleeve length from shoulder 9½ ins.; Tension for open pat. approx. 6 sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations

K. Knit; P. Purl; Sts. Stitches; M. Make; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning; Inc. Increase; Dec. Decrease; Pat. Pattern.

BACK:

With No. 8 Pins, cast on 104 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Continue in pat.

1st row: S. 1. *M. 1. K. 2 tog. K. 1. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1. Repeat this row 8 times more.

Rows 10–16: Knit.

17th row: Purl.

Rows 18–24; Knit. Repeat these 24 rows until 10 ins. from start.

Shape Armholes:

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 80 sts.

Shape Shoulders:

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS:

Cast on 47 sts. Work as for Back until 10 ins.

Shape Armhole:

Cast off 3 sts. every armhole end row 4 times. Work 5 ins.

Shape Neck

Dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge until 26 sts. remain. Work until 7 ins. after armhole shaping.

Shape Shoulder:

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work back to armhole. Cast off 8.

SLEEVES:

With No. 8 Pins cast on 65 sts. Work as for Back for 5 ins., then cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 21 sts. remain. Cast off.

Cuffs:

With No. 11 Pins cast on 20 sts. Work 9½ ins. Garter St. Cast off.

Front Strips:

With No. 11 Pins cast on 24 sts. Work 14 ins. Garter St. Cast off. Work another strip making 6 buttonholes 2½ ins. apart. K. 4, cast off 6, K. to end. K. back, cast on 6, K 4.

Waistband:

With No. 11 Pins cast on 18 sts. Work 25 ins. Garter St. Make buttonhole—K. 6, cast off 6, K. 6.

Next row: K. 6, cast on 6, K. 6. Work 1 row, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 6 sts. remain. Cast off.

Collar:

With No. 11 Pins cast on 122 sts. K. 6 rows Garter St.

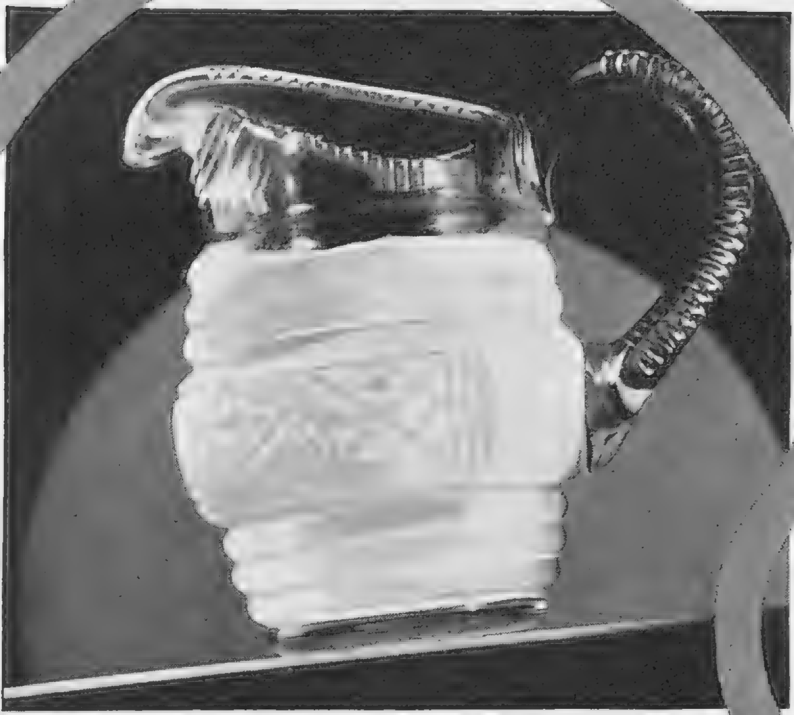
7th row: K. 3, P. to last 3 sts. K. 3. K. 7 rows Garter St.

Change to No. 8 Pins. Work 9 rows open pat., keeping 3 sts. at each edge in Garter St. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP:

Press on wrong side of work with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams. Sew on strips. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar and cuffs. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

WHEN THE MILK TURNS SOUR



Use It For
Cheese: Cream:
Salad Cream:
Fruit Fools:
Sauces:
Cheese Cakes:
Scones

By ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT

We all know how difficult milk can be at this time of year, in spite of the many homely methods used to keep it from turning sour.

If it does turn sour, however, it need not be thrown out as useless. Sour milk has many culinary possibilities, provided it is not stale and has not been contaminated.

Thick sour milk makes an excellent cheese. This way. Put the sour milk into a pan and heat it over a slow fire until the curd and whey separate. A little rennet added will hasten the process.

Pour this into a piece of muslin stretched over a basin. Gather up the ends of the muslin to form a bag, tie firmly with fine string, squeeze out the whey, then hang up in the larder over a basin and allow it to drain for some time.

When all the whey has dripped out turn the solid mass from the muslin into a basin and work in a little salt. Form this seasoned curd into a neat pat and press it between two plates with a weight on top till all the moisture is pressed out.

This cheese can be greatly improved if, after draining, a teaspoonful of butter to each half-pint curd is added, and the two beaten together with seasoning until smooth and creamy. A little fresh or sour cream added will enrich the mixture. It can then be moulded or pressed firmly into a small basin and set aside till cold and firm.

This cheese is exceedingly piquant, and can be used with great success for little appetisers or after-dinner savouries. With oval biscuits as a foundation, the cream cheese can be formed into balls with butter pats and placed on top, then garnished with halved walnuts and coraline pepper.

Another idea is to soften the cheese with a little whipped cream and pipe it decoratively on small oblong-shaped savoury biscuits, garnishing with thin wafers of crimped cucumber.

To crimp, cut the cucumber into blocks about two inches deep. With a sharp pointed knife score the skin down in narrow strips, then remove each alternate strip and cut the cucumber across into thin wafers.

You can use this cheese, either alone or blended with something sharp such as chopped pickles, horse-radish or celery, as a sandwich filling.

Sour cream is another excellent medium for sandwich spreads. Tuna sandwiches made from tinned tunny fish, minced finely and mixed with whipped sour cream and a dash of ketchup added, is excellent, particularly on brown bread and butter. Bloater paste can be prepared in a similar manner.

A cucumber salad dressed with sour cream is appetising on hot days. Mix in a bowl one and a half tablespoonfuls of sour cream, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice, pinches of salt and paprika and half a teaspoonful of finely chopped chives.

Skin the cucumbers and cut them into neat blocks, then cut them almost through into thin slices. Arrange these to form a border in a shallow salad bowl. Put some of the sour cream mixture between the slices of cucumber, then garnish with some fresh green leaves of crisp lettuce tossed in the remainder of the sour cream dressing.

Individual tomato salads can be made with sour cream. Put a gill of tomato purée—not too thin—into a saucepan, with half an ounce of gelatine and stir over the fire till dissolved. Turn into a basin and allow to cool.

Add two tablespoonfuls of grated parmesan cheese, season with salt and a pinch of cayenne, then stir in at the last one tablespoonful of sour cream slightly whipped.

When the mixture is beginning to set, pour it into small moulds and lay aside to form. When required, turn out and serve individually on a bed of green salad.

Mayonnaise can be made most successfully using sour cream instead of oil, which does not suit everyone's taste. Horse-radish sauce to serve with roast beef is particularly good made with sour cream, and so also are fruit fools like apricot or gooseberry.

To make a fool, rub the fruit, either cooked or tinned, through a sieve. Sweeten this purée to taste, sharpen it with lemon juice, then fold in an equal quantity of whipped sour cream or half custard and cream.

Serve in one large crystal bowl and decorate with fresh cream and small ratafia biscuits, or in individual custard glasses topped with a blob of cream.

Venison to be at its best should be cooked in sour cream. A good sauce for lamb and mutton as well as venison cutlets may be made with sour cream added, and jugged hare is also greatly improved by its addition to the casserole.

Scones and cakes are much lighter when mixed with sour milk.

You can use turned milk successfully when preparing scrambled eggs. It can also be undetected in a mustard sauce, or other sauces which are thickened with flour and require a special acid flavour.

The original cheese cake was made with a curd centre resembling cheese. This curd can be prepared by boiling up a quart of fresh milk and adding to it an egg beaten up in a pint of sour milk.

This is all stirred and heated together until it turns to curds and whey. The curd is then drained in a sieve, and to half a pint of curd, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream and a tablespoonful of crushed ratafias are added. Currants and grated nutmeg may also be added for variation.

This is used as a filling for pastry-lined patty tins and baked in a steady oven for 15–20 minutes.

Waffles made with sour milk are very good, and particularly light; so also are pancakes, dropped scones, soda breads and gingerbreads.

(Continued on page 143)

FORK SUPPER

Parties . . . the subject is exhausted, you say? But no, they still continue. Luncheon parties, cocktails, dinners, and so on until we come to the Grand Evening affair. Mercifully the formal manner is now dropped and what we aim at is a good supper—not quite a buffet table—at which we all help ourselves . . . a Fork Supper in fact.

The guests, of course, should be given the impression that the food and drinks, delicious, light, but sustaining, so easy to manage, have more or less appeared as if by magic

Only the hostess knows of the days of work and thought which have been devoted to their preparation.

Plan your menu well in advance. Choose dishes which can be kept waiting at least twelve if not twenty-four hours in advance, and have a well-balanced selection of both hot and cold, sweet and savoury. The menu plan in the box below illustrates what I mean. All of the dishes can be eaten with a fork or a spoon only.

Onion Soup

This ever-popular French supper soup is simply made with fried onions, to which you add boiling water, salt and lots of pepper.

Simmer till well flavoured, add a little grated cheese. Pour into individual fireproof bowls, put a round of toast well sprinkled with grated cheese on top, and brown in the oven or under the grill.

THESE DISHES CAN ALL BE EATEN
WITH A FORK OR SPOON ONLY

Soups

Soupe a l'Oignon Gratinée
(Serve this in individual bowls which can be
kept hot in the oven or 'Au bain Marie')

Consommé Madrilène Glacé
(Keep in large jugs and pour into cups as wanted)

* * *

Canapés and Croûtes
(For Hors d'Œuvre and Savoury)
Smoked Fish Pastes Creamed Olives Mushroom and Bacon
Ivanhoe Cheese Wafers

* * *

Main Dishes
Cold Curry Lobster Pilaff Terrine

* * *

Salads
Vegetable Salad Norwegian Salad Green Salad

* * *

Sweets
Strawberries Barbara Pineapple Créole
Baba aux Fruits Petits Fours Fresh Fruit

Consommé Madrilène Glacé

This I have often described in these pages. It is a fine, tomato-flavoured, clear soup, served icy cold.

Smoked Fish Pastes

Anchovy, cod's roe, etc., well mashed, mixed with butter, pepper and lemon-juice, make excellent spreads for croûtes. Sardines can be treated in the same way.

Creamed Olives

The olives are finely chopped, mixed with cream, tomato ketchup, pepper and a dash of cayenne pepper.

Mushroom and Bacon

Streaky rashers are crisply fried and, when drained, finely chopped. Fry the mushrooms in the fat with a drop of lemon juice. Drain and chop well and mix with the bacon, keeping both hot until the last minute. Serve on hot toast with a dash of cayenne pepper.

Ivanhoe

Biscuits or toast spread with mashed cheese, chopped pickled walnuts and a good dash of Yorkshire Relish.

Cheese Wafers

Cut some cheese in small pieces, melt in a saucepan with a little mustard, butter and pepper. Spread between two ice-cream wafers, and keep these hot.

Cold Curry

Cold curry is an excellent supper dish. When making the curry, care should be taken to remove all possible grease.

Lobster Pilaff

Cold cooked lobster cut in small pieces, fried in butter with a pinch of paprika, curry powder, salt, pepper. To this add rice separately, cooked and well drained. A few seedless raisins are an improvement. Stir well together and keep the dish hot.

Terrines

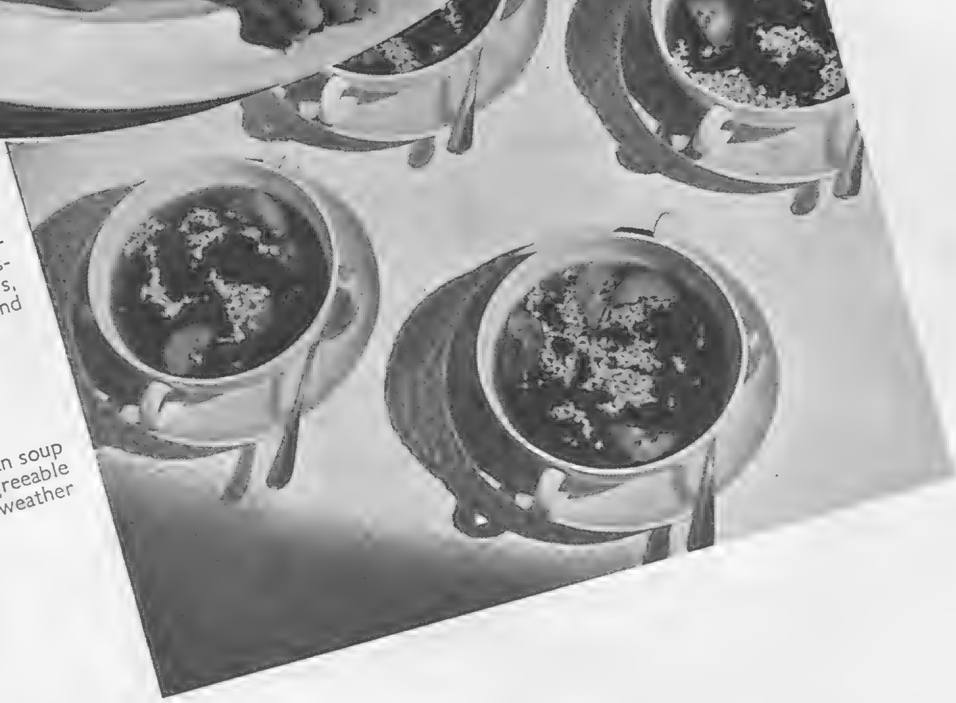
Galantines cooked and served in earthenware terrines are always useful for a party. The galantine can be cut in slices but should be left in the terrine to be lifted out on to plates when wanted.

(*Continued on page* 83)

REFRIGERATION COOKERY

By A. H. ADAIR

Above : Masked Eggs, garnished with asparagus tips, radish roses and tomatoes



Right : Iced Russian soup is most agreeable in hot weather

It is a great pity that most people do not get the best out of their refrigerators. They think that this long-suffering old friend is only there to receive all the odds and ends which can be crammed into it. Meanwhile, one of its best uses is ignored. I mean the actual " cooking " —if I may use the word—which it can do.

Of course many cold dishes have to be cooked on the stove first. But there are also a great many sweets and savouries which have only to be mixed and put away to get thoroughly cold and to give time for the various flavourings and seasonings to blend well together. Here are some.

Jelly for Masking

Put in saucepan an onion, a carrot and a few tomatoes cut in pieces. Add a few sprigs of parsley, also tarragon if available, if not, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar is an improvement.

Add also salt, pepper and the whites of two eggs. Mash all together and then beat with a whip till frothy.

Now add about a pint of white meat stock and bring to the boil. Put in four very thin sheets of gelatine washed first under the cold tap. Cook gently for about a quarter of an hour and pass through a clean muslin refreshed in cold water.

When the jelly is cool, but still liquid, it is ready to pour over—

Poached eggs placed in individual little dishes;

Hard-boiled eggs cut in two and garnished with tomato, or chopped ham, or grated cheese;

Wings of chicken or chopped cold chicken made into a sort of salad with tomatoes, chopped nuts, or other garnishing.

In the case of fish dishes, fish stock should be used instead of meat stock; but whatever your dish is, once the jelly is poured over, put the things in the refrigerator until set and really cold.

Iced Russian Soup

Take for each person a handful of spinach, wash it well, remove stalks and chop roughly. Throw this into boiling salted water (allow a little more water per person to allow for evaporation) and cook for about a quarter of an hour. Remove and pour into a soup tureen or large serving bowl.

While the liquid cools peel and cut some cucumber (half an average sized cucumber for four people) into thin slices and put it into the liquid. Have also a cold hard-boiled egg, chop it finely or pass it through a sieve and add to the soup, also the juice of half a lemon, salt and plenty of pepper.

Stir well, see that the soup is well seasoned and, when the liquid is really cool, put it into the refrigerator to get icy cold. Stir again before serving.

This very unusual soup is amusing and has a really delicious and healthful sharp taste, most agreeable in hot weather.

Salmon Pie

A useful way of " cold cooking " left-over fish, especially salmon. Flake the fish, taking care to remove all bones and skin. Put the flakes into a mixing bowl and moisten with a little dry sherry, adding salt and pepper. Meanwhile, crumble some stale brown bread and mix it with chopped parsley and spring onions, salt and pepper.

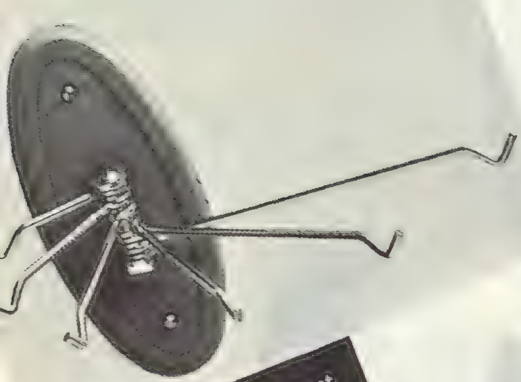
Take a soufflé dish, cover the bottom with a layer of fish, sprinkle with the prepared breadcrumbs, more fish, and so on till the dish is full, finishing with a layer of the breadcrumbs.

Moisten the top with a little more sherry and cover with grease-proof paper. Put a light weight on top and the dish into the refrigerator to become really cold.

The object of the sherry

(*Continued on page* 83)

KITCHEN PAGE



"Tala" hooks are most useful for holding dish-cloths, mops, soap savers and other accessories over your sink. The wall mount is obtainable in green, blue or orange. Price 1/2

The Stokes Table Cooker will grill eggs and bacon, tomatoes, chops, steaks, etc. on your plate, without drying them up or wasting any juices. It will also make toast and boil a kettle. This new model has an adaptable plug which will take different sized pins and has a variable separation to fit any two pin sockets. Price, complete with six-foot flex, 30/6

Accessories for use with the Stokes Table Cooker include this aluminium casserole (10/6) and cake grid (1/6), which enable fowls and small joints to be roasted and cakes to be baked inside the casserole

Silverice
Silverice

Silverice balls, filled with water and hermetically sealed, will ice your drinks without diluting them. Place them in the ice tray of your refrigerator and freeze them in place of ice cubes. 12/6

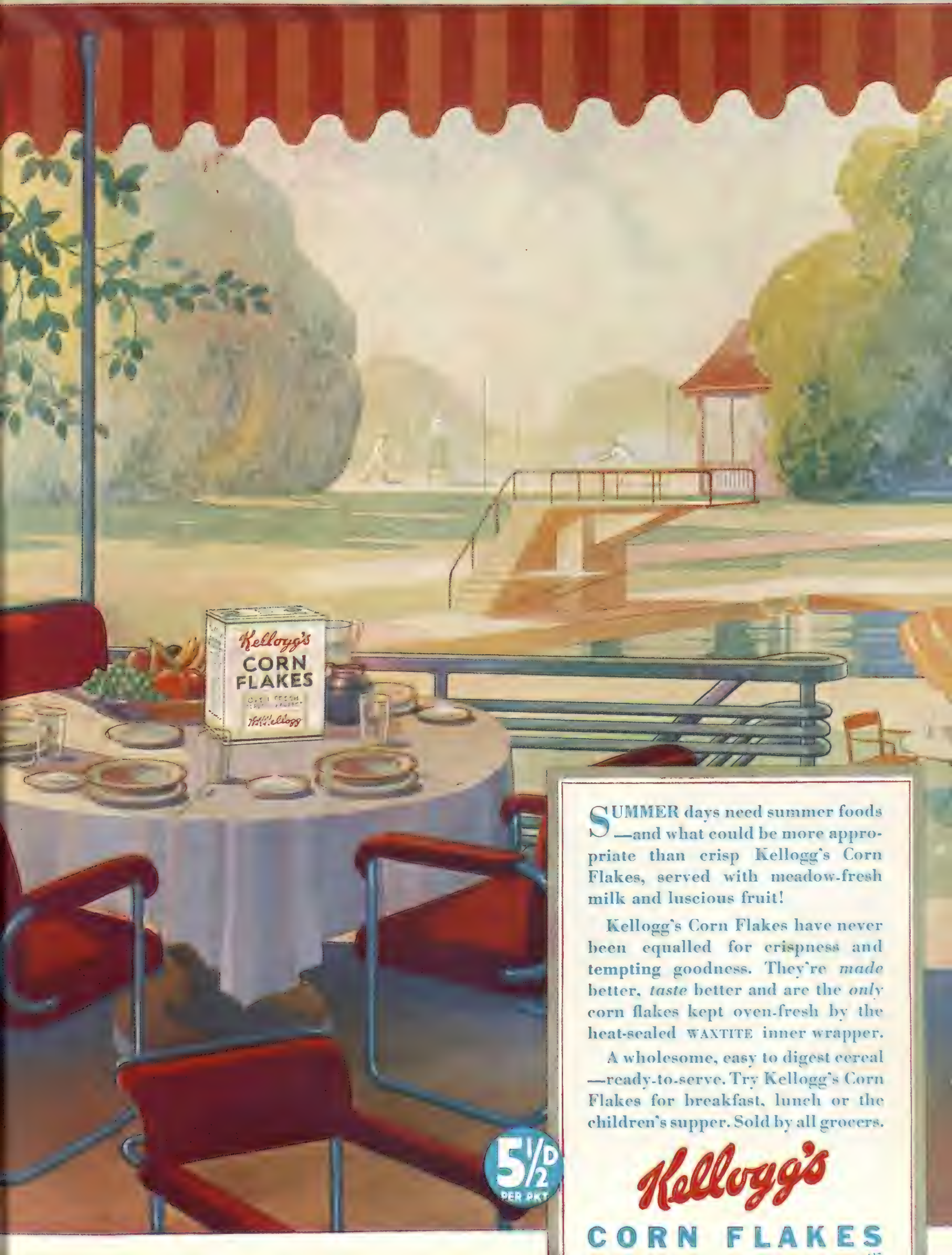
The "Bel" Cream Maker makes excellent cream at 7d. a pint with 2 oz. of unsalted butter to 4 oz. of milk. Price 8/6 with full instructions. Jug adapter, 1/-

Addresses from which these articles can be obtained on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

The "Homeware" polisher is fitted with a special clamp which permits the use of any kind of material for polishing. Old pieces of felt from derelict winter hats make splendid polishing agents. Price 5/6. Slip a "Homeware" Twin Broom Mop over your broom. It is reversible—one side for polishing, the other for dusting. 1/6

Coffee made the "Mellor" way is above criticism. This coffee-pot works on the simple principle that good coffee is never boiled. Ribstone wear in gold and cream has been used for the pot photographed. Price 12/6 for two persons, 18/6 for four. Less expensive models in green, brown and blue china are 10/6 and 12/6

SETTING FOR A SUMMER'S DAY



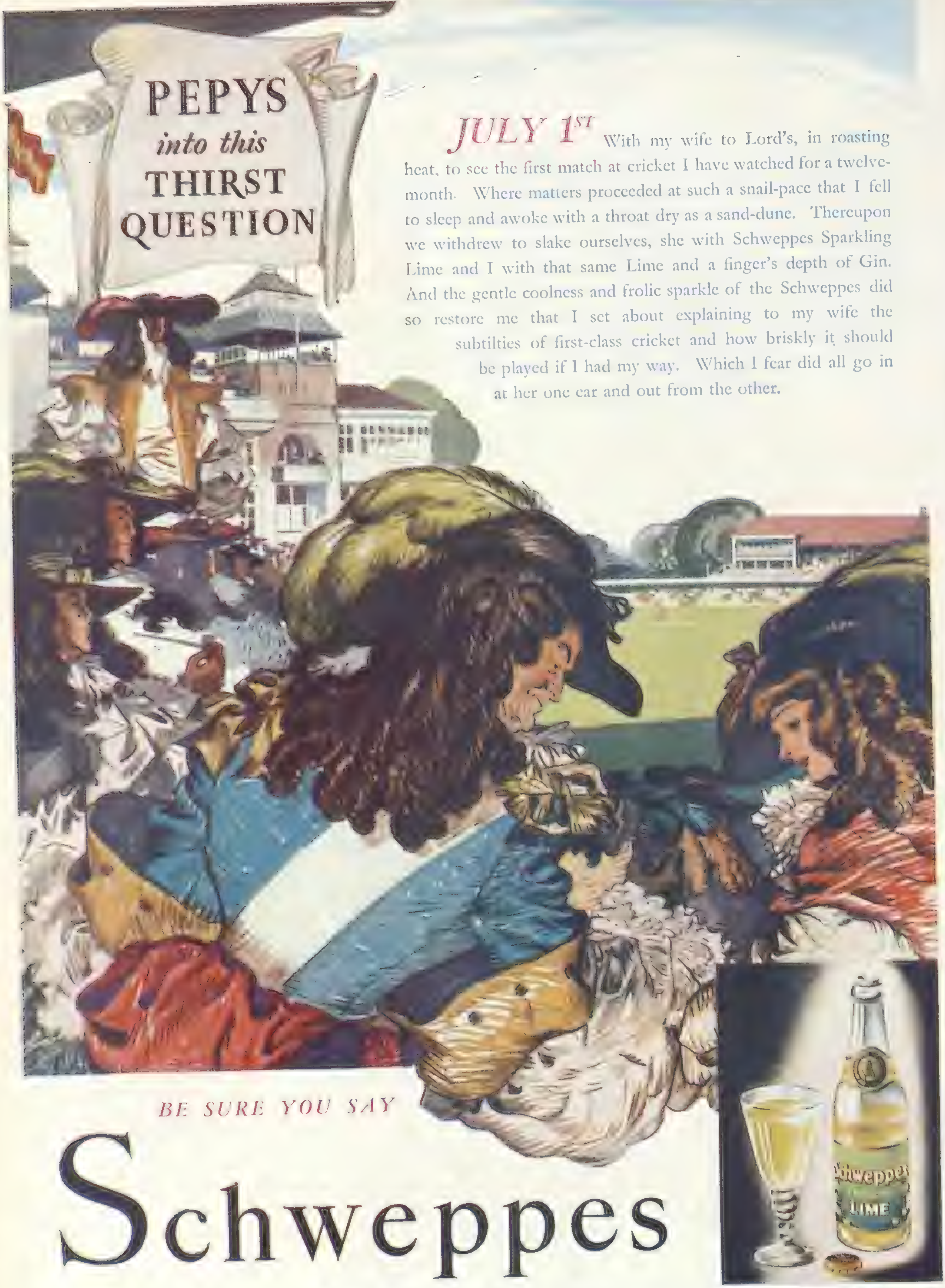
SUMMER days need summer foods —and what could be more appropriate than crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes, served with meadow-fresh milk and luscious fruit!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes have never been equalled for crispness and tempting goodness. They're *made* better, *taste* better and are the *only* corn flakes kept oven-fresh by the heat-sealed WAXTITE inner wrapper.

A wholesome, easy to digest cereal —ready-to-serve. Try Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast, lunch or the children's supper. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES



JULY 1st With my wife to Lord's, in roasting heat, to see the first match at cricket I have watched for a twelvemonth. Where matters proceeded at such a snail-pace that I fell to sleep and awoke with a throat dry as a sand-dune. Thereupon we withdrew to slake ourselves, she with Schweppes Sparkling Lime and I with that same Lime and a finger's depth of Gin. And the gentle coolness and frolic sparkle of the Schweppes did so restore me that I set about explaining to my wife the subtilties of first-class cricket and how briskly it should be played if I had my way. Which I fear did all go in at her one ear and out from the other.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

Present-day hair fashions are more flattering than they have been for some time, but those who cannot afford almost daily visits to their hairdresser have to take great care to keep their hair well set at night. A well-fitting sleeping cap is a vital necessity.

The " Halo " Patent Sleeping Cap, No. P.3, is a really splendid design. It opens out flat, enabling it to be placed on the head without disarranging curls or waves, and the forehead part fits like a wig, so that the cap stays securely on without ties of any sort under the chin being necessary. Finally, in order to ensure its remaining firmly in position, elastic bands at the back of the cap draw round and loop over buttons at the sides. The price is 1s. 11d., and there is a choice of six delicate pastel shades.

Other useful " Halo " accessories include the Comfy Roll, an excellent device for curling untidy ends of growing hair, and the Human Hair Nets, made of the best quality sterilised human hair in all shades, absolutely undetectable, and suitable for all occasions and every style of hairdressing.

Mental depression, loss of energy, listlessness, headaches and skin blemishes can, in a great number of cases, be traced directly to incomplete elimination. Unless all waste matter is expelled from the body, poisons are admitted into the blood stream and circulated freely throughout the system, and minor symptoms may be followed by major troubles, such as appendicitis, duodenal and gastric ulcers.

Drastic purgatives are no solution to this ill; they are merely habit forming, since after their use reaction invariably sets in, until eventually the intestinal organs cannot function without their aid.

In Lax-Vita the ideal treatment has been found. This perfectly balanced formula, containing tonic vitamins and organic salts, ends constipation by building up the nerve cells to full tone, thus overcoming intestinal nerve and muscle degeneration, which are the real causes of bowel inactivity.

Lax-Vita Brand Magnas are 3s. and 5s. a bottle, and can be taken with absolute confidence and safety by children and adults.

The texture of a face cloth is an all-important factor in the cult of beauty, and the special qualities of Turknit non-stretch face cloths have resulted from exhaustive tests in the patent process of their manufacture.

Their sponge-like absorbency and exceptional softness are due to the fact that the material is knitted—not woven—from the finest quality twisted cotton, bleached by a new peroxide process.

This porous texture prevents their becoming soap-slimy and ensures that they are always fresh. They dry almost instantly.

There are many designs in white and fast pastel shades. Prices range from 6d. to 1s. 3d.

"Mascarade," a new perfume, delightfully fresh and lasting without being in any way aggressive, has been introduced by Piver, the well-known Parisian parfumeurs. It is contained in most attractive bottles in original packings of biscuit, tangerine and gold decorated with a fascinating mask design, and costs 8s. 6d. and 11s. 6d. a bottle, trial size 1s.

A companion powder, similarly packed, is available in nine popular shades. It is delightfully fine, gives a smooth matt finish and is sold in giant boxes at 3s. 6d.

One of the most common mistakes made by women who have not had professional advice on the subject of make-up, is to use the same powder all the year round, regardless of changing tones of the skin.

It is obvious that a sun-tanned skin must have a different shade of powder from that with which it was dusted before the sun's rays deepened its tone.

Palmolive Powder, a comparatively new comer in the world of beauty aids, is made in six subtle shades suitable for every skin tone. Naturelle Nos. 1 and 2 is perfect for fair pink and white skins, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2 blends with more creamy tones, while Sun Tan and Ochre Rose flatter darker skins or fair skins which have been tanned by the sun.

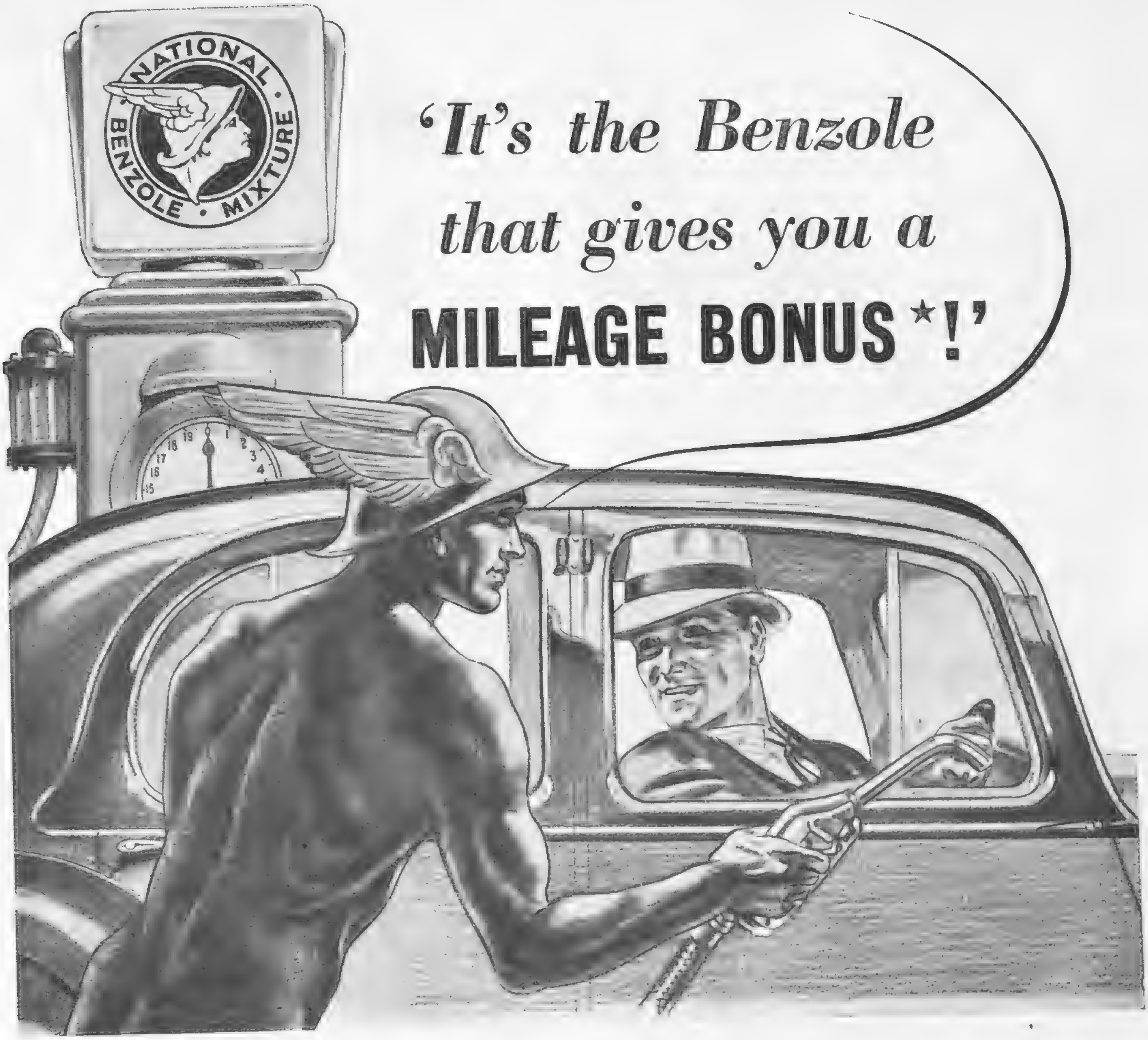
This powder is absolutely pure, and can be used on the most sensitive skin, for it is entirely free from all harsh elements that might clog the pores or irritate the skin. It imparts a flattering bloom to the face and can be relied upon to stay on, giving the complexion a well-groomed matt appearance.

How much general health is dependent on sound teeth is now realised by most people, and doctors invariably suggest an X-ray of the mouth to patients suffering from rheumatism, boils and such maladies whose cause is not from the first obvious.

We are brought up from earliest childhood to recognise the importance of cleaning our teeth, but not everyone realises that it is equally important to care for the health of the gums. Spongy or inflamed gums are always a danger signal.

Forhans Dentifrice does everything necessary to preserve both teeth and gums. It is a splendid cleaning agent, and gentle massage of the gums with this paste will keep the mouth fresh and the gums firm, pink and healthy.

WE ARE HAPPY TO GIVE
EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT TO THESE
REPUTABLE ADVERTISED PRODUCTS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*MORE MILES PER GALLON

NATIONAL

BENZOLE MIXTURE

I THINK it is true to say that, for some years past, it has been becoming an increasingly difficult business to keep track of all the new models as they appear on the market. In one way, this may seem surprising, since there are certainly fewer individual firms now engaged in the manufacture of cars than at any time previously.

Roughly speaking, there are now perhaps twenty big firms in this country which produce cars on a profitable scale. Many of the smaller companies have been amalgamated, while a good few of them have been forced out of business altogether. Just after the war, there must have been quite twice as many individual producers, all claiming some degree of attention.

THE 14/56 h.p. *Wolseley Salon de Ville—an important newcomer to the range of cars for 1937. It is a genuine five-seater of great comfort and economy, priced at £295*

New Cars all the Time

By The Earl of Cardigan

(It is quite an interesting memory test to see how this has come about. Most people should be able to name, straight away, a dozen firms which have failed during recent years. How many new firms have established themselves during the same period ? It is difficult to think of one.)

There are therefore fewer programmes of new cars to be announced in the course of the year; but, as against this, individual programmes are much wider in scope. Whereas formerly one firm would specialise in light cars, while another would manufacture big cars only, it is now common for a large concern to bring out six or eight models, ranging perhaps from 8 to 25 or even 30 h.p.

Such a big range of new cars is not usually produced all at once. Two or three of the new models may appear first of all. Then, at a later date, one or two additional types may be announced. Later still, we may suddenly hear of yet one more newcomer.

The firm concerned is obviously working on the principle of maintaining our interest throughout the year, in preference to stunning us once per annum with an immense new change of programme. It is a good idea from every point of view—except that, unless we keep our eyes and ears continually open, we may miss the news of some development or other.

It is, of course, almost a point of honour for at least one new model to be " saved up " for the Motor Show. A favourite time for other models to appear is in the spring—and the summer months are also popular. I would be prepared to bet fairly heavily that, between the time when I write these words and the date when they appear in print, quite a big crop of new cars will have sprung up.

Among ordinary motorists, this summer-time appearance of new models will probably have caused some astonishment. It is the common belief that manufacturers are pledged not to divulge anything new before some date in early August—i.e., prior to the Show.

Undoubtedly there is an agreement to this effect; but, as I say, these are not Motor Show models which are being announced at the present time. Every firm will retain something " up its sleeve " for another two months; but this will not prevent certain special announcements being made in the meantime.

What it comes to is that anyone who wishes to be absolutely *au fait* with what is going on in the motoring world must nowadays be prepared to become a voracious reader. He must at frequent intervals cast his eye over the pronouncements of advertisers—not merely at the traditional times in the spring and autumn. He must note what cars are being road-tested and reviewed—for these he may assume to be in full and regular production.

He must accept the fact that new cars of one sort or another are appearing all the time. There are certain months, of course, when the motor trade is more prolific than usual; but it would be hard to name any month out of the twelve when one can now be certain that *no* announcement of importance will be made. The era when cars were bought and sold, and mainly used, at certain proper seasons of the year has gone for ever—and we must adapt ourselves to a new, all-the-year-round way of thinking.

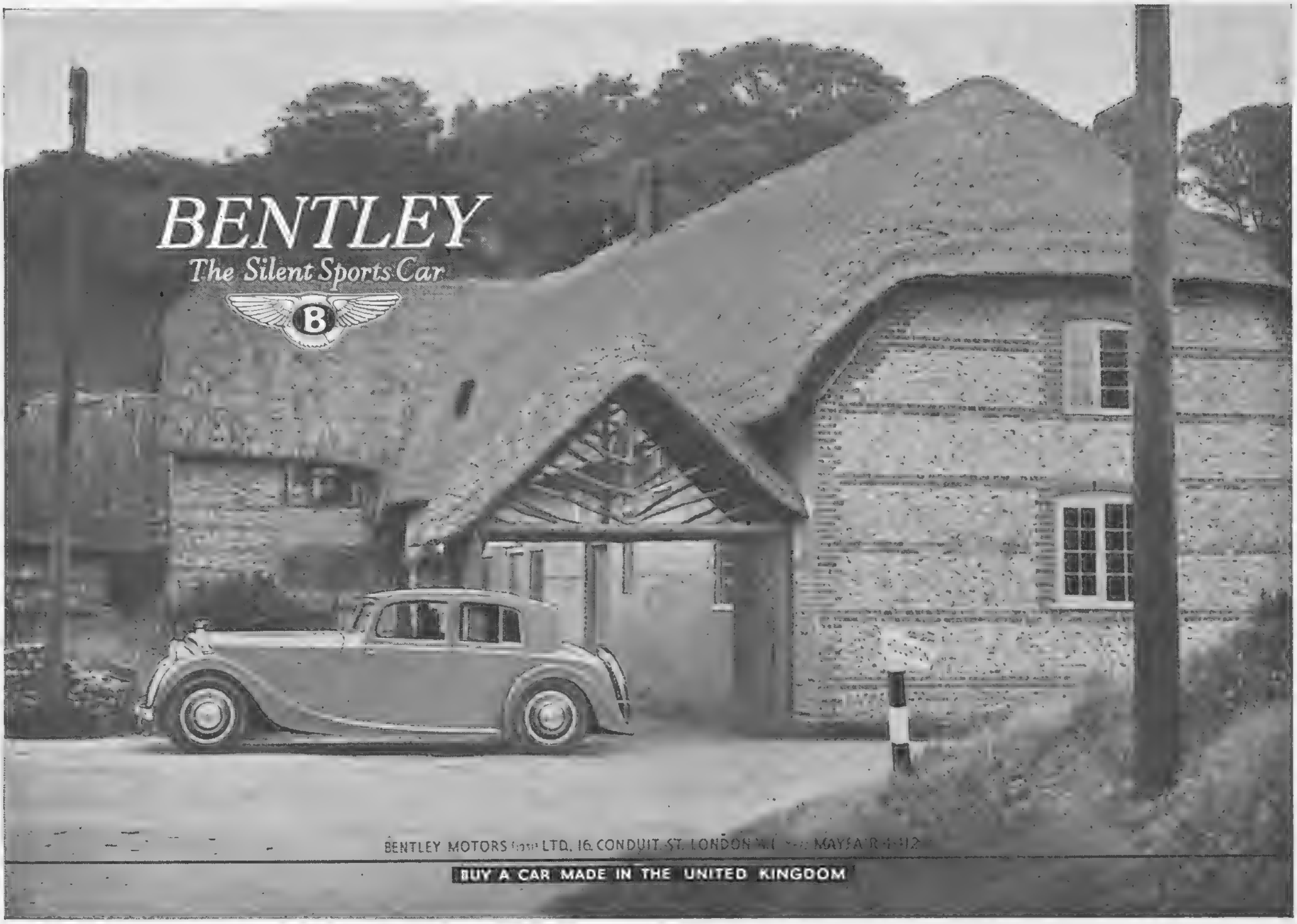
DID YOU KNOW

That the modern gearbox should be used with precaution ?

At a time when cars are undoubtedly more efficient than ever before, it is odd to hear—as one occasionally does—of axle-shaft breakages and such-like troubles. I can only explain these happenings in one way—and that is by presuming that drivers are putting an unprecedented strain on the transmissions of their cars.

We know that the modern car is capable of fierce braking and of rapid acceleration. These sudden changes of pace produce great stresses. Also, with fool-proof gearboxes, drivers are able to " bang in " their lower gears, and thus use their engines with powerful effect, in a way which they would formerly have found impossible.

The modern gearbox is meant to be used; but it should not be *mis*-used. Any gear-change which results in a violent jerk—even though it may be soundless—should be reckoned a bad change. It may have done very real damage at some point in the transmission system. The only gear-change which can be considered wholly admirable is one which is entirely smooth. Where there is no jerk, there can be no damage. The " showy " gear-change, unless it fulfils this condition, is to be condemned as a mechanical stupidity.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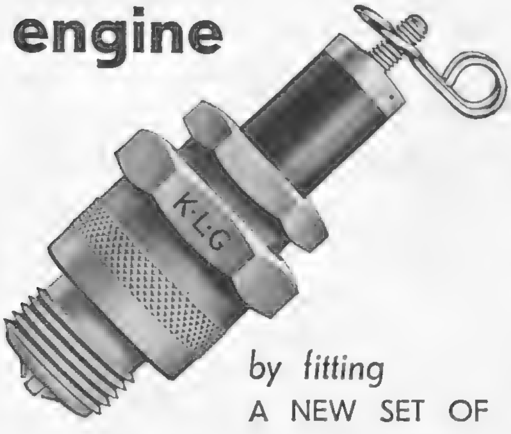

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With special Coachwork by
CHARLES FOLLETT

SERVICE FOR A PURPOSE

EVERYONE realises that to "make port" involves setting course and holding to it. Years ago it was obvious to Charles Follett that ALVIS was, above all other makes, the one with which he wished to be identified; with the result that to think of Alvis is to think of Follett and *vice versa*. On the track, in trials, touring or about town, his predilection has been amply justified, and you will do well to approach him on the subject of your new car, for his enthusiasm, so well founded, is infectious. On questions of bodywork you will find his advice well worth having, and only one with experience such as his can adequately go into the many points of Alvis excellence.

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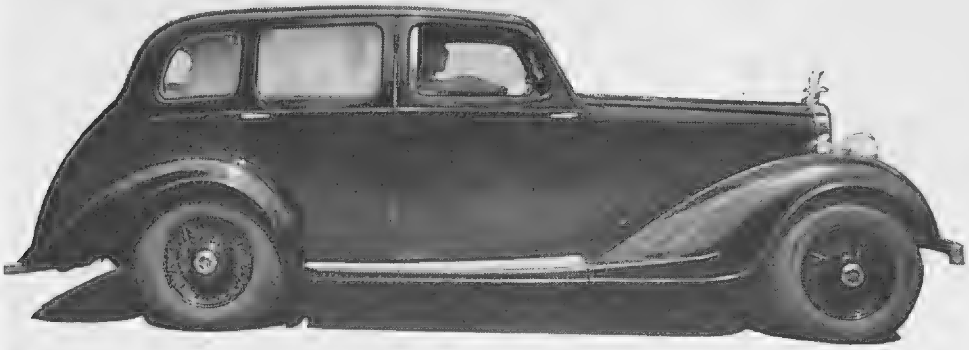


THE 17 h.p. Alvis is a decidedly handsome car, and one of the few in which the radiator is not carried in advance of the front axle. The waist-line has a slight but perceptible slope from front to rear

The 17 h.p. Alvis in Brief

Engine: *Six cylinders, with overhead valves and three carburettors. 17 h.p.*

Transmission: *Four-speed all-synchromesh gearbox; hypoid rear axle.*

Performance: *Third gear, 55 m.p.h.; top gear, 75 m.p.h.*

Brakes: *Efficient mechanical type.*

Steering: *Accurate; self-centres well.*

Springing: *Independent in front, semi-elliptic at rear.*

Coachwork: *Good, rear compartment especially well planned.*

Price: *Saloon model, £545.*

Distributors: *Charles Follett, Ltd.,*
18, Berkeley Street, London, W.1

A QUALITY CAR OF MEDIUM POWER

The 17 h.p. Alvis

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE modern Alvis is a car from which a very great deal is apt to be expected. Time was when the name of Alvis was connected mainly—or at least to a large extent—with the sporting side of motoring. Now it is equally suggestive of luxury and extreme mechanical refinement.

A few months ago I had the pleasure of testing the 25 h.p. Alvis—and I was very greatly impressed by its all-round excellence. The 17 h.p. model, which has just appeared, is a car of much the same calibre. It is clearly designed to appeal to the most critical type of owner, while keeping within strict limits as to size and power.

FOR the six-cylinder engine, no fewer than three carburettors are employed. The idea is to obtain perfect distribution of gas—and certainly the efficiency of this power unit is very noteworthy

THERE is a useful luggage locker in a corner of which the tool-kit is to be found. The hinged panel provides a firm platform for carrying a trunk, and underneath is a separate compartment which contains the spare wheel

ALTHOUGH there is plenty of interior head-room, the Alvis is built low to the ground. Partly owing to this, it is extremely steady when driven at high speed

The six-cylinder engine is of a highly efficient type. It has overhead valves, and no fewer than three carburettors. This multiplicity means that each cylinder draws in its gas by an almost direct route. There is no possibility of the end cylinders—numbers 1 and 6—being partially "starved" by reason of their remoteness from the source of supply.

In practice, there is no doubt that a very fine performance is ensured. The maximum speed is more than 55 m.p.h. in third gear, while in top gear 75 m.p.h. can be reached. The car is exceedingly responsive to the accelerator, and has also the virtue of being able to cruise really fast without ever varying from its normal high standard of silence and smoothness.

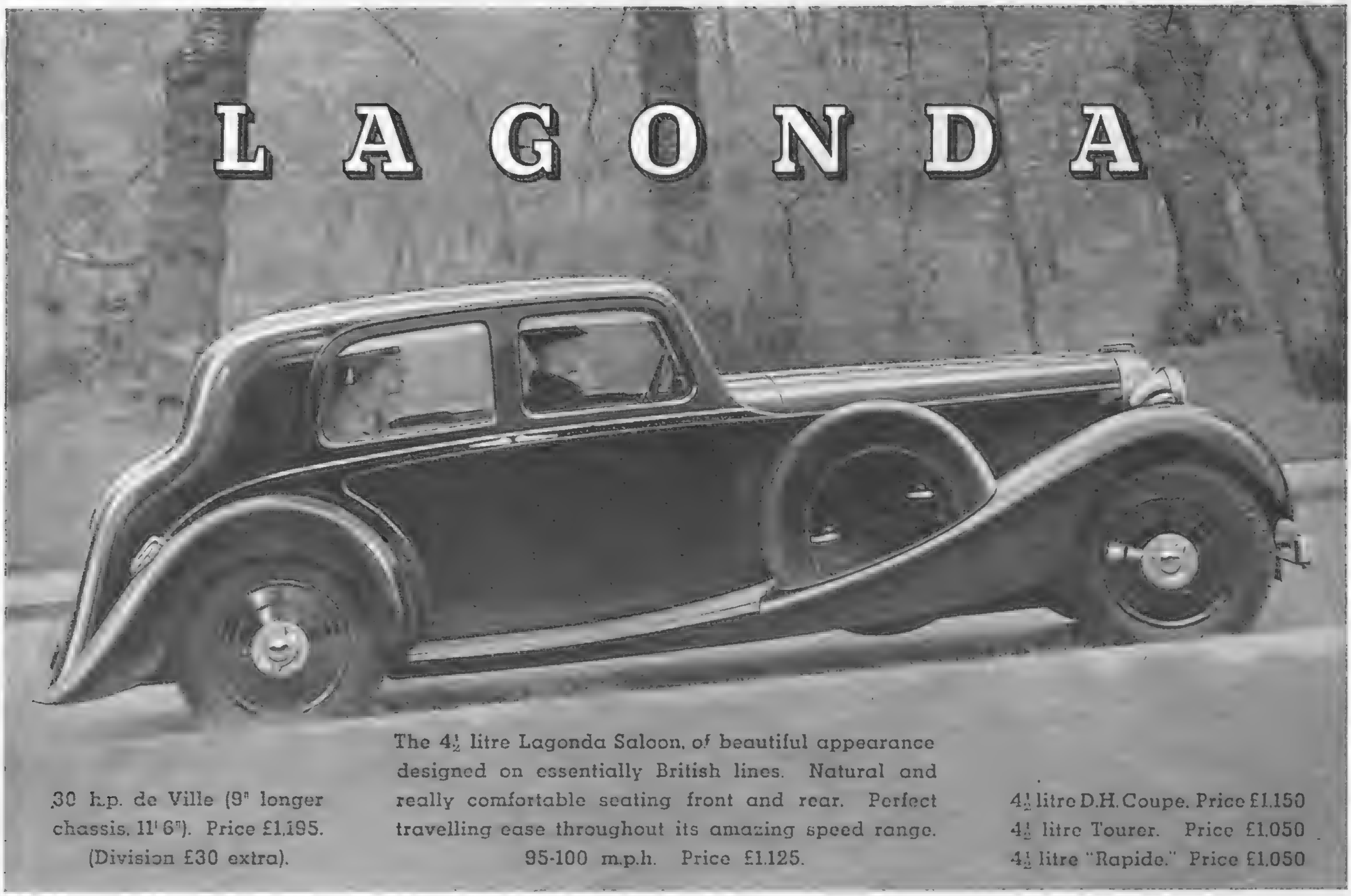
The gearbox is a most excellent one. If one favours synchro-mesh gearing at all—and I imagine that most drivers do so—then there can be no two opinions as to the merit of a 'box in which *all* the ratios work on the synchro-mesh plan. If a synchro-mesh second or third gear is an asset, how much more of an asset is the combination of synchro-mesh first, second, third and top gears!

The effect is that the Alvis gearbox is foolproof all the way through. It does not matter what change is attempted—it may be third gear to first gear in a patch of dense traffic—the result is invariably the same. The gear goes in easily, and without a sound.

A most valuable feature on the open road is that this 17 h.p. car holds the road with uncommon steadiness. The front wheels are sprung independently, and comfortable riding has been well combined with sufficient firmness to eliminate any excessive side-sway. Corners can be taken at a good speed, and the Alvis continues to "sit down" on the road in a most satisfactory manner.

(*Continued on page* 83)

THE back seat is wide and comfortable, and the absence of foot-wells should be noted. When three passengers sit abreast, all of them can rest their feet on a level floor



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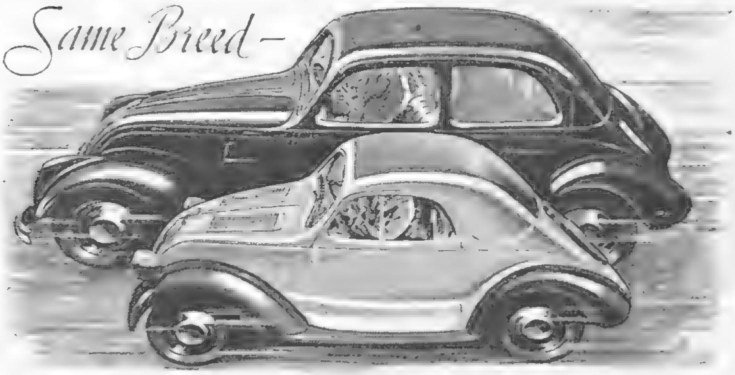
The 4½ litre Lagonda Saloon, of beautiful appearance designed on essentially British lines. Natural and really comfortable seating front and rear. Perfect travelling ease throughout its amazing speed range. 95-100 m.p.h. Price £1,125.

30 h.p. de Ville (9" longer chassis, 11' 6"). Price £1,195. (Division £30 extra).

4½ litre D.H. Coupe. Price £1,150
4½ litre Tourer. Price £1,050
4½ litre "Rapide." Price £1,050

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX. Telephone: Staines 1122 (5 lines).



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RUNS FOR LESS THAN THE COST OF BUS FARES. 50 M.P.G. Tax £5.5. The most economical car.
PRICES
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• square engine • shock insulated self-centring steering • independent front wheel suspension • four speed synchromesh gear box • hydraulic brakes • 12 volt electrical equipment • high rear axle ratio.

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ECCLES

(b)

A SMALL SINGER with Excellent Performance

The "Super-Nine" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE Singer "Super-Nine" is a compact little car, providing plenty of coachwork space. The chassis frame is underslung at the rear, so that the centre of gravity is kept low

THERE are some cars which, while making quite a favourable impression at first sight, become still more appreciated when one has had a little time in which to get to know them. So far as I am concerned, the Singer "Nine" definitely falls into this category.

Driving it in London, I found it very pleasant to handle. The 9 h.p. engine is, of course, of the four-cylinder type; but it is decidedly "advanced" in its design, having overhead valves driven by an overhead camshaft. This results in most efficient running, while the valve gear—although its position in the engine does nothing to muffle it—is commendably quiet and unobtrusive.

The transmission is of unusual interest, for it incorporates a free-wheel. When the mechanism is set to "free," this entirely eliminates any gear-changing difficulty. It is not even necessary to de-clutch before moving the lever from one slot to another. Whatever change is made, the engagement is uniformly simple and soundless.

Almost more remarkable is the fact that, when the transmission is set to "fixed," and the free-wheel is made inoperative, there is still no gear-changing problem worthy of the name. Without any synchro-mesh or other such aid, the gears engage quite easily and simply. Any reasonable change is a clean change, and only a really stupid or clumsy effort can produce any sound of protest.

The steering is agreeably light, while avoiding the modern fault of being excessively low geared. The brakes are hydraulic, and inspire complete confidence. Since their action is always progressive, their full power can be used at any time without producing an unpleasant jerk.

THE springing is thoroughly comfortable over any sort of surface, and the coachwork in general is good. It only errs in that a tall man finds a certain lack of head-room when he sits in the back seat. Another two inches of height would be helpful.

There is, on the other hand, plenty of leg-room, and a particularly good point is that, although there are four doors, the backs of the front seats tilt forward, as if in a two-door model. The effect of this is to make it very much easier to get any bulky article of luggage in or out. (There is a rear luggage grid; but it is often more convenient to carry things inside the car.)

In all these respects the Singer is decidedly attractive. It permanently captured my admiration, however, when I first got it out of London, and on to the open road. I then found it to be quite a lot faster than I had expected, besides behaving at speed in a manner much more suggestive of a big car than a small one.

In third gear, where I had expected 40 m.p.h., the maximum proved to be 45 m.p.h.—a decidedly useful turn of speed. In top gear, I was able to get well over 60, and at one point to touch 65 m.p.h.

With so much speed, the Singer is certainly able to keep up with many cars of much

(Continued on page 83)

THE 9 h.p. engine has overhead valves and camshaft, and gives the car a remarkably high cruising speed. The battery is located where the owner has no excuse for neglecting it

THE instruments are neatly grouped, and there are two cubby-holes. The central gear lever controls a four-speed box, and its operation is made fool-proof by the incorporation of a free-wheel

THE back seat is comfortably upholstered, and a tall man finds plenty of leg-room, although no surplus head-room, when sitting in it. The front seats conveniently fold forward when desired

The Singer "Super-Nine" in brief

Engine : Four cylinders ; overhead valves and camshaft. 9 h.p.

Transmission : Four-speed gear-box, assisted by free-wheel.

Performance : Third gear 45 m.p.h. ; top gear 60/65 m.p.h.

Steering : Light, accurate.

Springing : Semi-elliptic ; good road-holding.

Brakes : Hydraulic type.

Coachwork : Generally comfortable.

Price : Saloon model, £165.

Safety fast!

The M.G. 1½-Litre Four-Door Saloon

for space . .
for grace . .
for pace. . .

M.G. 1½-Litre Four-Door Saloon £325 Four-Seater Open £280 Folding Head Foursome £335
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N4

A Small Singer with Excellent Performance

(*Continued from page* 81)

more than 9 h.p. A most valuable feature is that, although the engine obviously has to turn over very fast—the top gear ratio is 5·57 to 1—there is never any excessive noise or vibration to suggest that it is being over-worked.

THE car's road-holding qualities are also extremely good, so that fast running does not impose any strain on the driver. I tested this, after going up to 60 m.p.h. or more, in a very simple manner. I decided to light a cigarette, and to let the car slow down while I did so to whatever pace seemed natural—*i.e.*, whatever pace enabled me to control it with one hand in a perfectly confident manner.

I deliberately ignored the speedometer for the next few moments, but glanced at it again after my cigarette was well alight. It was still registering 55 m.p.h.! I do not suggest that this is a very scientific form of test; but I think it gives a fair indication of how steadily and easily the car runs.

To put it in more conventional language, this Singer model has an uncommonly high cruising speed for a car of such modest power. Of the speed available, nearly all can be used on a good road without any necessity for the driver grimly to hold on to his wheel. He can sit back, and let the car take itself along.

In price, the "Super-Nine" saloon model is distinctly moderate. With full equipment, which includes a sliding roof of the convenient type which really slides effortlessly, it is listed at £165.

END

A Quality Car of Medium Power

(*Continued from page* 79)

The steering likewise is just what is required for a car which is likely to be driven fairly fast. It is by no means heavy, but it has a firm and definite action, incorporating a pronounced self-centring effect. The driver at all times feels that his control of the car is precise and accurate.

The brakes are powerful, and respond to a light pedal pressure. They are saved from any danger of being fierce by the fact that their action is strictly progressive. One can apply them in the most decided manner, and can feel sure of getting just the required degree of retardation—no more and no less.

The interior of the car is of real interest, chiefly owing to the use of a specialised rear axle. This gives a "hypoid bevel" final drive. In simple language, the bevel pinion does not make contact halfway up the crown wheel, but somewhere near the bottom of it. This means that the propeller shaft runs several inches lower than in a normal car, and enables the rear floor boards to be lowered correspondingly.

There is no need to resort to foot-wells. (Here we find the real advantage.) If three people sit abreast at the back—and there is plenty of width to enable them to do so—the person in the centre does not have to perch his feet on the raised propeller-shaft housing. Three pairs of feet can rest comfortably on the floor.

It is obvious that a great deal of trouble has been taken over the rear compartment. There is sufficient head-room and plenty of leg-room. Another good point is that the rear doors are specially hinged, so as to swing very wide open and permit passengers to get in and out in the easiest possible manner.

The adjustable front seats are built very substantially, and provide luxurious accommodation. There is a small luggage locker at the extreme rear, the panel of which can be lowered to form a good, solid platform for heavy articles. Altogether, in the 17 h.p. class, it is hard to think of a car which is easier to praise, or more difficult to criticise. The price of the saloon model is by no means excessive at £545.

END

Fork Supper

(*Continued from page* 70)

They can be made of chicken or veal with a certain amount of minced pork. See that the meat is well seasoned and flavoured with truffle or pistachio nuts.

Norwegian Salad

This is a pleasant mixture of pineapple and beetroot, with seasoning of cream, lemon juice, tomato ketchup and anchovy essence.

Strawberry Barbara

A bed of vanilla ice is covered with fine strawberries rolled in sugar. Pour over a sauce made of strawberries (for this you can use not quite such good ones) squashed and mixed with sugar and cream. Keep in a cold place.

Pineapple Créole

Shred some pineapple and put it in a bowl with soft sugar, coconut, the juice of the pineapple, and a little rum. Mix well and keep in a cold place.

Baba aux Fruits

A dish of babas with either fresh fruit or compôte of fruit makes a very good supper sweet. Put the fruit in the middle of a large dish and surround with small babas sprinkled with a little rum, maraschino or kirsch.

Refrigeration Cookery

(*Continued from page* 71)

is to moisten as well as flavour the dish, so very little should be used; remember that the dish is not heated at all, therefore the sherry remains quite raw. For those who might object to the sherry flavour, try a little milk instead.

Mousse of Ham

Have about a pound of lean, cooked ham, trim it well, removing all fat and gristle or nerves. Chop the ham thoroughly and put it in a saucepan with half a pint of Béchamel sauce, salt, pepper, a dash of cayenne pepper and prepared mustard to taste.

Make this hot together and then pass the mixture through a strainer. Add four thin leaves of gelatine washed in cold water, stir over the fire till the gelatine is well melted and mixed and put into a soufflé dish.

When cool put in the refrigerator to become cold and set. A thin coating of jelly can be put on top, but this is not necessary.

Crème Créole

For each person take one banana and a heaped tablespoonful of pistachio nuts. Peel the bananas, mash them and put them in a bowl, when you beat them with a fork or whip as you would cream. You will find that this gives a frothy "mousse."

Remove the skins from the nuts (this is easily done by putting them first in the oven or under the grill), chop them finely and mix in with the banana mousse. Add castor sugar and a flavouring according to taste, such as orange essence, maraschino, kirsch, chocolate, etc.

Put the mixture in little individual pots or custard glasses and these into the refrigerator until really cold.

Junket

Make the junket in the ordinary way, but before adding the rennet put in some special flavouring such as orange essence or grated orange peel; coffee essence or a liqueur such as a Cointreau, Kummel, or even a drop of rum.

Pour into individual pots or glasses and put to set and become icy cold in the refrigerator.

The Electric Refrigerator Home Handbook, "Cold Cookery" tells you everything there is to know about the fascinating subject of Refrigeration, and gives hundreds of excellent recipes.*

* *British Electrical Development Association Inc.*, 1/-.

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ALSO TEK JUNIOR FOR THE CHILDREN 1/3
made to fit the arch of their little teeth

ROVER
"One of Britain's Fine Cars"

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The Light Aeroplane

(*Continued from page 29*)

In other words, although the aeroplane can get in and out of small, rough fields, it requires more than ordinarily skilful pilotage to enable it to do so. With an inexpert pilot at the controls, it is compelled to travel, for the most part, between one artificially constructed aerodrome and another.

In motoring phraseology, the aeroplane (excluding always the unorthodox Autogyro), is very far from being "handy." We may compare it to a car which will not travel in top gear at less than 40 m.p.h. On the Great North Road, such a car may be a delight to its driver. In a village street, it becomes a distinctly awkward proposition.

So it is with the conventional type of aircraft. It requires a good deal of space to get off the ground at all, and much more space to reach an efficient flying speed. When landing it has to approach the ground very fast, and must still be travelling at a good pace even at the moment of contact. For the pilot to hasten the take-off or to slow down the speed of approach means that he must take a grave risk, such as is never really justifiable.

Is this defect an inevitable one? I can say quite confidently that it is not. It would be perfectly possible to build a "handy" aeroplane which could manœuvre near the ground at low speeds. There would only be one real objection to such a machine. It would be correspondingly deficient in maximum flying speed.

The motorist may say—"Well, why not sacrifice some top speed? Aeroplanes go fast enough anyway. Let us have handiness first, and extra speed, if we can get it, afterwards." This is sound sense; but it ignores the psychology of the conventional aircraft manufacturer. Such an individual (is it because he makes nine-tenths of his money out of fast bombers and fighters?) simply will *not* sacrifice one m.p.h. of speed for any consideration whatsoever.

Indeed, handiness in an aeroplane is becoming more and more despised in conventional circles. Go and visit any air "circus" which is operating from a country field. There may be one or more modern machines on view; but it will be found that the real "donkey work" is being done by those of the old-fashioned type.

In particular, note which machine seems to get in and out of the field with the greatest apparent ease, and with the shortest run over the ground. I will wager that the basic design of it was worked out in the year 1913! (And this is *not* a misprint.)

This modern lack of handiness is a grave fault—even though it applies only near the ground, and therefore embarrasses the pilot only for a few minutes in the course of each day's flying. There are a few other items on the "debit" side. For example, nearly all aeroplanes are noisier than they need be.

To be fair, we must not blame the manufacturers for more than a portion of the noise which their products emit. It is doubtful whether a completely silent aeroplane is within the bounds of possibility. The whirling blades of a propeller must always create some sound as they cut through the air—and it is sometimes claimed that this aerial disturbance is a source of greater noise than the exhaust note of the most powerful of engines.

Even when we admit, however, that a great deal of incurable noise arises from the propeller, there remains a great volume of sound emanating from the engine only. This could obviously be reduced; for there is nothing in the essential nature of an aero engine which need make it much noisier than an engine of any other variety.

Here again, of course, we should have to sacrifice a little speed in order to make the aeroplane conform to civilised standards of quietness. An efficient silencer has some weight, and also some bulk. Moreover, it slightly reduces the power of the engine to which it is fitted. The sum of these disadvantages might involve the loss of four or five m.p.h.

To the motorist, it might seem preferable to cruise along at about 75 m.p.h. with a moderate amount of noise, rather than to achieve 80 m.p.h., while shattering the peace of the heavens. I can only repeat that, unfortunately, this is the sort of sacrifice which the professional aeronautical mind is most unwilling even to contemplate.

A final "debit" is that, although nearly all aero engines are perfectly wonderful in the matter of easy starting (being far quicker to respond than the engines of cars), the method most commonly used to set them in motion is quite absurdly primitive. It is the same method which was employed by the early pioneers. It is an inconvenient method, and to some extent a dangerous one, having only its simplicity to recommend it.

Commonly known as "swinging" the propeller, it works well enough when two people are acting in conjunction. The pilot then sits at the controls, while a mechanic gives a heave to the propeller, and thus rotates the engine through half a revolution. When, however, the pilot is on his own, it is a very much more precarious business.

To put it briefly, the "solo" pilot must first adjust his throttle, etc., during which operation he controls the machine but cannot start it. Then he must go round in front to "swing" the propeller, and thus start the machine while being, for the time being, quite unable to control it. In such circumstances, it is obvious that a moment's inattention may be disastrous.

Let us admit at once that an electric starter cannot reasonably be fitted, since the weight of an accumulator with its attendant dynamo would be far too great. Some other device must be found and employed. The essential thing—as would be obvious at a glance to any motorist—is that the pilot ought to be able to start an aero engine single-handed, while being continuously within reach of every one of his controls.

I could suggest half a dozen methods by which this could be accomplished. It is a reproach to the designers that, with a few notable exceptions, they have not considered the matter worthy of serious attention.

After all this, where does the balance lie? Is it on the credit or the debit side? Is the aeroplane a wonderfully attractive machine with a few mildly irritating inconveniences—or is it a thoroughly ill-conceived piece of mechanism with only a few specious advantages to recommend it?

This final question I am not prepared to answer. Being myself frankly an enthusiast, I cannot claim to be free from a pro-flying prejudice, even though I have tried to marshal my arguments as fairly as may be. I would only urge that anyone whose interest is at all aroused should seek a little first-hand experience before committing himself to a definite conclusion.

They All Came from Concert Parties

(*Continued from page 17*)

That sound comedian Barry Lupino, who has "busked" his way through England in his early days, tells me that the cap was varied by "nogging" or "bottling." To prevent personal embezzlement by the collector, a glass lemonade bottle with a marble for a stopper had a slot filed in it. When full, it was smashed and the gate divided.

The fixed pitch for entertainers, most of them birds of passage, was the next professional rung. A thirteen-year-old boy pianist and vocalist began his career in one of them at Rhyl, and for years suffered from the hand-to-mouth disease common to the humblest of "pros." To-day he is Jack Hylton, the world's greatest

(*Continued on page 87*)

"my arches let me down"

Like most other women in my shoes, I put smartness before commonsense. I paid for it dearly with cramped feet and fallen arches. Work was misery; the only shoes that promised relief looked a fright, so I suffered in silence.

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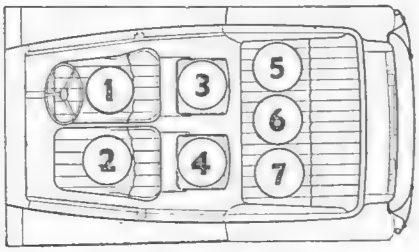

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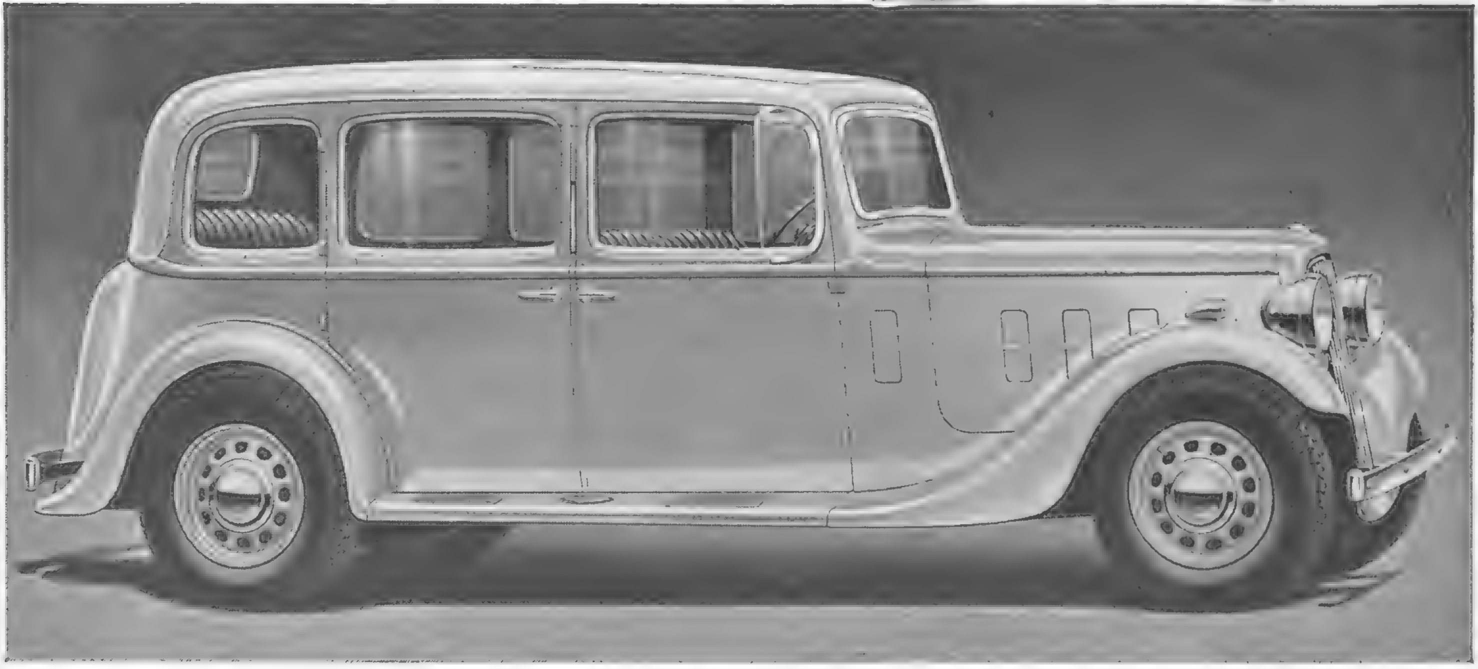

THE *Austin* EIGHTEEN

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford Street, London, W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham band leader, unspoiled by a success which he owes to first-hand instrumental knowledge, a flair for showmanship and his own persistence.

Pierrot, that poetic figure of delicate eighteenth-century French pantomime, became naturalised many years ago; but it was left to a plump young genius, H. G. Pelissier, to elevate him on a pedestal in a way which gave incalculable prestige not only to himself and his Follies, but also to his hosts of imitators and the whole business and art of concert party. He died before he was forty, having brightened the stodgy Edwardian era with an almost magical contribution to its wit and satire, all in the ingenious guise of improvisation.

Fay Compton, daughter of Edward Compton, noted actor of classic comedy, married Pelissier when she was seventeen. Her stage debut was with the Follies—a Titian-haired vision whose beauty, perhaps, had matured before her sense of humour. It was her chrysalis stage. Few who saw her then foresaw the time when she was to become the subtle, polished, brilliant actress of to-day. An ethereal quality, however, was already there, destined to reach its peak in Barrie's "Mary Rose" later on. In a burlesque she appeared as Lady Macbeth. Years afterwards her first serious Shakespearean rôle was Ophelia to John Barrymore's Hamlet.

Two other members of the Follies are still active members of theatreland. Genial Morris Harvey, whose mimicry was so uncanny, became a revue star and character actor of note. Muriel George, original singer of Pelissier's "My Moon," teamed with Ernest Butcher, specialising in the revival of songs of the past.

Pelissier's secret of success in his field was a dominating personality, both as a performer and as a purveyor of material and ideas. It has never been equalled, and was a factor which the Co-Optimists lacked; but by 1921 the public had almost forgotten Pelissier. The very word Follies, indeed, was calmly appropriated by New York for a lavish brand of spectacular show which in spirit was the very antithesis of the original. Pelissier was unique. His institution of the curtain lecture survives as compèring; but no one has since approached his confidential, half-apologetic interludes.

Among contemporary rivals, the Grotesques were the best; a creative little band among whom was Vivian Foster, still active as the Vicar of Mirth. A host of excellent, good and not-so-good parties followed on through the war years, when hundreds of regimental parties created a boom in supplies which meant a harvest for Willie Clarkson and other costumiers. Some of these parties turned "pro," and among the débuts in them were those of Billy Bennett and Herbert Mundin, who began in 1919 in Boulogne. Billy Bennett's evening dress is plainly an emergency one of behind the lines. Mundin went with André Charlot and is now in Hollywood. The Rouge et Noirs, afterwards "Splinters," were organised by Eliot Makeham, who, like another fine actor, Frederick Leister, was once a concert performer.

IN 1921 there burst into success the Co-Optimists, a sudden commonwealth inspiration which made huge profits for some years. It instantly established Stanley Holloway, previously a struggling seaside entertainer, and included several comparative veterans. There was Wolseley Charles, clever composer and pianist from concert-party; there were Laddie Cliff and Davy Burnaby.

Laddie Cliff, boy prodigy of variety, appeared at the age of six with the Calvestos Concert Party at the Town Hall, Lerwick, in the Shetland Isles! At nine he was in a Crystal Palace pantomime; and his nimble, hustling person has for long been a part of London musical comedy, especially as an ideal foil for Stanley Lupino.

Although Davy Burnaby, once a slim, languid exponent of silly-ass parts, did not begin in concert-party, he was for some time a shining light of the March Hares, with the

late Herbert Clayton as vocalist. Clayton, former Gaiety leading man, found a business partner in Jack Waller, who had himself started in a minstrel troupe. The firm of Clayton and Waller, who staged "No, No, Nanette," ran for eight years and at one time was the most prosperous theatrical management in London.

The ruffles and pom-poms of Pierrot never boasted any monopoly of this ubiquitous form of public relaxation. His dress had many permutations, and was often rejected. The Gaieties, Masqueraders, Gay Gondoliers, Butterflies, and others departed therefrom. Evening dress was sometimes adopted. Refinement and "tone" were doing for the concert-party what Charles Morton did for the old Palace, which became a Theatre of Varieties instead of a music-hall, just as concert-parties became Concert Entertainers.

For many years a splendid, polite little company made Bohemia, Broadstairs, famous. Here was Tom Clare, in after years the leading piano entertainer of his day, and still well qualified to hold any audience. George Edwardes visited Bohemia and promptly signed up their leading comedian, W. H. Berry, who had previously been, with his wife, a popular draw on the pier at Great Yarmouth. From the "Merry Widow" days at Daly's, Berry never looked back, and presently became a star in his own right at the Adelphi with his beaming presence and clean drollery. I have never heard anyone deliver a topical ditty better.

Broadstairs is a good illustration of the different paths into which informal entertainment diverged. For 35 years this resort has had Uncle Mac's jolly black-face minstrels; and Uncle Mac himself is undisputed doyen of his tribe. But burnt cork, though not yet extinct, is on the wane. The real negro has stepped into the shoes of his impersonators, who once were an institution. Did not Eugene Stratton come from the Moore and Burgess and Mohawk Minstrels?

Two very popular comedians, with little in common as to methods, claim inclusion. Bobby Howes, after a variety début at 14, was one of the Gotham Quartette; but he toured with several concert parties. Eventually this engaging little artist found a footing in revue and cabaret.

Sydney Howard, embodiment of unctuous, nervous dignity, hails from Yeadon, near Leeds. His very first professional engagement—he was Syd Howard then—was with Cousin Freddie's Cosy Corner at St. Annes-on-Sea. Though first seen in London in 1919 at the Hippodrome, it was not until 1927, in "Hit the Deck," that his ripe experience and abilities found real recognition.

It is only reasonable that concert-party should have produced its authors as well as its artists. Marriott Edgar, always a capable comedian, is one of these: always busy on songs and monologues; and Douglas Furber, one of theatreland's most popular and incorrigible wits, exchanged the stick of paint for the pen some years ago. He is probably the most prolific of all writers for the lighter stage. Arthur Wimperis is another author who was once a performer.

Variety recruited from the same source Clarkson Rose and Arthur Prince. Revue has claimed charming Mary Lawson, fertile Ronald Frankau and the audacious Douglas Byng, not to mention Charles Heslop, long associated with that gay band the Brownies. Arthur Margetson, Webster Booth, Eric Blore, Leslie Sarony, Bobbie Comber, Norman Long, Clarice Mayne, Carrie Tubb, the veteran Savoyard Walter Passmore, and the late Margaret Cooper must be included in the list of graduates of alfresco.

Is it alfresco any longer? It must be conceded that the elaboration of the seaside show has partly smothered the old spirit. Many of them are now, to all intents and purposes, intimate revues, housed in pavilions with modern stage lighting, small orchestras, a line of dancing girls and (alas) microphones. They pay handsomely, which should silence criticism, perhaps. Yet the open air, a piano and

(Continued on page 88)

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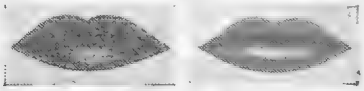

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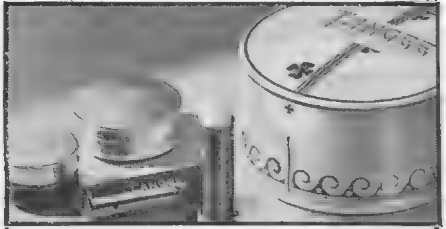

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They All Came from Concert Parties

no curtain, meant atmosphere apart from the sea breeze—a suggestion of apparent improvisation which was its very essence. The work was, and is, quite arduous; but the resource demanded when things went wrong, as they often did, was probably the most valuable part of the performer's training.

Some 3,000 people now earn a living in summer troupes. With the arrival of spring, feverish activity starts. Vocal demonstrators of new numbers sing themselves hoarse in the music-publishers' offices of Charing Cross Road. Artistes are booked for resident parties—the touring troupes are not so numerous now. Rehearsal-rooms, especially in the Soho area, resound with the choruses of to-morrow and the heavy clump of steps to spavined pianos in the concerted numbers. Often six or seven complete changes of programme have to be learned by everybody.

And it is no dead-end. Who knows? Into the audience any night may steal C. B. Cochran, Jack Waller, George Black of the Palladium, a big agent, a talent-scout, some film man—for Leslie Fuller did well on the screen, didn't he? A chance, perhaps, of an hour relayed on the radio; for the air has been for years a fine concert-party field.

Long live Pierrot and his relations. He is more than part of our holiday fun. With his brothers and sisters of the motley, he is an important nursery for the big-time talent of the future.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 31)

When all is said that can be said against her, one remembers that she was a bewitchingly lovely girl with an imbecile of a mother who married her off, when still almost a child, to an impecunious and unlovable rascal. The case against Perdita is perhaps, then, only this—that she did not prove herself to be a woman in a million. After all, Garrick believed in her.

Embracing both the above-mentioned chronicles and linking them together in its own history comes Mr. Eric Dancy's *Hyde Park* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), a short, gaily-written record of the area from the days of the Romans until the reign of George VI. Sometimes it is a little too gaily written. In matters of fact as well as of opinion, Mr. Dancy has occasionally to be looked at twice. There are also rather too many omissions—at least, I found a good number of my own private queries, nursed patiently for years, were passed over. And in a book of this kind an index is a necessity; it should never have been issued without one. But in spite of its capacity for ruffling the reader, it is a most entertaining and enjoyable little compilation, full of odds and ends of knowledge carried without strain and imparted without pedantry. The Danish illustrator, Ebbe Sadolin, has contributed numerous marginal pencil sketches; they are unusually charming, and provide one of the principal attractions of a graceful volume.

JUST now I was talking of Perdita Robinson, who found the task of being a Royal mistress quite beyond her scope. It is interesting to turn to a book like Margaret Trouncer's *The Pompadour* (Faber and Faber, 15s.) and see how the job of being the power behind the Throne was handled by a woman of exceptional ability and character. No one has ever done it better or more successfully than Madame de Pompadour; and one can never weary of seeing a task perfectly performed, a career completely mastered and understood. The author, who has previously devoted a volume to the life of Louise de La Valliere, has tackled the Pompadour with knowledge, zeal and sympathy, and produced a very good study of a most remarkable woman. There are a dozen or fifteen illustrations, particularly well chosen.

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C.F.H.

An Eye for Detail

(*Continued from page* 51)

the Polish Corridor within the Wykeham land. The General regarded it as a land of promise, an annoyance and an endless grievance all at the same time. He could not help but regard its owner as an hereditary enemy.

So, despite the cheerful hullabaloo he made on seeing the grey car at the door, he was not disappointed when he found the library occupied, not by Noel but by Cynthia, Noel's wife.

"My dear Cynthia," he exclaimed, with both hands outstretched. "This is kind of you. Did you hear that Angela had made me a fishing widower? Have you come to take pity on my deserted state?"

Mrs. Long turned from the window. She was fair, thirty-eight and inclined to stoutness. Like many other fair women, she had kept her youthful complexion and her golden hair for thirty-five years without much trouble, but suddenly both had begun to fade. She was the type who had neither the art nor the energy to keep pace with their fading. She had let them go and her figure also, and resigned herself to the ranks of those who prefer comfort to an uphill struggle.

"A fishing widower," she said, in a puzzled voice. "I knew that you were alone. So Angela's fishing, is she? Where can one fish this time of the year?"

"She's got bitten by this big-game fishing. You know—Tunny. You spend all day and night off Scarborough in a stinking motor-vessel following the herring-boats. She has joined some kind of a club in Scarborough. On Monday afternoon she had a wire saying the herrings were running, or some such information, and she was off by the evening train. She's mad on it—went off as excited as a child at the thought of spending the next forty-eight hours freezing on the North Sea."

"How very uncomfortable it sounds! Have you been bitten with this Tunny fishing too?"

"Me? God, no! You won't get me into a small boat on the sea! Not even for a fish weighing five hundred pounds. I should be sick as a dog all the time . . ." He broke off, realising that Mrs. Long was not listening. She had turned her head away to look out of the window. Her hands were twisting and untwisting her handkerchief in obvious embarrassment or distress.

"I say," he repeated, awkwardly, "it's half-past six. Wouldn't you like a spot . . . a glass of sherry or something, or a cocktail?"

She shook her head. "No, thank you. I don't want anything." She kept her face turned away to the window. Then after a pause, still twisting her handkerchief, she went on: "I came to ask you to do something for me."

"Why, of course, my dear; what is it?" asked the General, puzzled by the strangeness of her manner.

"I wonder if you could meet Noel for me. He's coming from London by the seven-forty to-night, and it's rather inconvenient for me to meet him."

"Is that all? Of course I can. I'll ring now and tell Crofts to send the car." Sir Archibald stepped towards the bell.

"And would you mind . . . do you think you could possibly . . . put him up *here* to-night?" asked Mrs. Long.

"I was just going to suggest the same thing," said the General. "Angela doesn't come back from Scarborough until early to-morrow morning. I shall be alone. It would be grand to have Noel to keep me company at dinner. It fits in splendidly."

"It's awfully good of you . . ." began Cynthia.

"But won't you stay to dinner too? There's no need to change. I'd like to show you where we propose to put the new rose-garden, and . . ."

"No, General. Thank you. It's very kind of you, but I must be getting back. I really ought to be going now. I've got a lot of packing . . . a lot of things to see to. I'm going away to-morrow."

"Going away? Not for long, I hope."

"I'm going to Strathfield, my mother's place, for . . . perhaps quite a long visit."

Mrs. Long began to pull on her gloves. Her movements were jerky, and it was obvious that she was controlling herself with difficulty.

"I hope . . . I hope," began the General with a show of anxiety, "that there's nothing wrong . . . that Lady Cardew is not ill or anything?"

"Thank you. The old lady is perfectly well. There's nothing ever the matter with her." Mrs. Long rose. "Tell Noel that I am . . ." She hesitated. "Oh, tell him anything you like." She went on with sudden bitterness. "Tell him the truth—that I'm going to Strathfield early to-morrow, and that I . . . that it's inconvenient for him to come home to-night." She walked to the door. "But whatever you do, keep him," she added with sudden grimness. "I rely upon you to do that."

Sir Archibald followed her through the hall to the front door, with his eyes popping with curiosity and excitement. He had never seen Mrs. Long other than calm and controlled and, as a rule, vastly concerned about her husband's comfort. She was the type of wife who ran to the front door on the sound of her husband's car. But now. . . . Something was up, he told himself. He had never seen her so distraught. And she was off to her mother's place, and did not want her husband in the house. Something serious had happened. Had there been a "bust up" between them?

He longed to know more, for he was intensely curious about the affairs of others. He longed to question her, for he was never happier than when accepting confidences and offering advice. But he could not pluck up courage to ask a leading question: He could only adopt a grave expression and make small clicking noises of distress as he followed her to her car.

As Mrs. Long seated herself at the wheel she turned to him. "It's very kind of you to do this for me, Archie," she said. "You are a real friend."

The General beamed with pleasure at her use of his first name. "My dear Cynthia," he purred, "it is you who are being kind by letting me have dear old Noel for the night. I only wish that you could stay also, or . . . that I could help you in any other way. I have a feeling that . . . that something has happened, and . . . and if I can be of any help. . ."

"You are right. Something has happened, but it's no good talking of it now, when even I know only half the story." She stared before her into the windscreen with hurt and angry eyes. "When I know the other half," she went on, "you will hear all about it. You'll *all* hear."

Savagely she jammed the lever into gear, then held out her hand to the General. "Thank you, Archie. You have been very kind. I hope I'll be able to repay you some day." Then it seemed that an idea struck her, for she put the gear back into neutral, and twisted round in her seat. "But, of course! I can repay you now. . ."

"My dear Cynthia, of course I want no repayment. I've told you. . . ."

"But the Risely Hardmoors. You still want them, don't you?"

"The Hardmoors. . . . ?"

"If the offer you made for them last year is still open, they are yours."

"But Cynthia. . . ."

"Do you still want them?"

"Of course I do. But . . . but. . . ."

"There's no more to be said. Your offer is accepted. I'll tell the agent to-night."

"But, my dear. . . ."

"That's settled then. And now I must fly. Give my love to darling Angela." She gave him a quick smile and a wave, and with a crash of gear and a spurt of gravel was off down the drive.

Sir Archibald stood gaping at the departing car. The Risely

(*Continued on page* 93)

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Hardmoors his! No longer would there be need to ask permission of the Longs whenever he wanted to drive partridges or shoot pheasants in that part. No longer would it be necessary to explain to his fishing guests that the river banks beyond the mill were not his. No longer would there be that unpleasant pink peninsula on the estate map intruding into the blue which marked his own land, which so offended his sense of order and tidiness. Now, in every direction in which he cared to gaze, the land was all his. It was such a stupendous happening that he did not even notice the large pool of black oil which Mrs. Long's car had left on the well-raked drive. The Risely Hardmoors his!

He had turned towards the stables, still thinking of the alteration in the estate map, when suddenly he halted. For the reason of Cynthia's sudden decision had dawned upon him. It meant that the Longs were leaving Upton Idle. For no other reason would she have parted with that precious strip of land and that still more precious reach of river. Both the Longs were keen trout fishers, and they would never consider giving up that stretch of water while they lived at Upton Idle. They were leaving! It was obvious. Noel and Cynthia had had a "bust up" and for one reason or another they were leaving the country. The money was all Cynthia's. If Cynthia decided to decamp, Noel would have no say in the matter. "Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed the General. The Hardmoors his, and Noel Long lording it no longer in the countryside!

He walked on slowly pondering the prospect, and at every step finding it more pleasing. There would be new people at Upton Idle. People newer to the county than himself, whom he could patronise and bear-lead. He saw himself "vetting," and reporting on them, and later advising them upon whom to call and whom to disregard. . . . And no more Noel lording it about on his wife's money, telling him what happened in the old days, and how old Lord Eventhorpe used to have the Wykeham coverts beaten. No more Noel jumping all the biggest fences and catching all the biggest trout. . . . It seemed too good to be true.

When he reached the garage and took out his car, his exaltation gave way to bewilderment. What could have caused this trouble between Cynthia and her husband? It must be something pretty serious if Cynthia would not have him in the house and had decided to leave Upton Idle at a moment's notice. Could it be another woman? He doubted it. Noel wasn't the type to jeopardise his comfortable life for the sake of a petticoat. Two years ago there had been some gossip about Noel and a certain Mrs. Lindeman in London, but Angela had known the facts and had assured him that there was nothing in it. Could it be Noel's extravagance? He had a regal disregard for money and was an inveterate gambler. He betted heavily on the racecourse, and always played at the high table at casinos. Perhaps, like other gamblers, he did not win so often as he said, and had gambled away more of Cynthia's money than her patience would stand. It seemed likely that the trouble might be to do with money if the Longs were leaving their home. Sir Archibald was not completely satisfied with this explanation, but he was too excited and cock-a-hoop at the way things had turned out for him to bother very much about the reason for the quarrel. The Longs going! The Risely Hardmoors his! As he drove his Rolls-Bentley to the station to meet his guest, he hummed a gay but tuneless song.

Once for a moment on the way the thought occurred to him of what it would mean to Noel to leave the country in which he had lived so long. He salved that fleeting pang of human sympathy by deciding that he would open a bottle of Cockburn's 1908 that evening, for that was Noel's favourite wine. That would help to cheer the poor fellow . . . At the same time he could celebrate his own good fortune. It was Sir Archibald's favourite wine also.

Noel appeared delighted to be met and asked to dinner, and betrayed not the least surprise or disinclination on being pressed to stay the night. Neither did he give an indication that anything was amiss between himself and his wife during the evening. He was his usual gay and charming self—in fact, he was in such good spirits and so full of plans for next year's shooting season that Sir Archibald was again conscious of a pang of pity. It was obvious that the poor fellow had no idea whatever of the sword of Damocles above his head.

As they sat together in the candle-light and the level of the wine in the decanter became steadily lower, Sir Archibald was tempted to give his guest some hint of warning to soften the blow when it came. But though the wine had warmed him to good fellowship, it had not sharpened his wits and he could not find a diplomatic opening. What was more, as the second decanter followed the first he became thick and muddled in his speech, though Noel most provokingly remained completely unaffected. When he found that Noel's hand was under his elbow steering him up the stairs, and he heard his soft chuckle of good-natured amusement, all his hatred of the man returned. "Blast him!" he muttered as he stumbled towards his bed. "He'll laugh on the other side of his face to-morrow. Poor fool! He little knows what's in store for him!"

THE next morning, as soon as he was shaved, the General put on his dressing-gown and slippers and padded off to visit his guest. These early morning visits were a habit of his. He liked to make sure that his guests had everything they wanted; that no detail had been forgotten; that their shoes were well cleaned, and that the bath-water was hot. The General had an unpleasant headache, and he took a bottle of aspirins with him in case Noel might be in similar need of it.

He found him in his bath-room shaving. He was stripped to the waist, and Sir Archibald noticed with envy how firm were his muscles and how there was not a trace of superfluous fat on his body. His eyes were clear and his colour healthy, and in response to the General's inquiry as to how he felt, he laughed and said, "Never better. Wine as good as that we had last night couldn't hurt a child." The General nodded agreement though the nod sent shooting pains through his head, and slipped the bottle of aspirins back into his dressing-gown pocket.

"Do you find that stuff as good as ordinary shaving soap?" he inquired, pointing to the tube of patent shaving cream with which Noel was lathering his face.

"This Latherex? Yes, I think so. The barber at my club persuaded me to try it. I've got another tube somewhere. Would you like to try it? I'll make you a present of it if you like."

"That's very kind of you," said the General, examining the tube which Noel had put down. "I'd like to try it." Then he went on: "You've got the wrong screw-top on it. That top belongs to a Maclean's tooth-paste tube."

"What an eye for detail you've got," laughed Noel. "I'm glad you were never my inspecting officer in the army. You don't miss much."

The General smiled and shook his head knowingly. "I must admit I was pretty hot stuff in the old days. It took a smart fellow to fox me."

"I'll bet it did," agreed Noel, scraping his chin. "By the way," he went on, "I heard a car outside a few minutes ago. Could that be the return of our big game fisheress?"

The General glanced at his watch. "By Gad, it must be. Her train must have been very punctual. I must go and see what sport she's had." He turned to the door. "I'll see you at breakfast in about twenty minutes."

As he hurried along the passage towards his wife's room, he heard the sound of a bath being run and Angela singing. Never before had he heard her sing that he could remember. "She must have had (Continued on page 94)

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good sport," he thought. "I wonder what she's got." He wondered at the same time whether there had been any press-photographers present to take pictures of her catch.

The bath-room door was ajar and Angela was standing by the window.

"Hulloah, old girl. You sound very cheerful. What is it this time—a two-hundred pounder ?"

Angela broke off her song and turned. She wrapped her dressing-gown more closely about her as if she was suddenly cold. "Oh . . . hulloah," she said.

"Well, what did you catch ? What sort of a trip did you have ?" asked Sir Archibald.

"Quite pleasant, thank you. It wasn't a bit rough."

"Get any big ones ?"

"Oh no. I didn't catch anything."

"Was that on account of the fog ?"

"The fog . . . ?"

"It said in the papers that it was foggy on the North Sea."

"Did it ? It wasn't foggy where I was."

The General was fussing about the room, feeling if the bath-water was hot and putting the toothbrushes straight in the rack.

"I was just going to take my bath," began Angela. "If you don't mind . . ."

"Just a minute, my dear," said the General, "I've got some news for you."

"News ? Well, you won't mind if I brush my teeth, I hope."

"My dear, I've got the Risely Hardmoors. Cynthia has accepted . . ."

"The Risely Hardmoors !" exclaimed Angela, turning. "What do you mean ?"

"Cynthia has accepted my offer. You see, the Longs are leaving Upton Idle. Cynthia and Noel have had a bust-up."

"What ?" Angela's tooth-brush fell with a clatter into the basin, and the tube of tooth-paste in her hand fell and rolled to the General's feet.

"Noel doesn't know anything about it yet," continued the General. "But Cynthia's caught him out in some way."

He stooped and picked up the fallen tube.

"But . . . but how . . ." began Angela in a strained voice. Then her hands went up to her mouth, and she could only stare in horror at her husband's face.

He was looking at the tube in his hand as if it was a cobra. His face had gone mottled red and purple as if he was about to have a stroke.

In his hand he held a tube of Maclean's tooth-paste, but though its screw-top was the same white as the tube, printed across it in red letters was the name "LATHEREX."

Crisp Windows and Cool Floors

(*Continued from page 57*)

the sun whilst admitting whatever breezes are going. Distinguished from their ancestors with gay colouring and threaded with contrasting coloured tapes, they stand out among the most decorative and practical features of our time.

Having settled the window problem, look to the floors to complete your plans for a cool house. Thick pile carpets, fluffy rugs and heroic-sized patterns are your enemies in the struggle for restfulness.

Floors kept free from rugs and heavy patterned coverings give a cooler note indoors and allow more scope for the free passage of air. The removal of carpets for summer is not always practicable, but a rearrangement of the furniture so as to give an impression of wider floor space will help in the search for summer comfort.

Manilla matting is among the most suitable forms of floor covering for hot days, and is more and more used in the modern home for all-the-year-round comfort and economy. Fitted all over, it is neat and decorative and well suited as a background for modern furniture. It lacks nothing in comfort and protection when winter comes and is, of course, pleasantly inexpensive.

Painted floorboards are not so much used as their cool, gay appearance warrants. This, possibly, because of fears that damaged paintwork will give a shabby appearance to the rooms. If, however, the floorboards are in reasonable repair and the colouring is properly carried out with one of the several paints which are now specially fortified against such rough use, this method of floor treatment for summer cannot be too much praised

A coloured floor strewn with smooth-textured, multi-coloured Oriental rugs gives a "lift" to any room if the colouring is carefully studied, and for coolness perhaps only a flagstone floor could beat it.

Man Mounts towards the Stars

(*Continued from page 9*)

had made these marvels a part of the routine of the earth life were ignored.

At the same time, our old scientist would discover that while scientific research and man's endless battle with Nature went on more intensively than ever before, while in every country teams of thinkers, chemists, engineers worked intensively and tirelessly in research stations to enlarge the range of human life and man's mastery of his environment, the whole structure of this elaborate civilisation was imperilled by throw-backs to the age when men could find no better way to settle their disputes than resort to stone clubs and sharpened stakes, fire-hardened for more effective penetration of the flesh sheaths covering vital parts of the human mechanism.

Men, in short, were still undecided whether they were going on and up, along the path to the stars, or down and out on the toboggan slide of new major wars and slumps. And Huyghens would perhaps sigh wearily, surveying the boundless opportunities offered by wealth, power, knowledge and resources beyond the wildest dreams of the most forward-looking thinkers and prophets of his day.

£3,000,000,000 a year being spent on arms and war preparations ! What that expenditure might mean if diverted from destructive to constructive channels ! £286,000,000 of new gold is being dug out of the earth every year now. Our system, through the agency of bank credit, can increase the purchasing power of that gold tenfold : it is £2,860,000,000 of new wealth brought annually into our world for use, if we can find out how to use it. But right now it is being put back into the ground again. A fixed price of 35 dollars an ounce draws it irresistibly to America ; and as the Americans, having already two-thirds of the world gold stocks, cannot use it, they freeze it away in a subterranean troop-guarded vault in Kentucky.

There is enough gold in the world now for men to provide vast Asia with the same equipment for living—railways, roads, cities, gardens, telegraphs and telephones, vehicles—that the highly developed Western industrial States have provided for themselves. If they utilised this gold, men could conquer the polar regions and add the wealth of those barren lands—the greatest potential power source we know—to mankind. It is not a matter of new invention or discovery. The technical knowledge and equipment we have now. What we have not discovered is how to co-operate to break the ice-jams in the monetary and political realms, and put our wealth to use.

Under our noses men are engaged in the greatest experiment of all time : they are trying to sustain a world civilisation by co-ordinating its economy. If they can "iron out" slump and boom they may be able to assure that our material progress at least proceeds

(*Continued on page 96*)

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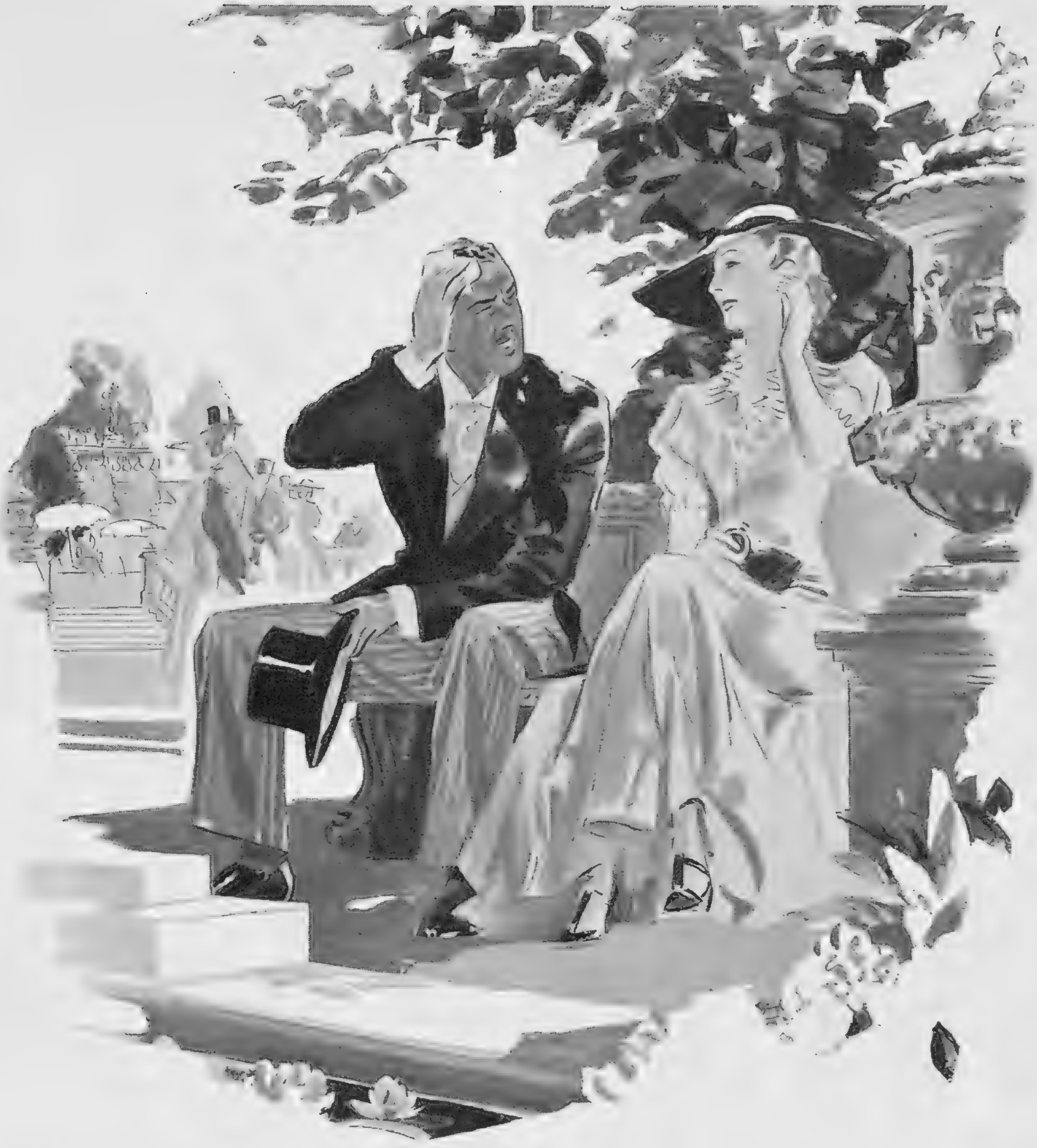

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Unhurried — yes. But coolness isn't always a matter of manners, charm demands more than poise. As well to remember, sir and madam, the sovereign solace of "*4711*." On hot, headachey days—just a touch on your temples. As a massage after your bath—the final rite of renewal. Sprayed in your drawing-room—sprayed on your neck and shoulders to quiet troubled nerves—at every turn of the rush called modern life, turn to "*4711*." Keeping charm charming, keeping life livable— "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne. Made in the City of Cologne to-day, as in 1792, to that secret, perfect prescription. The incomparable Eau de Cologne—the classic one!

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relatively smoothly, instead of in a series of bumps and shocks, each of which threatens to shake the machine of our economic civilisation off its bed-plate (the last gigantic economic collapse nearly did bring on a new Dark Age).

The solution of this problem of meshing the economic lives of sixty nations, and providing stable money, and releasing the enormous gold stocks and hoards for constructive work in the world, is more important for our world than the discovery of the catalyst which will turn iron into gold, or the finding of the key to the riddle of sleep, or even of the solving of the riddle of death. The latter may seem the greatest discovery and triumph of all; but while men can kill one another in masses in war, and have the will to do it, the knowledge of how to prolong life, even indefinitely, is not of much benefit, and can easily be lost in the dust of such collapses as strew the course of human history, ending the life of those earlier successive civilisations which also in their day thought of themselves as eternal and indestructible.

Nevertheless, scientists in every country are worrying away at the problem of the nature of life, which is still a complete mystery. They have uncovered strata after strata of knowledge; but the core is still buried from sight. They have found that hormones, gland extracts, and vitamins exert a powerful influence on the life functions and the human personality. They are finding things out about genes and chromosomes which one day will be regarded as the pioneer work on the road towards the scientific breeding of supermen and superwomen. They know a great deal about chemical formulas, without having as yet any idea of the mechanism of their action. They have, however, got far enough to be able to pass, in medical research, from the study of the diseases of youth to those of old age.

Nobody has yet been able to say just why, at some period in life, our cells cease to reproduce themselves, and senility sets in, with death at its end. Man's knowledge of the mysterious causes of senility is nil. He knows quite a lot about his beginning, the origin of life; but he has not been able to plumb even the shallows of the deep ocean of death. And yet senility may be no more than a simple deficiency of some gland extract or extracts, easily remedied.

The day may come when man will still have to face death, but not senility. He may be able to renew his life cycle over and over again, until some central mechanism is worn out, and, to avoid the horror of a slow crumbling after centuries of full and robust life, he says goodbye to the bright life of the earth, and has himself projected painlessly into the shades whence none return.

In the realm of medicine and surgery there are miracles which must, unfortunately, remain in that aloof realm for many more years, although a wider application would save untold sufferings and thousands of lives. Painless childbirth and painless dentistry are two among these miracles. Both must be tested far more thoroughly, and on far more patients, before the methods and chemicals dared be applied in general practice. The method which is successful in one case may be fatal in another; and the injection which leaves no harmful effect on one person may severely damage another.

Surgeons are very careful about using one of the newest anæsthetics. It has none of the bad after-effects of ordinary anæsthetics; it seems to duplicate ordinary sleep. But the men who use it know that their knowledge about it is at present inadequate; rather than risk giving it to a patient who might not awake from it, they administer the ordinary anæsthetic.

So much must be done by careful experimentation, and protracted observation, before a miracle in the field of medicine can be declared safe for general use. Transfusion of blood now saves life. But it took time to find out that all blood is not alike, and that the blood for the patient must be drawn from a person whose blood is chemically akin to that of the person into whose system it is to be pumped. Otherwise, the transfusion does not help; it kills.

There are only a few great doctors and great surgeons; while the number of specialists, experts in one small field which they have made their life's study, is severely limited. Thus the miracle of a life saved by a masterly diagnosis, or a daring operation, cannot be repeated *ad infinitum*.

But when the miracle of television is harnessed to the everyday life of our world, it will be possible for a patient in London to be examined by a specialist hundreds or thousands of miles away. It will even be possible for a surgeon specialist to supervise a difficult operation in an operating theatre on the other side of the earth. But time must elapse before these miracles can happen. . . .

The word "best" has disappeared. There is always something waiting round the corner of to-morrow.

Now, more and more people are living to die of some variant of old age, so triumphant has been the conquest of accident and disease. This is all the more astonishing when one glances at such phenomena as the mortality of the roads and the death rate in industry. In the coal mines of this island alone a thousand men are killed every year; on the roads, five thousand people are slain. We are appalled—but only because this is tragedy visible to the naked eye—it is sudden, violent death. Death from disease, ranging from complications of the common cold to tuberculosis and some variant of fever, used to take in a week more people than are massacred on the roads or in the coal mines in a year. In half a century, we have added twenty years to the average human life through hygiene, medical research and community organisation.

And life becomes ever safer. There are to-day more than 1,200 laboratories and research stations where specialists are busy studying the technical problem of reducing the risks of the road. The robot light signals which now control big-city main-route traffic have lessened accidents and saved innumerable lives. It took years of laboratory work to perfect them. The modern motor-tyre is a scientific miracle which, in 1914, would have been laughed at as among the technical impossibilities. Men said then that rubber and cotton never would stand up to strains as they now stand up to on the wheels of the ordinary family saloon—let alone the wheels of a motor-coach or a 300 m.p.h. record-breaking car. More lives again will be saved as the problems presented by slippery road surfaces and rubber-tyre skids are progressively solved.

A potent cause of air casualties used to be the high speed at which pilots had to land in order to retain control of their machines. It took scientific workers nearly a decade to devise the slotted wing and kindred devices, which now enable the pilot to land slowly. Technicians are now toiling to lessen the risk of engine failure in the first few moments following the take-off—the mechanical failure which killed Wiley Post and Will Rogers. They are looking for a way to make petrol non-inflammable when released into the air, or, alternatively, for a fuel which will explode under pressure, but will not catch fire when its tank bursts and sprays it over a hot engine.

Fog is still a peril to air and sea craft. Science has devised the fog-piercing red ray, the radio beam which the pilot can follow from the sky to ground, the blind-flying instruments and technique, delicate electrical instruments to diminish the danger of collision in a fog-wrapped sea.

The purifying of air in factories by air-conditioning apparatus saves thousands of lives annually, besides making the workshop a healthier place to labour in; and the use of this latest scientific wonder in trains and buildings is increasingly becoming one of the important safeguards to life and health. The average citizen, if he only knew it, runs more risk in his own home than he does in the outside world, mainly through slipping and falling—on rugs, stair-carpets, steps, and baths; and science ceaselessly labours to cut the risk

(*Continued on page 98*)

SEAGERS
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Côte d'Azur Foundation

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For a Sun-Tan make-up

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Home Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with the new Bleaching Cream, to whiten, soften and clear your skin of sallowness and discolourations, 4/6. Nourish with Perfection Cream to banish "squint lines," dryness or wrinkles, 5/6. Tone, brace and refine your skin with Skin Toning Lotion, 5/- (or Special, 4/6, if your skin is dry).

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of death and damage in home accidents. Industrial, engineering, electrical, and chemical miracles are in the making, all opening new vistas of wonder. You will find in laboratories varieties of rubber unknown in nature—material which, when perfected and commercialised, will be used for thousands of purposes in place of wood, leather, cloth, metal and concrete. The aforesaid materials will be displaced because a better material will be available for a specific purpose. We should within the next two decades see a new synthetic rubbery substance giving our great cities noiseless and non-skid street surfaces.

Probably by 1950 electrical power will be immensely cheapened, and so brought into greatly extended use in the poorest households, and in our lives generally, by a revolution in the generating machinery. In the research department of one of the world's greatest plants for the production of central electricity station machinery you will see the experimental model of the new machine in action. It is a method of generating power by mercury vapour instead of steam as the motive agent of turbines.

Anything from five to fifty years elapses normally before a momentous invention or discovery passes from the laboratory stage into commercial usage. It took years to evolve the first primitive self-starter for the motor-car, and Charles Kettering, the versatile scientific and engineering genius who now directs General Motors Research Corporation, filled a huge shed with apparatus before he even got the hang of the little mechanism he wanted. He has in his laboratory something as weird and wonderful, and fraught with the strangest possibilities, as the Lindbergh-Flexner mechanical heart—a bearing and a crankshaft running without lubrication. The crankshaft is at red heat, but it goes on running, although, according to all theory, it would long ago have "seized."

Why cannot this miracle be applied? Because all the research men can say, so far, is that they and everybody else made a big mistake when they thought they knew all about lubrication and friction. The truth is, we haven't the faintest idea of the mechanism of friction, and we have to learn all about it before we can make much progress with the lubrication problem (which touches our everyday lives at all points, through our use of machines). It is only latterly that the big oil companies have learned that the temperature viscosity curve of oils can be changed, which means that it is not necessary for an oil to be thick in winter and thin in summer.

One day we shall run into a fuelless world. But men are already working out the mechanics of sun engines, tidal power plants, and power plants actuated by the heat drawn from the earth's core through heat shafts from 12 to 50 miles deep. Sun machines are working now. In the U.S.S.R. several farm communities use solar furnaces to heat water, and dry fruit and vegetables for winter storage. So far, the best of the sun machines is estimated to have an efficiency of only one-tenth of one per cent. But this will improve. The cathode tube in the contemporary television apparatus has an efficient of only five per cent.—but every year the efficiency is notched up.

In time the physicists, engineers, chemists and metallurgists, the technicians and thinkers and experimenters who work in teams these days, will be able to grow food without soil, forecast the weather far ahead, make rain at will, and create millions of new synthetic chemicals from starches, sugar and cellulose, in turn produced from waste vegetable matter. They will bring the stars and planets closer and ever closer—they have already brought the moon within 24 miles by the enormous 17 ft. 20-ton reflector made for the astronomers of the Californian Institute of Technology. The latter instrument has been six years in the making and will not be ready for another four years. The mighty glass eye takes years to shape and grind. It took a year to cool after being poured. The curvature when it is done must not be of more than two-millionths of an inch at any point. But already the technicians are talking of greater eyes—of monster reflecting lenses which will take 20 years to manufacture and grind for use, and will bring the stars ever closer to human eyes.

By the time the first moon-machines are ready to take off, men will have complete data of the passage, and large-scale maps of the moon landscape, charted by men who will have examined it from an eye distance of no more than five to ten miles. It has been estimated that to make the most complete preparations for a voyage to the moon might cost £25,000,000. But the attempt would still be as experimental, on the technical side, as the first gun tractor constructed by the artillery captain Cugnot in France in 1769 (if he had been able to power it adequately, it might have changed the course of human history), or the Olds car of 1886 which sired the automobile industry of to-day.

The risks would be colossal: risks of being burnt in the hot zone above the stratosphere, of being bombarded with cosmic rays which pass through several feet of metallic lead, of being shattered either by the shock of discharge or the impact of arrival, of missing the moon or of being lost on an airless and waterless dead world, or of leaving the moon safely but missing or crashing on the earth. But men have always been willing to accept the risks of the unknown. It is unlikely that the first moon-machines will let their users off any more lightly than have the land and air machines during this last half-century. We learn slowly—but we learn; and despite disease, decadence and war, and the successive collapses of his card-house civilisations, man still rises indomitably after every fall, and resumes his climb towards the stars.

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Underground Europe

(Continued from page 11)

Members of the Camorra used to communicate with each other in public by sneezes, coughs, and animal noises: so if you hear odd sounds in Neapolitan streets to-day, you'll know what it means.

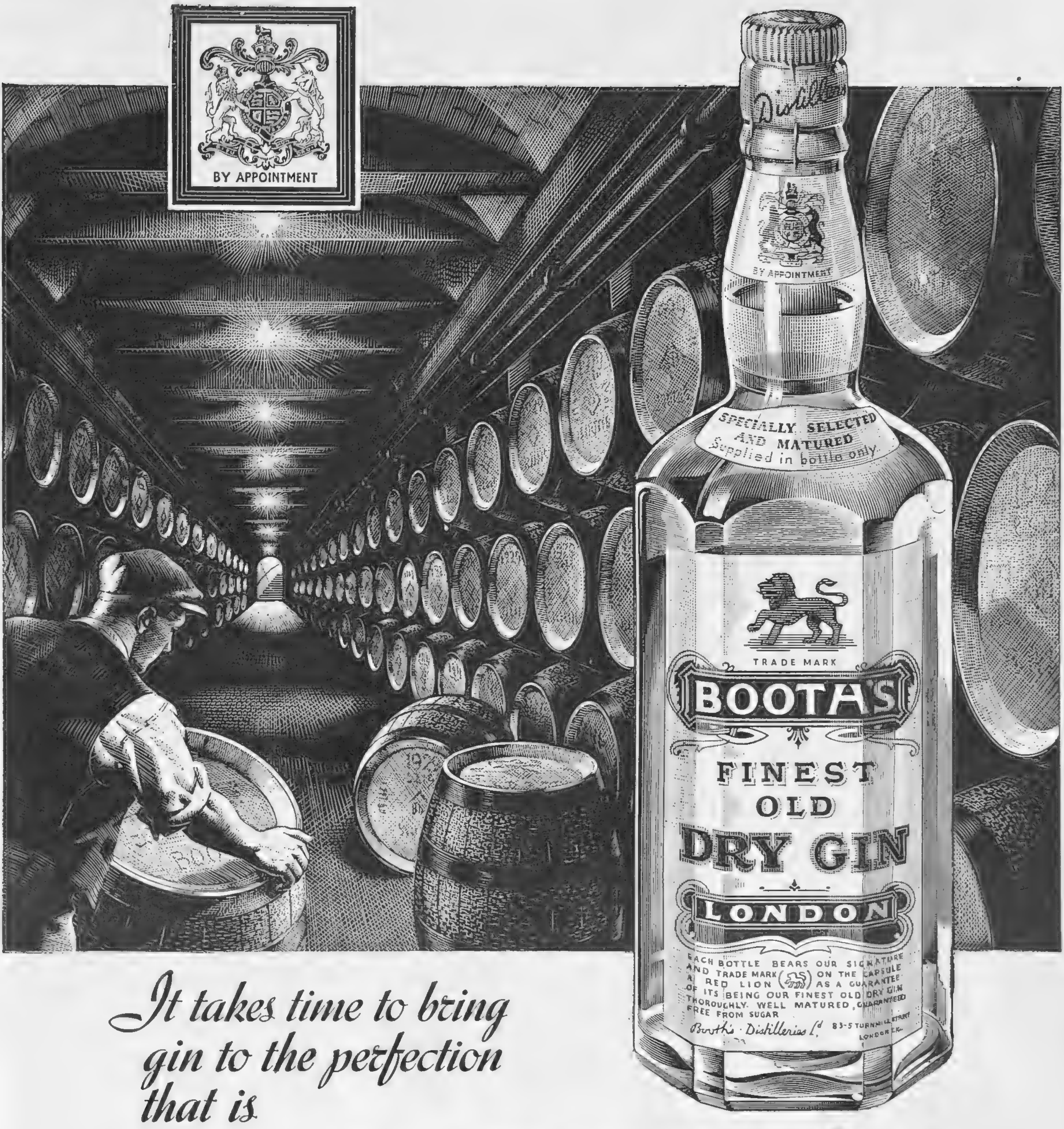
For the sake of safety, societies are usually divided into groups, unknown to each other, controlled by a central power often unknown to individual members themselves. This is the surest method known. Any opposition to Hitler among workers has to be done like this; it is known that men formed "cells" of five only in German factories just after the 1933 Revolution, and it was never possible to find out exactly who belonged to them.

Members and sub-divisions are generally given code-names—often seasons of the year and days of the week. (You may have read Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday.*) In societies which pay their members (and the best ones never rely on mere enthusiasm!) money can be paid by leaving it in a hiding place (not a very safe method), or (much better) by using waiters, taxi-drivers, or any agents who have continual daily contact with many people. Most societies in all ages have preferred to meet underground. As for traitors, or anything but blind obedience, it is obvious that the only possible penalty is death; although the efficiency of the modern police (if incorruptible) makes this risk worth taking only in extreme cases.

And now let us tour the European underworld.

At the beginning I referred to the Moscow trials. We may as well begin again with Russian secret organisations; not, of course, that they are necessarily the most important to us. For the inside history of the Moscow trials we have to go back to 1900. For in 1900 a certain Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanoff, nicknamed

(Continued on page 100)



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Squint-Eye, but known to us as Lenin, was released after three years' exile in Siberia. And the next important year was 1905, when Bronstein, now known as Trotsky, first made his appearance. Then, in 1908, the police temporarily suppressed Russian secret societies: so they were continued abroad. Maxim Gorki, the author, ran one at Capri; another was at Paris; and another at Bologna, of which, it is believed, Mussolini was a member. Lenin collected more secret members at Zurich during the War.

The Bolsheviks were now led by three men —Lenin, Kameneff, and Zinovieff—two of whom were shot last August for plotting against Stalin. We must remember, of course, that Stalin was the very man Lenin did *not* want for his successor. But in any case Kameneff and Zinovieff represent the conspiratorial instinct at its most chronic. They loved the Cause, but were natural rebels. Lenin's chief instrument of discipline, to seek out opponent secret societies, was itself a secret society for State espionage—the deadly Cheka, a slightly fiercer edition of Hitler's Gestapo. And he needed it, too. As long ago as 1925, a man called Sobelsohn (afterwards known as Radek) was dismissed for Trotskyism: he had once said to Lenin—"If there were 500 courageous men here we would throw you into prison." Radek the journalist returned to power in 1930. And the whole business came up again in the trials. For secret-society opposition will continue in Russia, prominent men breaking out from time to time and threatening to send each other to Siberia, until the U.S.S.R. has finished its "transition stage." It is believed in Moscow that Bukharin, editor of the *Izvestia*, and other "Old Guard Bolsheviks," will be the next suspected plotters to be tried.

The kind of secret society which comes nearest to popular fiction's romantic imagination exists, and always has existed, abundantly in the Balkans.

As an instance of the utter insecurity of life there, take Albania, the perfect prototype of "Ruritania." Here King Zog still has to have food-tasters, so real is his fear of being poisoned by the Hidden Hand—in particular, by the Clirini Kombetar, a mainly Communist organisation of great danger to him. Moreover, the blood-feud tradition lingers on in the Balkans. Albanians will tell you that over five hundred such feuds are held against King Zog himself! Actually, there have been two unsuccessful attempts to kill him. Other secret machinations in Albania, influenced by foreign powers (mainly by Italy), are so many and so small that it would be wearisome to go into them all; but they are none the less important to the peace of the Balkans.

Perhaps the most powerful society belongs to Jugoslavia (formerly Serbia)—the Black Hand, which, however, is not known by that name now. There's a fine old romantic name for you! And it is not to be confused with the Italian Black Hand, either. The Serbian one had all the weird traditional features of secret societies, and its various modern offspring are of the same kind. Their seal—a clenched fist grasping a skull and crossbones, a knife, a bomb, a flask of poison. Each member to enlist a group of five others. Initiation administered by a masked man. Whenever a member was called upon to commit an important crime—say, a murder—a code "agony" notice appeared for him in that respectable organ the *Belgrade Commercial News*.

In Jugoslavia, more than anywhere else, assassination is the accepted political weapon. The Serbs can get away with it pretty easily in their own country. The *Ujedinjenje ili Smrt*, Union of Death, or Black Hand, was founded to unite all the Serb peoples in 1911, four years after the failure of the plot to blow up King Nicholas of Montenegro at Cettinje. It began its "pan-Slav" work in Austria. Its members used to frequent the Green Garland café: refugees and mere schoolboys, most of them were. In 1914 three of them, Prinzip, Tchabrinovitch and Grabezh—all Bosnian students, and all, curiously enough, consumptive—succeeded in murdering the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Serajevo. Thus did a secret society precipitate the Great War.

The international nature of secret society assassinations is typified by the dramatic murder of King Alexander and M. Barthou at Marseilles (that old centre of conspiracy!) in 1934. The assassin, Georgiev, was a Macedonian "patriot" who wanted to separate the Serbs from Jugoslavia. Serb plots like this have been going on for nearly half a century. Georgiev belonged to the Macedonian I.M.R.O., led by Mihailov (another killer), a very efficient gang indeed. Georgiev had killed at least two other "enemies of the Cause." His favourite dream, he once said, was to blow up the League of Nations building at Geneva.

Austria is in many ways a "Balkan" kind of state. The efficient secret organisation which planned the murder of Dr. Dollfuss showed this. To-day Austria is a tangle of German, Italian and Communist intrigue. Spies, counter-spies dressed as policemen, and Nazis all played their parts in that cut-and-dried piece of international gangsterism.

Hungary, of course, is one vast secret society. Pan-German feeling is strong there.

Rumania, curiously enough, has not yet had a revolution. But it certainly has its share of secret societies. Madame Lupescu has her own secret service, but, as a Jewess, she has been bitterly opposed by the Fascist Iron Guard, although the other day (March, 1937) she made a sudden and baffling alliance with them. This may be ominous for Rumania. The Iron Guard (typical of semi-secret societies!) was founded by a *Pole*, Codreaunu, in 1927. There have been several plots against Lupescu; and in 1934 Prime Minister Duca was assassinated by Iron Guard followers. On March 3rd of this year, there was a dagger attack on the Rector of Jassay University. All universities have been temporarily closed, Masonic lodges and political students suppressed, and secret societies ordered to be dissolved—as if they could ever be! Powerful Nikolai Titulescu, a great worker for European peace, is also a possible victim for the various Fascist parties in Rumania.

Thus from even the smallest Balkan plots, international disturbances are liable to result.

Travelling south a little, we come to Greece, where secret societies are so permanent that no form of government can last long there. They all have vague "nationalist" and anti-Turk aims. The oldest Greek societies were the Hetairis or Associations of Rhigas, and the Philiker, from which modern ones are descended.

We cross rapidly the entire breadth of the Mediterranean to—Spain. She, too, has always had networks of secret brotherhoods to hinder her. The Spanish character is well suited to them. Everything must be done by word of mouth, and remember that nearly 50 per cent. of the people cannot write. They are tenacious, merciless, deadly earnest and seldom treacherous. For centuries Spanish societies have persisted, and are undoubtedly one of the chief causes of Spain's political failures. The desperate ideals behind their terrible oaths are exactly the ideals that drive forward the Civil War to-day. The societies have always been largely influenced and even directed from abroad. Mexican secret organisations co-operate closely with them; Russia is concerned in them; and Trotsky controls nearly as big a following in Spain as in Greece. Catalonia's desire for independence has been responsible for more gangs than any other part of the country. Eleven years ago these came to a head when 70-year-old Colonel Macia imported conspirators disguised as tourists, and proclaimed a Catalonian Republic. The mercy and weakness of the Government only encouraged more societies, and you see what has been the result.

The Carbonari (of which more anon) have influenced Spain deeply, and we need have no fear about their soon being at work again; even the Civil War's butchery cannot kill off all who (*Continued on page 102*)

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still adhere to that old tradition. The story of Spanish secret societies is soaked in the old adventurous elements—brigands, decoys, kidnappings and spies. The Garduna was the greatest of all. It was founded as long ago as 1420; it was suppressed very severely in 1822, but never quite disappeared. It still survives, but in a disintegrated form. The Spanish mountains, before the Civil War, were still infested with bandits many of whom called themselves the Garduna; and it has been successfully reorganised in South America, particularly in Brazil, Peru, Mexico, and the Argentine. In Buenos Aires you can still hire one of its members to kill your enemies at about five dollars a time.

Italian secret societies have always worked closely with those in Spain. Both peoples are well suited to this sort of thing; but Italians are not so loyal to each other or so terribly in earnest. They really make better gangsters, as the Chicago underworld shows us. Yet Italy owes more to her secret societies than any other nation. She owes her unity. Mazzini, Garibaldi, Mussolini—all her great men have belonged to them. Italian Fascists—" Faggots of Revolutionary Action and Combat "—were founded as a secret society by Mussolini in 1915. They eschewed the old theatrical paraphernalia, and had quite a sensible oath; but they were not heard of until 1920, when they stopped being secret and started newspapers all over the country. Yet their methods were still those of a secret society—especially arson, castor-oil and espionage.

The Carbonari, of course, used to be the greatest politically of Italian secret societies. From them sprang the others. Their name means " Charcoal-burners," and their members were called " good cousins." Incredible as it seems, elected " honorary members " included God and Jesus Christ! Lord Byron, one or two popes, and high government officials have belonged to the Carbonari in its time. Women were also admitted. The aims of the Carbonari have changed frequently, but " freedom " and " resistance to authority " have always been the vague main objects. They spread all over the world, chiefly among Latin peoples. For long periods the Carbonari have been inactive, and so secret that nobody has bothered about them; but they are all the more dangerous on that account. They united Italy at last in 1870; but the last has not been heard of them. Having united, they may get tired of it and work for disunion again. Carbonari are like that. Despite Mussolini, Garibaldi is still revered in Italy. And there are still rebels in other lands who cling to the old Carbonari ideals.

The Neapolitan Camorra co-operated closely with the Carbonari; but it became so largely a criminal gang, vastly organised, that it scarcely concerns this article. Yet its power among Italian secret societies has been so great that we cannot ignore it. It has borrowed many characteristics from the Spanish Garduna. There was a time, and may yet be a time, when we find all Italy one huge Camorra. The Upper or Elegant Camorra included famous statesmen; the Lower comprised their invaluable allies, the common crooks. They had a special language, and their favourite weapon was the stiletto. To this day you cannot be in Naples more than a few hours before everybody knows everything about you. The tradition persists, and information still passes rapidly from one cabman or fisherman to another, as it did in the old days. Officially, the gang is known to survive only among Neapolitan criminals to-day. However, it is one of the most obstinate societies Italy has ever produced, and even Mussolini will never be able to do more than drive it underground for a while. It has always, of course, had a small following in New York, for it was there that Big Henry, its greatest leader, was captured in 1911. New York has rather romanticised the Camorra, however, and until quite recently American firms were glad to employ men believed to be Camorrists, even if they weren't.

And now we come to the most amazing secret society in the world—the Sicilian Mafia. A great deal about it is common knowledge. Like many societies, it began politically and ended criminally. I say " ended " very guardedly, for the Mafia is still traceable. Even now, if you want to compliment a pretty Sicilian, you call her " *mafiusedda.*" " Me, I am *mafiuso*," a man will say proudly, meaning " no flies on me! " True, as Herbert Vivian has pointed out, it signifies " fine, beautiful "—but it would never have been used without the Mafia tradition. Mussolini or no Mussolini, a Sicilian hates the law, and his children are still brought up to despise it. Sicilians will still boycott a visitor who makes himself the least bit unpopular—by forgetting to tip a waiter, for instance. People who have been held to ransom by the Mafia, however, have usually found them most polite, and have been generously entertained according to their rank; for the chief *Mafiusi* were actually fashionable and educated citizens. But things have not been the same since the War. It was when the Mafia degenerated into mere brigandage that Mussolini stepped in with armoured cars and militia. He regarded Sicily as the key to Fascism. But Sicily is a rocky island, a safe refuge: the Mafia will need only a little serious discontent with Fascism to break lose again.

The Czecho-Slovakian Mafia, founded at the beginning of the Great War, has nothing to do with the Italian Mafia. It was given the same name simply to inspire fear. Its aims were to stir up opposition to Austria and gain freedom.

It has been somewhat unfairly said that a Frenchman can't keep a secret. Perhaps that is why secret societies in France do not appear to be very active at present. They do things more openly in France. There are, of course, branches of all other foreign societies in Paris and Marseilles; but small plots and minor scandals are more popular west of the Rhine.

And Germany? Well, her secret societies go right back to the Middle Ages, to the old Vehmgericht tribunal, and have generally been racial and nationalist. Students, old soldiers and workers have figured prominently among their members. After the War and the 1918 revolution, secret organisations infested Germany. There were plenty of bombs and machine-guns, left over from wartime, in the possession of civilians. The police brigades had a tough job to keep order. All the societies wanted different things. One of the most effective seemed to be that of Hitler and Ludendorff, who tried as early as 1923 to bring off a *putsch* in Munich and set up a dictatorship. But it failed, and Hitler was sent to prison, where he wrote *Mein Kampf*. The Nazis posed as an ordinary political party, but they used so many mysterious methods and gangsterish melodramatic paraphernalia that we must regard them, in their early years, as a secret society.

There were also " Organization C," the Black Reichswehr, the monarchist Steel Helmets, Werewolves, Republican " Golden Banner," and the " Black-Red-Gold National Banner Association." These caused several state trials. Communists, too, had a network of well-run secret organisations, with spies and storm-troops of their own, amazingly like the Nazis in their methods. Officially all these old societies are now dead, crushed by Hitler. But it cannot be too often emphasised that old secret societies, like old soldiers, never die, nor even fade away, so long as their membership remains unknown. Officially, of course, military organisations in Germany are now broken up. Still, we shall know in the near future how many of them are yet alive. It is by no means impossible for new societies to spring up in the army. And the German people vote " Yes " in elections because they are afraid not to: some even join the Storm Troops so as to avoid suspicion. That there is definite organised opposition to the Nazis, especially in Southern Germany, can hardly be doubted. *Nous verrons*, if the French expression is not too inappropriate.

Poland, in the past, has been a fine breeding-ground for

(*Continued on page* 104)

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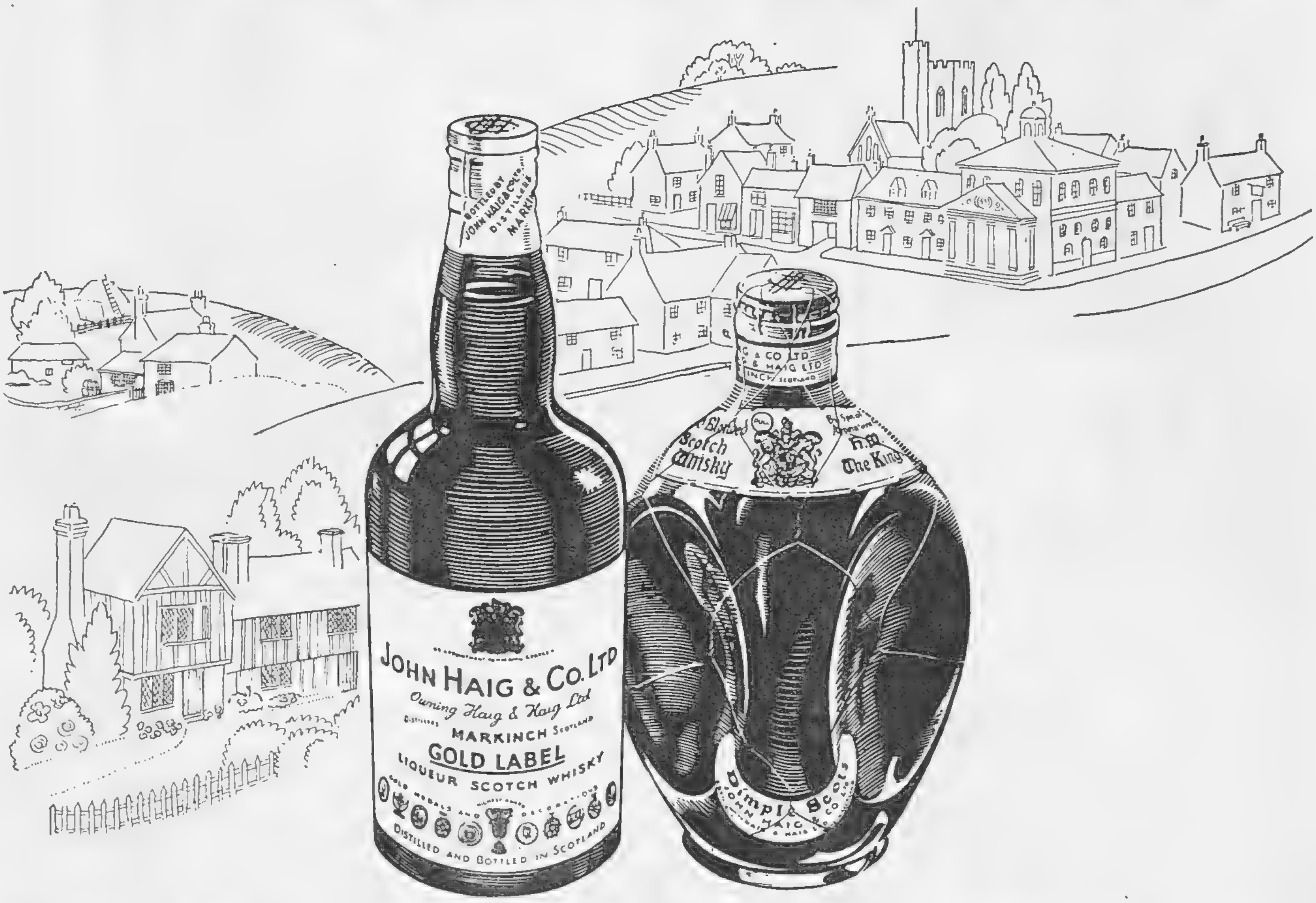
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Massage with Larola is the finest skin tonic possible. The delicate stimulus, the feeling of freshness and the new life it gives to the skin are vital to real beauty, for with an imperfect skin you can never hope to be lovely. Larola is supreme for softening the face and hands, making them white and smooth, removing spots and blemishes and protecting the skin from ill effects of exposure to the elements. With Larola as your constant companion expensive visits to beauty parlours are unnecessary—write to-day for the "Cult of Beauty" booklet and learn how to gently massage your way to skin beauty at home . . . easily, economically.

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Larola

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from

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Larola Soap—In boxes of 3 Tablets 2/-. Single Tablets, 8d.
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secret societies. They have been very patriotic and passionate, desiring to be independent of Russia. After the Great War they got their independence, and almost wished they hadn't. Polish societies were too numerous and too quarrelsome to be very effective, though organised with military discipline and toying with the usual bombs, until Pilsudski rose to power. Poland is by no means free from underground machinations to-day. What are they going to do now that Pilsudski is dead?

English secret societies are few and not very effective. On the whole, we prefer "crank" and intellectual societies in this harmless land. It just happens that they do not fit in with our sort of politics. Nevertheless, it would be futile to deny that, as England shelters so many foreign political refugees, we have branches and agents of every foreign society in our midst. Like Geneva, London is an excellent and safe centre from which to direct operations in Continental capitals. If you have ever been invited to attend a meeting of the "English Mistery," that faintly fascist but non-electioneering society, with its headquarters in the Temple, and members from Army, Navy, Whitehall and B.B.C., you will know that political secret societies within England itself are not up to much.

Cross the Irish Channel, however, and you're in the thick of conspiracy. Irish secret societies have simmered down somewhat since the Free State was set up; but just watch what happens as soon as England becomes entangled in a Continental war, or even preoccupied with foreign affairs! Ireland behaves very much like a Balkan state. Though they have wonderful and terrible oaths, her societies are always hindered by that traditional bugbear, the common informer. The Orangemen still exist to fight all forms of Irish nationalism, and have important branches in the Dominions (particularly Canada) and the U.S.A., where they have worked in co-operation with the Ku Klux Klan.

The old patriotic Ribbonmen, with their hand-grips and codes and elaborate oaths, still survive, but most of them have been absorbed by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which may be found any day in Ulster. The famous Sinn Fein, "Ourselves Alone," nationalist society, however, is infinitely more powerful. It is definitely international in its repercussions. "Sinn Fein aims at securing the international recognition of Ireland as an Independent Irish Republic," runs its chief clause; furthermore, it shall "make use of any and every means to render impotent the power of England." Sinn Fein has got as far as a Free State, but De Valera still wants a republic.

You see, then, that the power of secret societies must not be ignored. They can do strange and terrible things to Europe.

Don't get the idea that they are responsible for *all* the trouble in the world. They're not. Yet from them is born every movement of significance.

END

Foundation Garments for Hot Weather

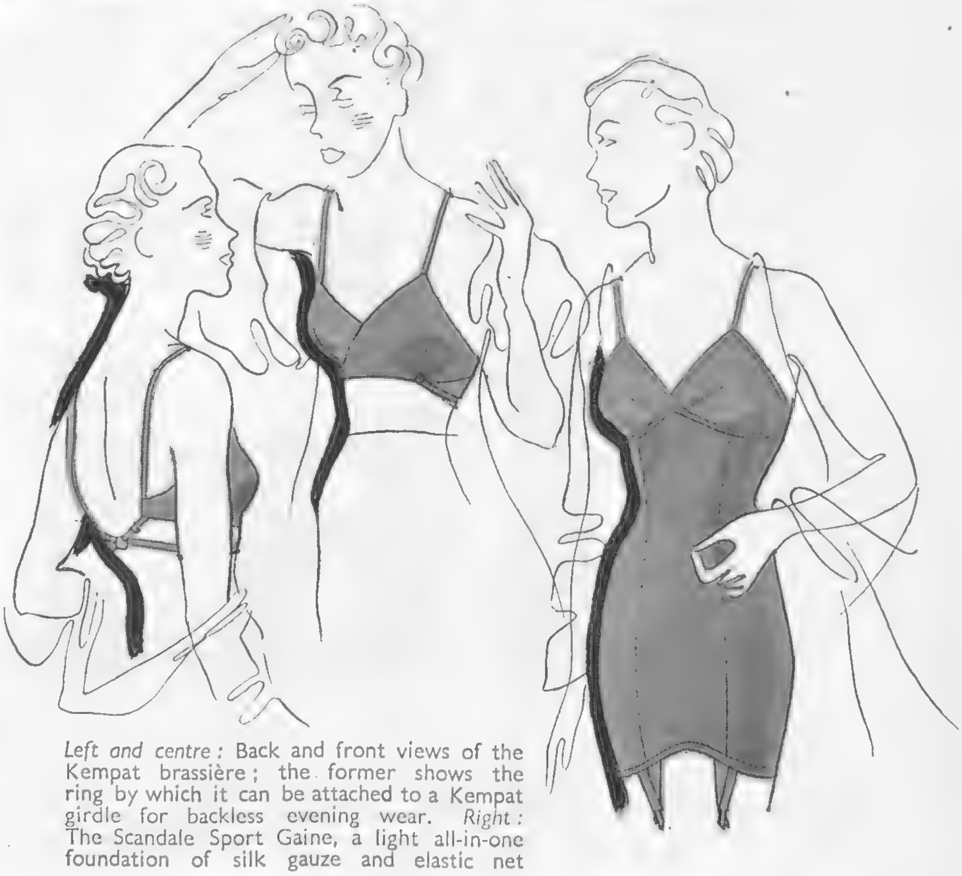
When reducing clothes to a minimum during hot weather, women are often faced with the problem of choosing foundation garments that are light and comfortable, yet which will give the necessary support for health and good line.

The Scandale Sport Gaine is the ideal garment for both day and evening wear, and its all-in-one line is flattering to every figure.

Attached to the fine elastic net belt is a silk gauze brassière with adjustable shoulder straps. The suspenders button on to the belt and the tabs are slotted, so that these too may be adjusted to any length. The flat rubber suspenders ensure that no ugly lumps shall spoil the line of a gown.

Kempat brassières and girdles are also excellent for sport, dancing and every summer occasion. The girdles ensure perfect figure control, at the same time allowing absolute freedom of movement, while the brassières are cleverly cut on the cross giving the much desired uplift so necessary to health and line.

For evening wear, a tab attached to the ring at the centre back of the brassière straps is secured to one's belt, making the brassière completely backless.



Left and centre: Back and front views of the Kempat brassière; the former shows the ring by which it can be attached to a Kempat girdle for backless evening wear. *Right:* The Scandale Sport Gaine, a light all-in-one foundation of silk gauze and elastic net

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

This is the Gin

GORDON'S LONDON GIN
GENUINE LONDON GIN
Distilled and Bottled only by
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IN THE BOTTLE WITH THE SQUARE FACE
BY APPOINTMENT
Gordon's Special Dry London Gin
Tanqueray Gordon & Co. Limited
The Distillery London
REGISTERED
WHITE FOR PURITY
FREE FROM COLOURING MATTER
AND ALL INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS
"LANCET" report on every bottle
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon, and no colouring matter is added.

The Gin that has medicinal properties

If you value your health–insist on

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GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

The largest gin distillers in the world

Every single print has to be passed before it is sent to you

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Send your films to Will R. Rose, Ltd. Their staff of highly skilled specialists all share the Will R. Rose enthusiasm for quality. In their developing department they aim at bringing out every detail—only fine developers are used, and in the printing department they are using a new special paper that gives the negative its full value.

"Magna Prints" (regd.)—Unless otherwise ordered negatives V.P.K. and No. 2 Brownie size are printed the "Magna" way—magnified to 4¼" x 3¼", and cost only 2½d. each. "Magna Prints" from miniature camera negatives are the standard price of 3d. each.

How to send your films.—Wrap your spools securely (envelopes are not safe)—remember to enclose your name and address. Prices are standard throughout.

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Clean lens occasionally with silk handkerchief.
A misty lens gives misty pictures.

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133/134. HIGH STREET, OXFORD
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MOTHER!
TAKE NO CHANCES
use
POTTER's
ASTHMA CURE

At the first signs any chest trouble . . . coughing, wheezing, whooping . . . administer POTTER'S . . . It gives RELIEF AT ONCE.

The danger is thus soon averted. The cold is broken up quickly, the little inflamed throat and membranes INSTANTLY RELIEVED. . . .

INSTANT RELIEF *for*
CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, Etc.

In cases of CROUP and INFANTILE ASTHMA it gives marvellous results and soothes wonderfully. The little sufferer need not know of the treatment, as a little POTTER'S burned near during sleep is wonderfully effective (most children, however, show little dislike of the inhaling). There is no effect on the heart with Potter's; no opiates are incorporated.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE at all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores, 1/6 full-sized tin, or 1/9 post free

from POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.,
62.G, ARTILLERY LANE, LONDON, E.1

Scotland—*Land of Beauty and Romance*

No country surpasses Scotland in the attractions it offers to the tourist. Within its borders is every kind of scenery. There are lush pastures where browsing kine produce the richest of milk; moorlands, golden with broom and gorse or purple with heather; mountains which, though not comparable in height with the great ranges of the world, have a fascinating majesty and diversity of contour; great pine forests, picturesque waterfalls and rivers and lochs which have inspired the most eminent artists. The coast, which nearly encircles Scotland, has wonderful variety—golden sands backed by dunes which are the delight of golfers, sea-lochs winding far into the recesses of the mountains, lovely straits and bays, and stupendous cliffs and innumerable islands haunted by myriads of sea-birds.

Every form of sport flourishes. Scotland was the pioneer of golf, and centuries ago kings, partnered by peasants, justified its title of "The Royal Game" and emphasised its universal appeal. To-day, golf courses are in or around every city, town and village, and at the head of the list are several with world-wide celebrity. Facilities for tennis and bowling are everywhere and, as in the case of the golf clubs, temporary members are welcomed. Yachting on the Clyde, in which royalty is represented, provides exciting matches and graceful spectacles. There are frequent horse races. Grouse-shooting on the moors and deer-stalking among the mountains attract thousands of "guns" every year. Scotland is the angler's paradise. The salmon reaches on the Tay, the Dee and the Spey are famous; on other rivers and well-known lochs, salmon and trout furnish exciting sport.

Scotland being a small country, every place is within easy reach of the centres of population. The London Midland and Scottish Railway, colloquially the L.M.S., penetrates to the most remote villages. On the main routes, sleeping cars make night journeys comfortable, while in the daytime meals are relished in the dining-cars without the traveller missing any of the glorious scenery through which the trains are swiftly moving.

The company's hotel at Gleneagles is a palatial edifice replete with every luxury, and commanding a magnificent prospect. At its doors are the famed golf courses, "The King's," "The Queen's," and "The Wee," eulogised by the world's greatest players for excellence of lay-out, velvety turf and sporting tests. Another of the company's golfing meccas is at Turnberry, a beautiful bay on the Ayrshire coast with dry and genial air and picturesque views of Ailsa Craig and the Arran mountains.

The climate of Scotland varies. In the east it is dry and cold, but invigorating; on the west coast it is humid and so mild in some parts that tropical plants grow in the open air.

Formerly Scotland suffered from a depressing Sabbatarianism. These times are past. On Sundays, railway and other traffic is as brisk in the season as on the busiest week-day. It must be borne in mind that Scotland, though allied to England under the British Crown and Parliament, has its own laws. Under one of these all licensed premises are closed on Sundays, except seven-day license hotels, and there alcoholic liquors are only supplied to residents or *bona fide* travellers.

Throughout Scotland there are many places whose natural attractions make them ideal for holidays and perennially for lovers of quiet ways.

Taymouth Castle Hotel, at the east end of Loch Tay, is unique. It was formerly the chief seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, and has a royal suite. Within the extensive policies are a golf course, tennis courts and salmon and trout fishing on the river and loch. Aberfeldy, the nearest station, Dunkeld and Pitlochry, in the vicinity, have typical Highland scenery. The hotel hydro at Peebles and the seasonal Spa at Strathpeffer specialise in every form of curative treatment. Bridge of Allan has mineral wells of long-established fame. Callander, the gateway to the Trossachs, is steeped in the romance of "The Lady of the Lake." Rothesay, Dunoon and Largs, on fair Clydeside, are foremost among British watering-places. The site of Perth on the Tay warrants its title of "The Fair City." It is the most central railway junction in Scotland, and is on the highway to the north. One line runs to Aberdeen, "The Silver City by the Sea," which has had a remarkable development as a holiday resort, partly due to its position at the entrance to royal Deeside.

From Perth the Highland Section of the L.M.S. penetrates the Grampian fastnesses to descend by the Speyside holiday haunts with their uplifting views of the Cairngorms to Inverness, poetically described by John Ruskin as "a jewel clasping the folds of the mountains to the blue zone of the sea." From the Highland capital the Caledonian Canal, passing through a chain of romantic lochs and under the shadow of Ben Nevis, is a favourite tourist route to the world-renowned Oban, "The Queen of the West." North of Inverness, one of the most sublime railway routes winds from Dingwall by mountain, moor and loch to Kyle of Lochalsh. From there it is only half a mile "over the sea to Skye," that marvellous island, rich in Jacobite lore, the delight of sportsmen in general and of mountaineers in particular, who find on the grim crags of the Coolins ample scope for hazardous feats. Still farther north than Dingwall, lie Dornoch, with an L.M.S. Hotel, famous golf links and exhilarating sea bathing; Lairg, the doorway to the fascinations of the north-west, and finally, the northmost town on the mainland, Thurso, on a bonnie bay which is the place of embarkation for the Orkney and Shetland Islands.

Loch Lomond at Tarbet

By Appointment

YARDLEY

Beauty Replacements from Bond Street
- in demand all over the world

At Forest Hills, international tennis draws thousands of lovely Americans, among the world's largest users of Beauty Replacements.

Blazing Suns Need Hold No Terrors

Lovers of sun, hail and beware! For every ounce of health and healing, those searching rays you glory in *are taking away an ounce of beauty.* Robbing your skin of vital elements, drying and toughening it. Stealing youth and freshness you can never restore with any number of salves and potions—*unless they are able to restore identical functional elements.* This is the story of Yardley beauty — the reason women in trying climates all over the world are Yardley enthusiasts. Each of these few simple formulae is the equivalent of one actual functional necessity of the perfect skin. In their pots they are sleeping—waiting to come in contact with your face to awaken to living beauty, carry on in your skin the natural functions inevitably impaired by age, exposure, climate. Have your first treatment in the Salon personally, if you can. Otherwise follow the sun treatment below. Send for the little volume "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street."

YARDLEY
Toning Lotion
YARDLEY
Liquefying Cleansing Cream
YARDLEY
Complexion Cream
YARDLEY LONDON

YARDLEY TREATMENT FOR SUMMER SKINS

All Skins: ***Liquefying Cleansing Cream,*** equivalent to the cleansing oil in a perfect youthful skin, for cleansing at night. Followed by ***Toning Lotion,*** for a dew bath (non-astringent). All Skins: ***Skin Food,*** the equivalent of the skin's own depleted nutritive elements. All Skins: Morning wash with Yardley English Lavender Soap; freshening with ***Toning Lotion.*** Fair Skins: ***Sun-proof Lotion*** as a Powder Base. Dry Skins: ***Complexion Cream,*** nutritive powder base. Greasy Skins: ***Complexion Milk,*** powder base, to control sweat and oil glands naturally. All Skins: ***Yardley Complexion Powder,*** in glorious sun-shades to withstand the English Summer climate, prevent caking and discoloration. Large sizes, Creams, Lotions, 7/6. ***Cream Rouge,*** 2/-, ***Eyeshadow,*** 2/-, ***Lipstick,*** 3/-. All Skins: ***Yardley's Suntan Oil*** for tanning. ***Sunproof Lotion,*** to prevent sunburn. Obtainable at the better Chemists and Stores.

Creams and Lotions
3/6 EACH

FACIAL TREATMENTS USING THESE LOVELY REPLACEMENTS OF NATURAL BEAUTY IN THE YARDLEY TREATMENT SALON, 5/6, 10/6, 15/6.

33 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1 • Regent 1501

For women who work

You know the feeling of being "out of sorts"? Doors seem always to be banging. You haven't any appetite for your food. The kiddies are troublesome. You don't like your friends, and you don't like yourself!

Even the strongest woman gets out of sorts at times—but to the woman who works there are three or four days every month which are much more difficult *because* she works, than to the others who can take it easy.

When you begin to feel run down remember that "catching up again" will be easier, quicker and more certain if you take a good tonic. And Nature, who has ordained your weakness, has also provided the restorative—Wincarnis. Wincarnis is an ideal stimulant and tonic for women always. For the working woman it is the greatest blessing. It has no drugs in it. It helps and quickens the digestion. It provides new blood for old.

Don't allow yourself to feel listless. Don't let breathlessness, lack of appetite and loss of temper get you down at work or at play. Take Wincarnis and taste the rich strength of its iron (from sun-ripened grapes of Spain), its malt and its beef extract.

Three glasses a day. You'll feel the difference almost immediately. Other people will notice the way your good looks return, your temper improves and your "nerves" disappear.

From every licensed grocer and chemist, wine merchant and store, 3/3 per bottle; champagne-quart size, 5/6. Wincarnis is the Wine of Life. [ADVT.

WOMEN OF TO-DAY!... Life *should* be like this...

To be no more handicapped than a man by any of the regular natural functionings of the human body. . . hasn't that always been the envious ambition of women? It is an ambition which is achieved by many of the young women of to-day, and is *achievable by all healthy women*. You must read the new book which holds out a brave new vision of what life can be like, and *should* be like, for women. The book is called 'Women of To-day.' It is written by a Woman Doctor *and is free*. Send your name and address on a postcard to: Miss Dorothy Downing, Dept. S16c, Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5, and a copy will be sent you by return under plain cover.

The book is not an advertisement. But it is published by the makers of the most modern type of sanitary towel, who hold that woman's health and freedom are closely influenced by the type of sanitary protection she uses regularly. If, along with the book, you would also like samples of these towels, send stamps or a postal order for 1/3.

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12,
with loops (or without them).

Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

What Price Gold?

(*Continued from page 23*)

like a soldier, is never without a grouse of some sort. On surface he has his shiny, new speed model, his house and friends: he is normal. Underground he cannot adapt himself completely to his unorthodox method of livelihood. It is an arduous, unhealthy existence, he says. The eight-hour shift prevents him from feeling the warmth of the South African sun until it is on the wane—too late to be appreciated. And yet he continues with his unlikeable job without making any real effort to escape.

He tries to forget the dangers because of the high rate of pay. He risks his life daily with the subconscious belief that he will manage somehow to get out alive. He is not a particularly brave man; rather he is a fatalist, otherwise he could not be a miner.

Immediately he steps into the skip to go below, the miner's life hangs on a mere thread of steel cable only one and a half inches thick. He is shot down to a depth of anything from 1,000 to 8,000 feet at such a speed—2,000 feet a minute—that on reaching its destination the skip bobs up and down like a gigantic yo-yo.

From that time forward he is constantly being reminded of the risks he runs. All along the electrically lighted drives precautionary notices confront him. "Be Careful To-day" in large red letters reads the most familiar of these safety slogans.

Advancing into the lower levels to gain the narrow confines of the unlit "stopes," those man-made burrows where miners toil in perpetual night, it has always struck me that only here does one experience, literally, the blackness of the pit. Enveloped in this blanket of utter, blinding darkness, I have seen apprentices so overcome by claustrophobia that they have run screaming to the station . . . and light.

Stoping width—technical term for the height of a stope—varies from eight to two feet and presents the underground worker with what is both his greatest and most frequent danger. Ordered always to maintain the narrowest possible stoping width, his methods are hampered by the confined dimension of these passages through which he must pass in order to carry out his daily programme of supervision.

Instructing the "machine-boys" where to drill their blasting holes in the "face" or wall of the rock is merely a routine job. The natives who handle the drills (worked on the same principle as those used on roads) are experts. They are employed under contract for three years, and then sent home for a rest. The work is fatiguing and only natives in splendid physical condition are placed, but the mine Kaffir is a tough lad anyway, and although his pay does not reach 15s. weekly, he is a willing worker.

The most important part of the day for the miner comes after the "blast," which is timed for 3 p.m., and is carried out according to a strict code of rules. The lowest level gets the signal to blast first. In this way the gases are allowed to escape. When the last charge has exploded, and after a lapse of thirty minutes, the rock is washed down with hoses to settle the dust.

The task of gathering the ore (auriferous rock) and the waste (unpayable ore, which should only be in small quantity if the correct stoping width is maintained) is performed by "lashing boys," who are paid an average of 1s. 6d. per shift with food and housing for the most strenuous work imaginable.

In a number of mines the winch-pulled "scraper"—a large iron scoop—is used to aid the natives in disposing of the loose rock. Once in the "box," or receptacle at the end of a working, the ore and waste are loaded into 2½-ton capacity "cocopans" (trolleys) and pulled by natives or mules into the station, where it is drawn up to the surface in skips.

The average value of ore milled by the Rand mines runs at 5 dwts. to the ton. While digging foundations for a garage in Johannesburg two years ago, reef with an assay value of 110 dwts. to the ton was excavated and remained untouched. Johannesburg is built on the richest reef of the Rand, but for obvious reasons it cannot be worked.

It seems almost contradictory, but it is a fact, that very few miners employed in the South African mines have ever seen gold in its natural state. "Raw" gold is such a rarity that a manager will forsake the comforts of his office to go below if he receives a report that a "visible" vein has been struck.

After a blast the "stopes" are littered with boulders of every size and tiny chips of rock, ready to fall with the slightest vibration. In deep sections the pressure is so great that a constant crackle can be heard running along the entire length of the face!

Day after day I have crawled through "stopes" such as these, beneath boulders of incalculable weight supported precariously on match-like pieces of creaking timber. The safer the appearance of the rock the more likely it is to collapse at any moment. Hurrying desperately beneath these mountains of suspended death, I have scrambled down the "stope" only to encounter a group of "machine boys" working in a locality where a kicked timber could be quite sufficient to bring about the complete collapse of the "stope."

Then there are those men who will walk casually into a blasted stope long before the customary interval of thirty minutes. They return, overcome by poisonous fumes, on the backs of their native boys, who have followed them a little later to find their masters, as they had expected, unconscious and being slowly suffocated.

These are but a few examples of mining accidents which can be avoided. The propaganda of safety slogans in every Rand mine is gradually training men to obey the rules governing underground operations. The white employees do their best to encourage caution among their native assistants.

However, the black mind is difficult to pierce even when it concerns, vitally, the safety of its owner.

The huge area of hollowed out passages covered by the mines situated on the 80-mile stretch of gold reef originating in Johannesburg, and known, generally, as the Rand, is so vast that few people realise the significance of the undertaking and the work that has been accomplished. It is a fact that if every stope on the Rand was joined end to end, the tunnel thus formed would extend from Capetown to Cairo, with enough overlap to build another London underground train system.

It follows, of course, that were the stopes and levels of the Rand mines connected together, it would be possible to walk the entire eighty miles underground. As it is, long distances can be covered in this way, and it was often my task to have to trudge on long journeys through rugged, airless passages as part of a day's work.

On one occasion I became lost in a remote section of this gigantic network of tunnels, and only managed to find my way out, after hours of fruitless walking, by using the well-known method of tapping on a water-line in Morse for directions.

Phthisis, the lung-rotting disease which presented mining companies with the greatest problem they had to face, is being slowly overcome. The pioneer system of using bats to circulate the air in a stope, and pans of water to keep down the fatal silicose dust, has given place to faultless ventilation circuits, water, air and dirt filters (the water used in the mines is purer than that used for drinking purposes in Johannesburg), and, above all, the untiring efforts of the Research Laboratories of the Phthisis Bureau. Thousands of men are X-rayed and rigorously examined annually by a special medical board before being allowed to enter a mine for employment. The valued "red ticket," which 78 per cent. of the applicants fail to obtain, is a guarantee that the holder is medically fit and free from any lung weakness.

Now that phthisis as a potential danger is gradually fading into the background, the lingering torture of entombment has taken its place as the

(*Continued on page 110*)

Two salad dressings

(one very difficult)

1: THE DIFFICULT (if not disastrous) WAY: buy all the expensive ingredients necessary to make a good salad dressing. Add several vain attempts to get them to blend, and a terrible mess on the kitchen table. Season with a sense of failure and considerable irritation — and serve with apologies

2: THE SUCCESSFUL WAY: take the delightful anticipation of delicious things to come—and one bottle of Heinz Salad Cream. Add the honest truth that this pure, nutritious dressing is made from new laid eggs and the finest olive oil, perfectly blended with rich cream. Mix with crisp lettuce, cool cucumber and tomatoes — and serve with pats on the back.

AND DON'T FORGET that because Heinz Salad Cream is made from new laid eggs, the purest olive oil, and plenty of rich cream, it adds that extra nutriment to a salad which makes it a perfectly balanced meal! And that is a big consideration when planning light meals.

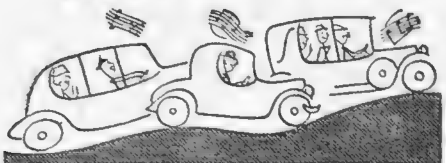
6d and 10d 1/1½

"SALADS AND WHEN TO HAVE THEM"—not just a jumble of recipes but a really intelligent little book on salad-making out of everyday ingredients. Full of bright ideas 'Monday Salads,' 'Health & Beauty Salads,' etc. Send a card for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., Harlesden, London, N.W.10.

HEINZ *Salad Cream*

MADE IN OUR LONDON KITCHENS—ONE OF THE **57** VARIETIES

news and music . . .



as we go . . .

This summer the roads are full of music . . . full, too, of good-tempered, happy drivers. It's a Philco Car Radio Summer.

Bored, irritable drivers are bad drivers. That's why Press and Public alike stress that Car Radio makes for safety. Who can be bored or irritable with entertainment from all Europe to choose from? More Philco Car Radios are in use than all other makes combined, because Philco gives real home reception on the road. Two wavebands; automatic volume control; nine-valve performance; illuminated dial; fitted in a few hours to any make of car—these are some of the features. Demonstration and installation stations everywhere.

PHILCO CAR RADIO

19,000 BRITISH MOTORISTS CAN'T BE WRONG! FROM 14 GNS.

Philco Radio & Television Corporation of Great Britain Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.

The sharp cool TANG of Euthymol Tooth Paste is due to the antiseptics in this scientific dentifrice. TANG is a thrill you must experience. Try Euthymol to-day! You'll enjoy the fresh feeling it leaves in your mouth and the white, polished teeth it produces.

Get the convenient spring-cap tube from your chemist at 1s. 3d., or send for a 7-day free trial tube to Dept. 33/99, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

most dreaded underground disaster. The impenetrable barrier of rock which always forms as a result of a fall of hanging almost invariably precludes any successful attempt at rescue.

Very often the relief party can hear the agonised cries of those trapped in the rock prison, and are able to offer nothing better than shouts of assurance that are seldom realised.

Once, however, I helped in the rescue of a party of miners who were entombed behind a wall of rock that only days of continual blasting would remove. Knowing that the weakened miners would not be able to hold out for that length of time, we managed to bore a hole with a diamond drill, and in this way formed a communicating tunnel through which food and water were passed to the starving men the other side.

Unfortunately, the nature of the rock accompanying a fall usually makes diamond drilling impossible. Working against a face composed of loose and shifting boulders, the drill has little chance of following a straight line, even if a mechanical defect did not make the operation hopeless.

However, Nature seems to have relented a little by providing the miner with a means of foretelling a disaster. Any miner will tell you that the rats which infest workings will leave an endangered section with the same inexplicable sense of impending danger that impels them to leave a ship.

At the end of a day's work it is quite a usual sight to see the miner throwing the remains of his lunch on the ground as a gesture of gratitude to the blind, mine-born vermin who go to make his life slightly less hazardous. But even here, having reached the end of his daily task, he has still to face the dangers of the ascending skip, and these are not easily set aside.

I have made over two thousand journeys in various skips in my life, and yet I am far from being acclimatised. The peril is always there. For the hoist-driver is not perfect—he is human. A small slip on his part, a minute error of judgment, and a cage-load of men go to their death.

Hoist-drivers have been known to succumb to heart attack after years of faultless service and without any evidence of the weakness.

The strain on these men is intense. During the day's shift of eight hours they are directly responsible for the lives of hundreds of their fellow workers. No one is allowed near the driver while he is at the controls. Hoisting operations are entirely suspended while he has his lunch. He sits on a hard wooden bench on a glass-covered platform, and every effort is made to ensure complete isolation and concentration on his task.

Occasionally unsuitable men manage to secure these key positions, but their limitations are soon discovered.

One morning, as I was coming off shift in the skip, I noticed that as we approached the surface our speed, if anything, increased instead of slowing down. Suddenly the blinding light of the sky shot past me and with a crash the skip hit the top of the headgear. Fortunately, the humble-hook, a device invented for the purpose of hooking an overwound cage, operated successfully, and I found myself suspended over the shaft . . . but safe.

Investigations revealed that the hoist-driver was drunk on duty!

A strict code of rules has since made a recurrence of this outrage impossible. I have never had a parallel experience, and I hope I never will.

Meanwhile I never enter a city lift without recalling those hectic rides in the mine skips of the Rand, the dripping water and the chance of an 8,000-ft. death-dive into the sump below.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

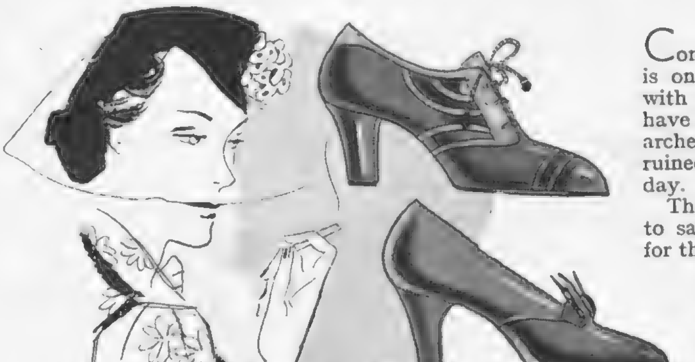
power still in their grasp—all ended in an act of homage in front of the irresistible persuasion of the saintly Benedict.

Thus was the order of the Benedictines founded, that masterpiece of monastic organisation which even to this day still preserves the austerity of Benedict's doctrines based on manual labour and intellectual culture.

The story of such a remarkable man, together with the immortal building of which he laid the first stone, does not end here. Monte Cassino is too well known all over the world to require any further description. For fifteen centuries, hospitality within its precincts has been denied to none. Kings, emperors, potentates, down to the most humble tourist, have spent a night where those pioneers of Christianity raised their standard.

Innumerable are the saints who have gained the honour of such a qualification on account of the same martyrdom suffered by millions of people who yet remain unknown, victims of the incessant series of mistakes that social life has committed and still commits. Very few are those who have left a material benefit to mankind which time has not destroyed, and of these great few Saint Benedict ranks amongst the foremost.

Comfort Combined with Chic



Three Arch-Rite models which give some idea of the variety of foot-flattering styles in which these shoes are obtainable. *Top:* a derbyette in brown suède calf; *centre:* a court shoe in suède or calf, either black or brown; *below:* a tie shoe in brown or navy blue glacé kid

Comfort versus smartness is one of the mental battles with which women so often have to contend when fallen arches and swollen feet have ruined an otherwise perfect day.

There is, however, no need to sacrifice one to the other, for the manufacturers of Arch-Rite Fashion Shoes have, after much thought and research, cleverly contrived to combine comfort with chic.

These shoes, which are made by the firm responsible for the famous Start-Rite shoes with which all the children of discerning parents are shod, are obtainable in a number of styles and fittings, all of which give perfect arch support.

BY APPOINTMENT

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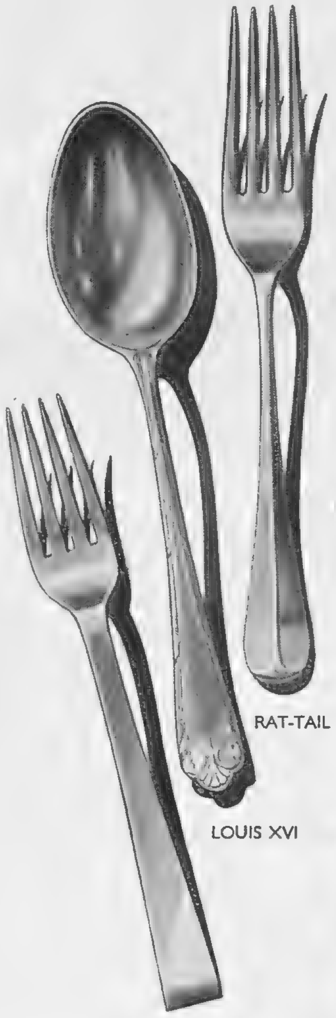
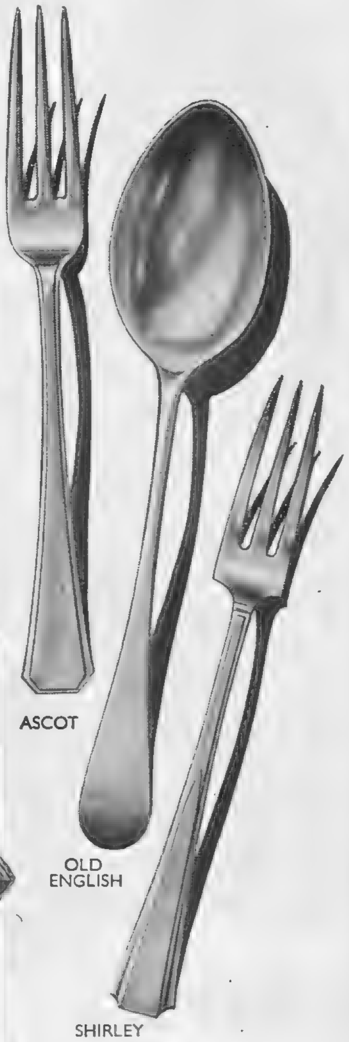


LIGHT OAK CANTEEN containing Regent Plate Spoons and **Forks** and oval xylonite-handled Cutlery with rustless steel blades. 42 pieces.

"Old English" pattern **£5.0.0**
"Rat-Tail" pattern . **£5.2.6**

REGENT PLATE	Warwick	Louis XVI	Rat-Tail	Ascot	Old English	Shirley
12 Table Forks .	£1.11.0	£1.17.0	£1.13.0	£1.18.6	£1.11.0	£1.17.6
12 „ Spoons .	£1.11.0	£1.17.0	£1.13.0	£1.18.6	£1.11.0	£1.17.6
12 Dessert Forks .	£1. 4.0	£1. 8.0	£1. 5.0	£1.11.0	£1. 4.0	£1. 8.0
12 „ Spoons	£1. 4.0	£1. 8.0	£1. 5.0	£1.11.0	£1. 4.0	£1. 8.0
12 Soup „ .	£1 4.0	£1.17.0	£1. 5.0	£1.18.6	£1.11.0	£1.17.0
12 Tea „ .	10.6	14.0	11.0	16.0	10.6	14.0
6 Egg „ .	7.6	9.6	7.9	10.6	7.6	9.6



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P3
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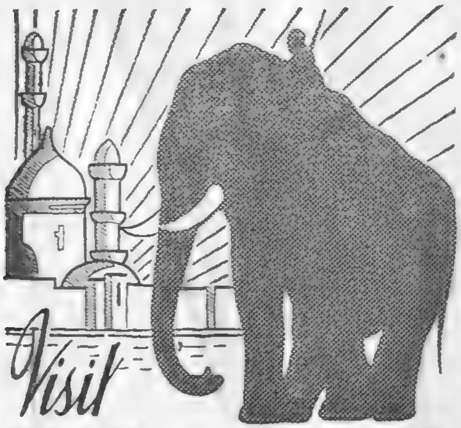

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STOCKHOLM—seen through the arch of a bridge

THE Swedish people, courteous always, and never more so than when they are welcoming English visitors to their country, are happy, and so—they make you happy.

Sweden is not overrun by tourists, and—another fact in her favour—the prices are reasonable, of travel and hotels. English is spoken quite well. Everywhere accommodation is spotlessly clean.

The great variety of Swedish holidays is due partly to the shape of the country. Its huge, elongated bulk stretches from some fifty miles north of Germany to almost two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle! Express trains take some two days to travel from Tralleborg in Skane, the most southerly province, to Abisko in Lapland, the most northern. You can imagine the changes that take place during that ride!

You can reach Sweden by 'plane, Croydon to Malmo, in 7 hours; by liner, from Tilbury to Gothenborg, in 35 hours; or by continental route, via Germany and the Sassnitz-Tralleborg train ferry. This train ferry from Sassnitz reaches Tralleborg in four hours. The carriages continue direct to Stockholm.

Skane, the first province to be crossed, is very sunny, and famed for its numerous mediæval castles and the variety of its seaside towns and villages, from exclusive Bastad to popular Falsterbo and quiet Ystad, its bathing, riding, yachting and fishing. The sleeping berths on the train you will find unusually comfortable, the meals on the restaurant car very good (Swedish cooking, headed by the Smergosebord, which is, of course, world famous).

ON the way to Stockholm, the train passes Nassjo, a junction of some moment, for it leads on the east to the town of Kalmar, dominated by its mighty moated castle, and to the steamers which sail for the island of Gothland, whose capital is Visby, the mediæval walled city, which has scarcely come to life since the Danish sack of 1361, and in which you may walk down mediæval streets under a hot sun, and within sound of the sea; and on the west, to Jonkoping, the city of matches, standing up by the banks of Lake Vettern, that deep, narrow, stormy, mountain-rimmed lake, the most beautiful stretch of water in Sweden. Then the train pushes steadily north; past Linkoping, famous for its Milles statuary, and so to Stockholm, the City of Bridges, with its marvellous Archipelago; leaving on your left, unseen, the unique 350-mile waterway upon which little white passenger steamers ply from the capital to Gothenborg—the Gota Canal, and upon which, if you choose, you can make your leisurely way home, drifting delightfully *through* Sweden from Stockholm to Gothenborg.

IT would be possible to write volumes of the pleasures in store for you in Lapland, with its reindeer and Midnight Sun (only 24 hours from Stockholm in a luxurious sleeping and dining car train): in Dalecarlia, with its ancient Maypole Festival; in Varmland, called "Sweden in Little"; and in Jamtland; but these pleasures will be revealed in time. All you need know now is that—they are all in Sweden! Start from Stockholm—that is the best motto for the visitor to Sweden, the first time at least.

VIEW of Riddarholmen, with Mälar Lake in the background

He does it whenever you press a switch

A simple movie shot, this. No scenario, no arc-lights, no highly-paid stars. Just Billy—and Father aiming the Ciné-'Kodak' Eight and pressing the button. "Even easier than taking snaps," he thinks, "and though that scene cost only a few pence to film, it's going to be one of the most valuable shots ever taken. Billy will do this again whenever we switch on the 'Kodascope' projector and run through our movies."

Father makes full use of his Ciné-'Kodak' Eight. This year he can actually film *in colour as easily as in black-and-white*: the 'Eight' now takes Kodachrome colour film, which needs no gadgets or attachments for either shooting or showing. Travel and sport make grand subjects, but many fathers find quite enough to film in colour without going outside the garden.

Remember, the 'Eight' is specially suited to people who want to keep a film record of their children but have to watch costs. It is the cheapest ciné-camera to run. And besides your own films there are hundreds to hire from the 'Kodascope' Library—comics, cartoons, drama, travel, etc.

Make the 'Eight' your family historian!

The Ciné-'Kodak' Eight, from £10.
Deferred terms available.
Price includes carrying-case.

FREE. Ask the nearest Ciné-Kodak Dealer for illustrated book (shown here) about 'Kodachrome' and Ciné-'Kodak' (or write to Mr. B. E. Taylor, Dept. 57N, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, for this Booklet and names of Ciné-Kodak Dealers in your neighbourhood).

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The Truth

You cannot hope to get really better from your stomach trouble until you know the exact cause of it. *Then* only can you treat it scientifically and feel your pain go for good.

If you are troubled with flatulence, if you feel unpleasantly "full" after ordinary meals, if you are overcome by sickness regularly, or have pains in your shoulders—then you can be fairly safe in putting down your trouble to gastritis.

The cause of gastritis is an excess of acid in the stomach, eating into the stomach walls, setting up inflammation that may end, if not corrected, in a gastric ulcer. *That* is what you have to put right. And you will do best to use Maclean Brand Stomach Powder in regular doses.

You have to be careful what remedy you use. Gastritis is not a condition you can afford to take chances with. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is professionally recommended. It is pure, scientifically produced and never varies in quality. It corrects excess acidity—gently and surely—but does *not* drain your stomach of all acid—a state which only too many sufferers find themselves in after taking some over-strong "remedy." Start to-day on Maclean Brand. Be sure it is the original. Look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Your symptoms will soon disappear and you'll feel quite fit again, ready for your food. 1/3, 2/– and 5/– per bottle. Powder or tablets.

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Star Makers of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

minus a weekly pay cheque. His next work with a megaphone took place in New York, various struggles having intervened. The New York film was called "For the Love o' Mike," and an unknown actress called Claudette Colbert played a minor rôle in it.

So let us jump on to the time, something over two years ago, when Capra, having returned to Columbia, produced an epoch-making film called "It Happened One Night," starring the above Claudette, together with Clark Gable. That film made history for the three people most concerned. Through his brilliant direction of a casually gay subject, Capra scooped the pool of Academy of Motion Picture Awards for 1936. For himself he won the Best Director's Award; for Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable the Best Acting Awards, and for Robert Riskin—who has written so many entertaining Capra pictures—the Best Writer's Award. Not a bad performance on the part of a man who once sang for his supper in the cafés of the city where he now ranks as one of the highest-paid wage-earners.

Capra makes only two films a year now. His latest is "Lost Horizon," starring Ronald Colman. I watched him at work on this colossal production last summer, and found him handling a mob for the aeroplane hangar fire scenes with the same precision that he handles a couple of stars on an intimate set. He follows every film he makes from its birth right into the cutting-room, and out again in its completed form. He lifted Claudette Colbert to the top of everything in "It Happened One Night," and proved that Clark Gable, previously regarded as a devastating villain, was one of the best comedians facing a camera. In "Mr. Deeds Comes to Town" he did exactly the same for Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. The man is indeed some kind of wizard.

Ernst Lubitsch has been in the film game ever since 1913. He was born in Berlin, and soon wangled his way out of the parental clothing shop in which his father put him to work. He began on the stage as a comedian, and his natural gift for sophisticated, witty comedy caused Hollywood, much later on, to talk about "The Lubitsch Touch." Just a trifle "naughty," just a shade "daring" was this same Ernst Lubitsch, when he first taught films how to reveal *light* comedy, as opposed to sheer slap-stick farce. People went to see a new Lubitsch epic wondering what in the world the man would dare to do next!

It was Lubitsch who discovered Jeanette MacDonald as a singing actress for musical films. He was combing the industry for a girl to appear in the rôle of a queen opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." No such girl was forthcoming. Having chewed up many cigars, while watching miles and miles of film tests, Lubitsch lost his patience and roared, "Show me every test of every woman made during the past twelve months!" Thus it was that an earlier test of Jeanette MacDonald was put on the screen in the little projection theatre, where a dejected Lubitsch sat watching for the embryo star who never appeared. Scarcely had the MacDonald test begun when he gave a loud yell. "Ah!" exclaimed the Old Maestro (that's the name his players have given him, affectionately), "Ah! Vat is *this?* Now at last ve haf somzing! Get me this girl—get her *quick!* She is the one for Maurice. She is the one!"

One may be permitted to wonder how many times, while he is directing Marlene Dietrich in "Angel" this summer—his first work as a director for an interval of two years spent on the production side of the studios—our Old Maestro will cry: "Gif me my 'cello! I haf to play!"

Frank Lloyd, responsible for "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Cavalcade," and "Berkeley Square," with "Maid of Salem" and "Souls at Sea" as his big films of the present year, is first and foremost a shrewd business man. He reads books and plays, and buys the film rights himself, if he makes up his mind that a film *must* emerge from any given welter of words. He did just that with "Mutiny on the Bounty." If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had not engaged him to direct it, having purchased the screen rights from him, I truly believe he would have formed a company and done the thing himself. Like Capra, he is an Academy Award winner, with "Cavalcade" in 1932.

He creates his films almost entirely before the cameras start turning. He says the greatest task in picture-making is the preliminary preparation, not the actual shooting. He believes that, to be a best-seller and a good picture at the same time, a film must possess three basic qualities—entertainment value, an important thought or main idea, and good characters. He considers the Armistice Day Celebrations scene in "Cavalcade" about the best thing he has done, and told me that he had a marvellous "break" over it.

All the scenes were scheduled in advance, and by a sheer accident that scene was fixed for the date of November 11th. Then something happened, and the shooting sequence of scenes was altered. But there was a hitch over some set not being ready, and for the third time the shooting schedule was rearranged. This rearrangement put the Armistice Day scenes back again to November 11th. So the usual Armistice Day Silence and Service took place in the morning; an early break was given for lunch—and then the mob of extras were called to the set still with Armistice Day feelings seething through their minds. Frank Lloyd says their work was inspired—and as a result he secured a series of scenes to which any director might point with pride.

One of Frank Lloyd's most intimate friends in Hollywood is John Ford, the burly Irish-American who is known as "Jack" to everyone in the studios, from executives to prop boys, and who won the Academy Award with "The Informer" recently. Soon after he arrived in Hollywood about twenty years ago he got an occasional job as a rider in Wild Western dramas. Dressed as an Indian, he was riding madly down a very steep hill when his horse put a foot in a hole, landing Mr. Ford on his head in a heap of stones. When Jack woke up in hospital some hours later he decided that his place, in future, was to be *behind* the camera, not in front of it.

Starting with Western dramas, he climbed up and up in the studios, until he was handed the megaphone for "Mary of Scotland," with Katherine Hepburn as the star.

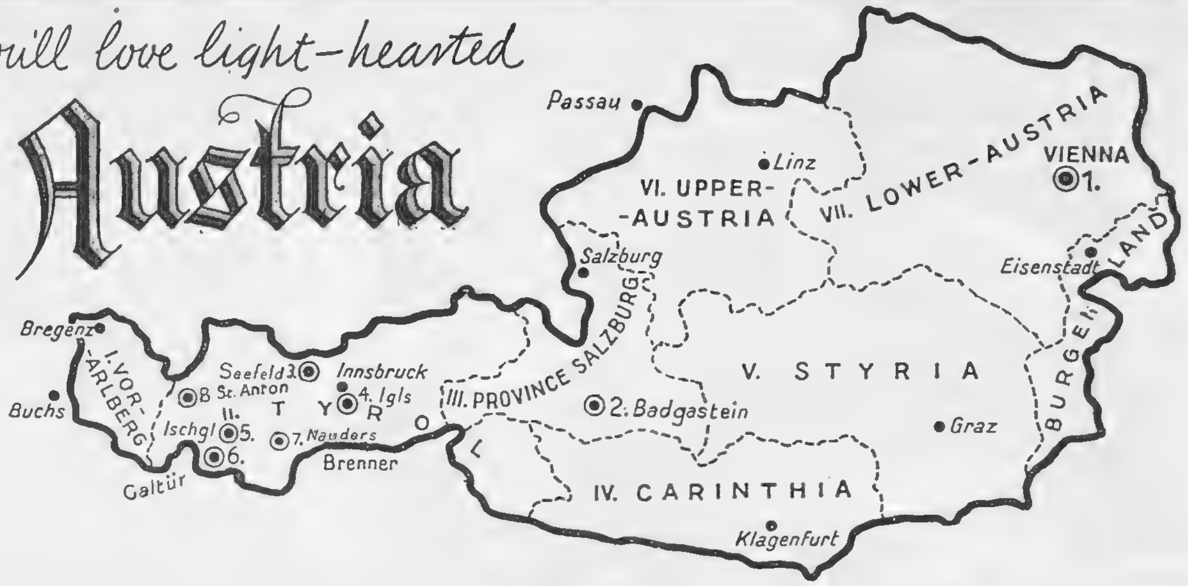
Sidney Franklin, a quiet, dark-haired man who is now in his twenty-third year in the studios, has become an even greater name in Hollywood (and to the outside world) than he was a few months ago, with the showing of "The Good Earth." That last picture planned by Irving Thalberg, with four years of sheer hard labour behind it, reveals Sidney Franklin as one of the greatest men on the directing side of films. He was responsible for developing Norma Shearer as an actress; her work seemed to gain in warmth and sympathy from the time Mr. Franklin steered his cast through the lovely romance called "Smilin' Through."

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" has his signature on it, together with "Quality Street," "The Guardsman" and "Reunion in Vienna"—all of them topped, to-day, by "The Good Earth." I went last summer to the sprawling Chinese village built on purpose for this film on a bald expanse of hilly country about six miles from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. There Sidney Franklin was literally *living* with his company of countless Chinese extras, and his stars, Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. The film was never a picnic. Mental and physical agony was endured by the three people most concerned; and the end of it has been world-wide praise from the critics. It is predicted that Mr. Franklin and his two stars will scoop the Academy Awards next year, as Frank Capra did for "It Happened One Night." A new seven-year contract rests in Sidney Franklin's pocket, following the completion of "The Good Earth."

(*Continued on page 116*)

You'll love light-hearted

Austria


Passau
Linz
VI. UPPER-AUSTRIA
VII. LOWER-AUSTRIA
VIENNA
1.
Salzburg
Eisenstadt
BURGENLAND
Bregenz
I. VORARLBERG
Buchs
Seefeld 3.
8 St. Anton
II. TYROL
Innsbruck
4. Igls
Ischgl 5.
6.
7. Nauders
Brenner
Galtür
III. PROVINCE SALZBURG
2. Badgastein
V. STYRIA
Graz
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The best-frequented Hotel

⊙ 4. Hotel Maximilian, Igls

Every Modern Comfort

⊙ 4. Hotel Lansersee, Lans near Innsbruck, 3,000 feet.

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Finest Hotel on the spot. Moderate terms. Leaflets on request

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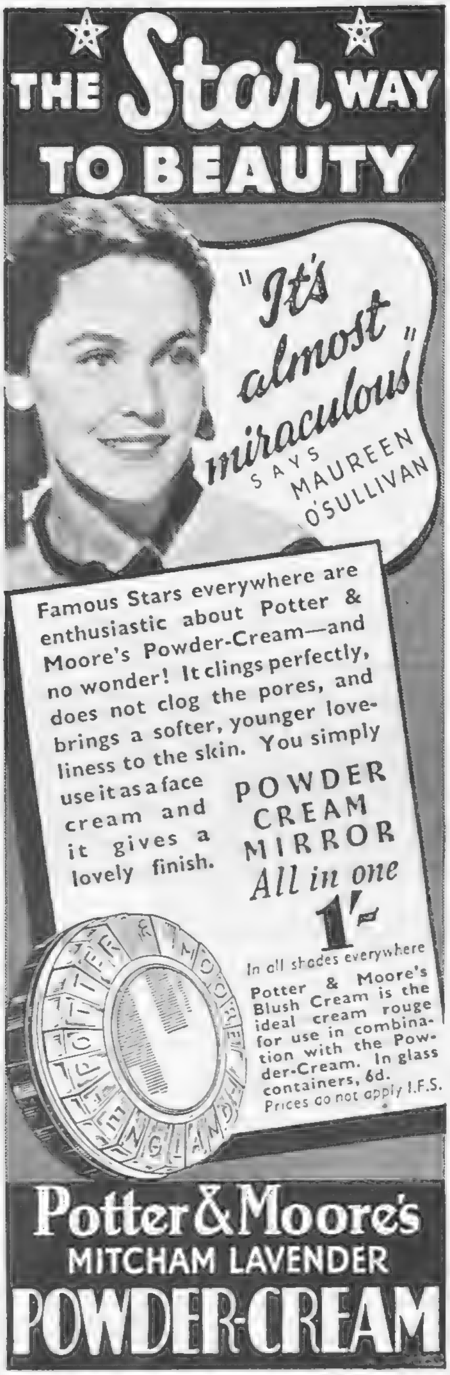
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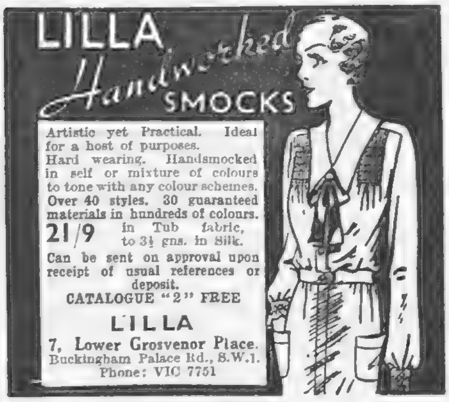
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There Is A Thrill in Touring When You ... Take-
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Star Makers of Hollywood

Clarence Brown, who is now directing Garbo for the seventh time in "Madame Waleska," is my greatest personal friend among Hollywood's directors. He is called "The Man who has Never Made a Poor Picture," but I associate him less with films than with aeroplanes, hunting, and dogs.

He has directed Rudolph Valentino, Marie Dressler, Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and the Barrymores. It was in "Anna Christie," under his direction, that Marie Dressler revealed herself as a magnificent film personality, and Garbo's voice was first heard on the screen.

George Cukor is Hungarian by birth—which makes the list of film directors fairly international, what with the Italian Mr. Capra and the German Herr Lubitsch—and started in Hollywood, when talkies arrived, as a dialogue director fresh from the New York stage. That was when I first met him, during the varied battles that proceeded in order to put "All Quiet on the Western Front" into celluloid. Mr. Cukor, who is plump, dark, spectacled and nearly always smiling, will be remembered for his "David Copperfield," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Camille." To him Freddy Bartholomew owes his present high position in pictures, for it was Mr. Cukor who chose the child to play David Copperfield, and steered him safely through that long and difficult rôle.

W. S. Van Dyke's experience of films began when he was Jack of All Trades to D. W. Griffith, during the making of "Intolerance," quite a number of years ago. As a director, he jumped off with Western dramas, and has now gone many steps ahead. He made the triumphant musical films, "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie"; and to him Nelson Eddy owes a big debt of gratitude. He works on the set rather like a general manœuvring his battalions into position. A Van Dyke film has the entire company and crew on their toes, racing from one set to the next on the heels of a director who knows exactly what he wants, shoots it, says quietly "Right; print that," and after one take is off to the next scene!

Robert Z. Leonard began his career as one of a singing quartette, in 1904. Last year he directed "The Great Ziegfeld," and this year we shall see "Maytime," his latest creation. He is known as "The Smiling Director," and declares that the only way to be a successful director of women is to put oneself in their place. It may sound a little ludicrous, but *it works.* Bob Leonard directed Myrna Loy in her silent film days, when she played exotic dancers and vamps. On the first day she reported for work in "The Great Ziegfeld," she walked up to Mr. Leonard and said with her attractive smile—"Don't worry about me, Bob! *I'm not going to dance!*"

Cecil B. de Mille has completed his sixty-second film—"The Plainsman," starring Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. This great pioneer of pictures has seen Hollywood change from a village surrounded by orange groves into one of the richest and most prosperous cities in the world. For this change the work he has contributed to the screen is largely responsible. He is writing a book about the historical achievements of the West, particularly the lives of individual pioneers—his own story should find a place there, without a doubt. His policy on the set is to make all the players stop thinking of themselves and their off-screen problems, and focus their attention on the film, the parts they are supposed to act, and the director who is striving to put a string of disjointed ideas into concrete form. If that result can be obtained by a joke, the joke is there. If sarcasm will do the trick, Mr. de Mille does not hesitate to employ it. And he seems to have solved the problem of How to Make Films.

END

Provocateur

(Continued from page 27)

her impulse to ask a dozen questions. Instinctively she knew that this was no time to show any reaction.

"Thanks to you," Von Muhlmann continued pleasantly, pleased at having surprised her, "some friends of mine learned things they wanted to know about him."

She felt her voice tremble when she asked "How did I help?"

"The questions you asked him."

She felt it an accusation that she must deny. "I have asked many others the same questions for you. How could they help?"

He went back to his superior manner. "Little bits of information paint a picture of a man."

She shuddered. "Where is he?"

Von Muhlmann shrugged his shoulders. "He was taken over to Poland." He gestured a slit throat and laughed. "By now he's probably at the bottom of the Vistula!"

There was some noise on the floor behind Marya, like the shout of a drunken man, but she did not hear it. She could see only the smiling face of the man and his white soft hands stretched languidly across the table. She wanted to pick up a knife lying there and lunge at him with it. Her questions, her fault that Karl was gone—so simply the Baron put the blame on her.

The noise behind her grew louder. Someone was shouting.

"I'll send the money to-morrow," Von Muhlmann said, putting a cigarette in a long holder. "You earned it, Liebchen."

Before she could think or move or speak or reach another inch for that knife, she felt a hand on her shoulder. She whirled around, frightened, to see Miovsky behind her. "Don't you hear that customer calling you? He wants you to sing that Vistula song again."

The word "Vistula" was like a file rammed through her flesh, twisted, then broken off. She felt herself waving back and forth, but the sudden thought that she must give Von Muhlmann no sign gave her steadiness. Slowly, slowly, she rose from the table.

"Come back when you're through with your public, beautiful," Von Muhlmann said.

The song was finished, but she stood still in the middle of the floor. She had gone to Karl as a friend; she had to face the Baron as a friend. It was difficult to recover sufficient poise, but after a moment she walked deliberately and with full sense of her magnificent posture to Von Muhlmann's table.

He seemed excited as he stood up.

"Where did you learn to sing like that, Marya? I never heard that song sung like that."

She smiled as if a compliment from him pleased her.

The Baron looked at her closely, appraisingly. "I think I've been missing something, Liebchen. I should have come here to see you more often." He reached out for her hand. It was difficult not to shudder. "You and I will be friends, and I'll take you to Berlin or Warsaw and see that you get a decent place to sing."

She smiled at that. Here, trying to get close to her, he was talking as so many men talked. She hid her revulsion by remembering that that was all the better for her purpose. He was wrong in only one particular: it was she who would take him on a journey.

Worst of all, in the days that followed, was the feeling of running round and round in a little space, whenever she tried to think of some way to get at the Baron. He had not reappeared at the *Cockatoo*, so she had no chance to develop any friendship that could serve her.

Each day she sat in her little room, in the rear of an old apartment back of the railway station. She was accustomed to rising late, but now she could not sleep after early morning, and her days were longer and moved more slowly. The first thing each morning she cleaned her small room, made the bed and dusted the two chairs, the table and the little dresser. That activity kept her busy for a little while, and for a little while her mind was freed of gnawing thought.

Each day came the time when there was nothing more to do except to sit quietly, dumbly, letting her mind dwell on Von Muhlmann. Every thought of him stirred the memories of Karl and started again the round of self-accusation and of helpless pain. Again and again the thought of those questions that had trapped him returned, and she tried to recall a single one that might have revealed something to Von Muhlmann. They were all such simple questions, they had scarcely told her anything: the stores at which he traded, where he liked to walk, what language he spoke. A man is not arrested because he likes walking and swimming, because he speaks German, French and a little English. It made no sense to her, and she would not have believed that she was responsible if the Baron had not said so and paid her double money. The money had come. She called it Karl's money and put it away; it was impossible to spend it.

Each night she went to the *Cockatoo* with a dull impersonal feeling, as if she were watching someone else change clothes and sing a few songs—she sang no longer of the Vistula—and then go back to her little room, to a little sleep, another awakening and another long day. Miovsky commented on the change in her, but the fear of any dismissal was a dull one; her only reason for remaining was Von Muhlmann. Each night she hoped that he would appear. Each night she watched for him eagerly, as she had once watched for Karl. Each night she went home with a deepened sense of her own helplessness.

A few nights later he appeared. She watched him sit at a table alone, but she did not go to him immediately. The idea, never far away, of attacking him, of moving slowly toward him, then suddenly leaping at him, flickered again. She was afraid of that only because she could not foretell what he might do to her. Then she told herself again that pretended friendship was best, until she could find some way to him. Forcing a smile, she walked slowly to his table.

He took her hand and held it.

"Missed me?" he smiled.

"You promised to come back. You're like all men."

"I don't think so." He was pleased because she seemed piqued. "I've been busy."

More than ever she realised that she knew nothing about him and that she wanted to.

"I came to-night because I have something for you to do," he said carelessly. "Interested?"

She nodded. This might mean closer contact with him.

"One of these nights," Von Muhlmann said slowly, "a Pole named Markov will drop in here. He's fifty, tall, blond, and has a short beard. I want you to get to know him."

For a moment she considered this Markov, another man bound for the Vistula. This was the way the Baron first mentioned Karl.

"I want you particularly to find out where he came from," the Baron added, "and when he expects to leave."

"Why should he come to the *Cockatoo*?"

"Where else in town do Poles go for an evening?" The Baron laughed. "You don't know much about politics, do you? You won't find them going to German cabarets. He'll be in here some time. Watch for him."

She had Markov's description fixed in her mind. Whoever he might be and whatever he might look like, he would come from this world apart and he might be of some help in getting at Von Muhlmann. Then she stopped abruptly at a thought, wondering why it had not appeared before: If she could question other men without their suspecting, she might even question the Baron without having him realise what was happening. Very casually she began. "You promised to come back after the other night and you didn't."

"I told you I was busy."

She laughed. "Probably your wife wouldn't let you come."

"Wife? I have no wife."

She shrugged her shoulders. "All men say that."

(*Continued on page 118*)

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"I married a Lettish girl after the war, but that was long ago."

There was a first fact, easily obtained. She ventured further. "You must have looked handsome in a uniform. What army were you in ?"

"The Russian." He seemed pleased at the conversation. "I was the first man in my division to win the St. George Cross."

She felt more confidence now. "What did you do after the war ?"

"I was in London for a while in the banking business. Then I settled in Warsaw."

She knew just the tone to say, "I envy you men. You can go everywhere. Did you ever know Count Moravsky"—she used any name that came to her—"in Warsaw ? I met him once in Helsingfors."

"Moravsky ?" Von Muhlmann considered for a moment. "I never heard of him, but I knew most of the important people in the city—Prince Poliakov, for instance."

She could not help smiling. Most of the men she met set out to impress her with their importance or their wealth in the first fifteen minutes. Then, thoughtlessly, she asked "Where do you live here ?"

That question seemed to freeze him. His careless manner changed and he looked sharply at her, as if guessing her intent. "Why are you interested ? You never asked any questions about me before."

She was angry at herself for her clumsiness. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything," she stammered. "Just curiosity, I guess."

"I don't like curiosity, Marya." Like an intentional slap in the face, he added: "I hope no one is paying you to question me ?"

"No one." She was frightened now, and furious at him for outguessing her.

He hesitated for a moment, as if doubtful, then seemed to believe her.

"It would be very dangerous, Marya." He pushed an unfinished drink aside.

"I only dropped in for a minute. I must go now." He was enjoying her confusion. "Write me at the office when Markov comes," he said.

Marya watched him walk away, feeling more desperate than ever before. He walked away so confidently, so self-assuredly. Karl had walked that way too.

At ten o'clock the next night she was sitting at a table. There were only a few men in the place, and Miovsky, as usual, was pacing around, more fretful than ever.

Marya had been excited all day. Sitting alone, remembering the conversation with Von Muhlmann, she had turned over and over in her mind a scheme by which Markov might help her to do to him what she could not do alone. A dozen times she tried to imagine what Markov would be like—pleasant and genial, she hoped, like Karl. Genial or not, there was a way she could make him help her.

She heard Miovsky come up behind her. "Don't you see that man over there ?" he asked harshly. "He's been looking at you ever since he came in. Go over and talk with him and, perhaps, he'll order a bottle of champagne."

She looked up and saw a little unattractive man, obviously German, with a ridiculously simple face. He was smiling, and the smile made him look stupidly comic, as if it had been painted carelessly on his face. Seeing her glance, he turned his eyes away. He appeared to be any hard-working husband with a wife out of town for the first time since his marriage ; Marya recognised the type. She was in no mood to talk and drink with strange men. Markov might appear this very evening, and she did not want to be tied up with anyone else.

"I don't feel well," she said, rising to go to the dressing-room.

"But he might buy champagne !" Then, as Miovsky watched her pass, he called after her, "If I could find another singer to-night, I'd fire you."

The threat did not bother her. She had scarcely sat down in her dressing-room when a waiter knocked on the door. "A note for you from a man outside."

She opened it (*Continued on page* 120)

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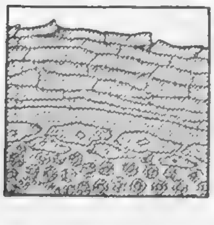

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and read: "Fräulein, I would appreciate the opportunity for a short conversation with you." It was signed "Richard Lenhart."

"What does the man look like?" she asked.

"He's German, little and——"

"Tell him not to-night," she said shortly. She dismissed any thought of this Lenhart. Not since Karl had gone had she known such unbroken excitement as now, waiting for Markov.

When it was time for her to sing, she walked out slowly and took her place. The light on her was stronger than usual, and for a few minutes it was difficult to see. Growing accustomed to it after a little while, she looked around. The German, Lenhart, was watching her with more than ordinary interest, and she felt annoyed. She finished one song and began another. Then she noticed that Miovsky was hurrying to the entrance to greet another customer. A moment later he led a stranger, a tall man of fifty with a blond beard, to a table.

Marya stumbled in her song; the orchestra slowed down to let her get her place. She felt that this man must be Markov, but the surprise of seeing him as a person rather than as someone only imagined confused her. It was wrong to look at him steadily, but it was hard to avoid it. There was nothing genial in his face, but she told herself that a stern and hard man might even be better for her purpose. Here he was, waiting unwittingly to be used as the Baron had used her.

At the end of her turn she went to the dressing-room and repaired her make-up. Once more she rehearsed the conversation to come, hoping that in her excitement she would do nothing wrong. Then, deliberately, she came back to the main room. For a moment she stood in the doorway, smiling and poised, hoping Markov had noticed her. With great casualness, she walked to his table.

She stood beside it for a moment, smiling at the man and waiting for him to speak to her. He looked at her coldly.

"Mind if I join you?" she asked, as lightly as possible.

He motioned to a seat, but said nothing.

"I haven't seen you here before," she continued.

As if not hearing, Markov said, "Will you have a drink? I suppose I ought to order champagne."

"Don't bother," she smiled. "It's not very good."

He relaxed slightly at that unbusinesslike advice. "Thanks for the warning."

It was better to begin the conversation as planned. If it sounded abrupt, that would be all the better. Very carefully, she said, "I ought to introduce myself. I am Marya Wendt."

"I am Paul Markov."

His answer, although expected, increased her excitement. She could only hope she did not show it.

"Are you a stranger in town?"

"You might call me that. I was here three or four years ago."

She disliked his offering any information. He was supposed to resent her questions as Von Muhlmann had done. For a moment she was confused. She happened to look across the room and saw Lenhart. He was watching her, and for a moment she felt unsteadied. Then, as bluntly as she could, she asked "Where did you come from?"

"You seem very curious, young lady."

That was better. That was the way she had imagined he would react.

"Perhaps I am," she answered. Equally blunt, she continued: "How long do you expect to stay in Danzig?"

Everything in her throbbed more rapidly when she heard him say angrily, "I think that is my own affair." Then, as if he, too, had rehearsed his part, he asked, as Marya hoped he would do, "Why do you ask these questions?"

The conversation had come to its climax.

Only one more line was needed. She said simply, " I was told to ask them."

She had not foreseen how angry he would become. It showed on his face, in his eyes, in his voice : " Who told you ? "

His anger pleased her. " What would happen to him if I told you ? "

There was implied cruelty in his voice as he said, " There are ways of attending to such people. Tell me his name."

Something within her sang loudly now. Von Muhlmann would be no match for this man. She would tell no name now ; she had a right to the pleasure of seeing the two meet, of seeing the Baron's pulpy face turn purple !

" If you will come here to-morrow night, I will point the man out to you," she said.

Markov hesitated and looked at her with the slightest alarm. She felt her breath halt until he asked, " Why do you tell me this ? Is this a trap of some sort ? "

" I hate the man," she said. " I wanted you to know."

" It will be bad for you if it is a trap," Markov said slowly. " As a precaution, I shall bring help with me." He looked at her again. His eyes were like augers.

" Very well, to-morrow night at ten ? I assure you I am looking forward to it with interest."

She watched him leave the cabaret. Then, trying to rise, she felt tired and drained of whatever support she had just had. For a few minutes she rested. It had been too much to hope that Von Muhlmann would have to encounter a man like that. She thought again of the meeting on the next night ; no thought of even meeting Karl could have excited her more. Suddenly buoyant, she went to the orchestra. " Play for me," she said. " I want to sing."

She sang two songs before she felt too tired to go on. Now she was more fatigued than she had ever been. She started to leave the floor and saw that she had to pass Lenhart's table. He spoke to her as she went by.

" Fräulein ! "

" Hello ! " It would do no harm to speak to him now.

" I wanted only a word with you," he said pleasantly. " I saw that you found more interesting company." The wavering smile on his face would have been unpleasant in its implication if it had not been so comic. His next remark set her in flushed confusion.

" You still wear the same old pink satin dress." He seemed more amused at seeing her puzzled. Without his smile, he asked, " Did you ever know a German named Karl Mahlin ? "

She had no time to think. " Yes, yes, I knew him. Where is he ? "

Lenhart shook his head. " He is gone. What can you tell me about his disappearance ? I was a friend of his."

Instinctively she said, " Nothing."

" Are you sure ? " Back of Lenhart's smile was a pair of shrewd eyes.

She nodded, afraid to speak now lest he catch the lie in her voice.

"I had hoped you could tell me something," Lenhart said, as if dismissing something trivial. " Perhaps another time we can talk."

" Yes, certainly. I'm awfully tired now. Will you excuse me ? " She went away, telling herself that nothing must interfere to spoil her meeting with Markov.

She was at the *Cockatoo* the next night at eight. The day had been longer than most. In the morning she sent the Baron a note insisting that he come to the cabaret at ten o'clock. At times during the day she wondered about Lenhart, but mostly she let her mind dwell on the meeting of the Baron and Markov. She tried again and again to picture the scene, but she could not go beyond the moment when she would say, " Herr Markov, this is Baron von Muhlmann."

She sat at a table in the *Cockatoo*, wishing that time would pass more rapidly. This night, of all nights, she noticed, the place was comfortably filled. Tensely, she wondered what she would do if Markov came, but Von Muhlmann did not

(*Continued on page* 122)

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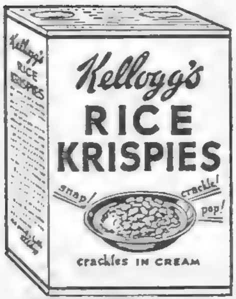

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come. She hoped that the Baron would come first; that would give her a few last minutes to pretend to be friendly with him before he met Markov. She would enjoy every second of that.

Then, at the entrance, she saw Markov. She wavered between going at once to meet him and running back to her dressing-room. The next minutes needed courage. She thought of Karl and then of Von Muhlmann; not definite thoughts, but the memory of their faces, of their voices, of Von Muhlmann saying so coolly, "He's at the bottom of the Vistula now." Then she rose and went to the table where Markov had just been seated.

"Good evening," he said. Before she could answer, he asked, in needle-pointed voice, "Is that man here yet?"

"He has not yet come." She wished her voice would not tremble.

Then she looked up at the entrance. Coming in hurriedly, excitedly, was the Baron.

Then, before she could speak, in horror that was worse than a strangler's rope, she saw Markov wave to Von Muhlmann. She saw the Baron coming to their table. And she heard Markov say, "This is a friend of mine whom I asked to come here to-night, just in case you were planning an unpleasant surprise." She saw the Baron before her, and she heard Markov continue: "Let me introduce Baron von Muhlmann. I believe you said your name was Wendt?"

She could not run now, but she knew that she could never go through with what she had planned.

"The Baron is as much interested as I am in meeting the man you spoke of last night," Markov said.

"Very much interested!" Von Muhlmann put a cigarette in his long holder and looked with amusement at Marya. "Very, very interested!"

"When is the man coming?" Markov asked impatiently.

Marya could not longer meet the Baron's glance. He was so comfortable, she so ill at ease; he so sure of himself and, worse, sure of her too.

She looked up for just an instant, and saw the hardness of his face, the veiled savagery of Von Muhlmann's smile. She tried to say something, anything, but she knew nothing to say.

"Well?"

She could not go through with it.

"He could not come to-night," she stammered. "He could not come."

Von Muhlmann jumped into the opening. "I told you she was probably merely hoping to get money from you," he said to Markov. "I think the proprietor would be interested in knowing how this young lady entertains his guests."

Markov nodded. He looked puzzled, as if he could not quite understand Marya's confusion, but he said, "I think you should."

Von Muhlmann signalled to Miovsky. Unable to bear one more moment of this horror, Marya ran to her dressing-room. All her fear, all her excitement was transmuted into one uncontrollable racking desire for flight, immediate flight to anywhere. She began to change to her street clothes, but she was trembling so much that she could not unfasten her dress. Nothing mattered now, not even the deepening hatred of herself for her weakness, except to get away. There was still time to run out and shout "There, Herr Markov, there is the man!" After the last ten minutes he would not believe her.

At last she got the satin dress unfastened. Then her door opened without a knock, and Miovsky entered, followed by the Baron. Miovsky looked at her for a moment before he shouted "Get out before I kick you out! I can see from your face that what this man says is true!"

She heard Von Muhlmann ask very softly, "May I speak with her alone for a moment?"

"Certainly, Herr Baron." Miovsky withdrew.

Marya backed to the farthest corner, but the man seemed to fill the room. He stood looking at her in silence for a moment. "So, meine Liebchen, you decided to interfere in things you don't understand?" He came a step closer.

There was no possible answer. She expected a blow, and she cringed. He stood still, but his smile was as bad as a whip lash.

"I wouldn't dirty my hands on you! Now listen to me. There is a midnight train to Riga. You get on that train and don't show yourself in Danzig again. Understand? To make sure you've gone, I'll come to your apartment after midnight, and if I find you there . . . . " He was about to turn and leave the room when he remembered something. "Here is money." He tossed a bill at her. It fell slowly to the floor.

For minutes—she did not know how long—she sat there, unable to move. The sense of failure, her hatred of the Baron, her fatigue that made moving an arm impossible, were all hindrances to getting away at once. She did not know how much time remained until midnight and that train. In growing panic lest she miss it, she made herself stand up. Frantically she changed her clothes, getting into stockings and her plain dress, throwing the satin gown and her little make-up equipment into a small bundle. She knew that she was crying, that she should stop and fix her hair and face, that there was plenty of time for that train, but nothing mattered now except getting away. She even felt afraid to try to get home to pack the things that were there, lest that train go without her.

There was a knock at the door. Three men entered, led by Lenhart, the smiling, affable German. "I'm sorry," he began, "but you must come with us."

"No, no." She felt that she was screaming, and that it did not matter. "I can't. I must get the midnight train. I must—I must!"

"Another time, Fräulein, not to-night."

"But——" Something in his face frightened her anew. "Where are you taking me?"

As if it were an invitation, Lenhart said, "To the police. We have some questions to ask you."

SHE sat on a straight-backed chair in a large office, watching the only man in the room, a clerk, writing at a desk. The only light came from a lamp by his side, and the high ceiling overhead seemed dark and heavy, like something that might come crashing down on her at any moment. Wearily, once more, she tried to understand what had happened since that minute, years ago, when Markov entered the cabaret.

"What do you want of me?" she asked the clerk for the tenth time.

"Nothing yet" was his usual answer. "We are waiting."

A clock on the wall, ticking off slow seconds, showed that it was one o'clock.

Once again she tried to understand, but she was able only to put together a few little scraps that made sense. She reasoned that Von Muhlmann must be working for the Poles, since it was the Poles who had taken Karl. His friendship with Markov proved that, but it did not explain why he had wanted her to question the Pole. Disconnectedly, she remembered the money that the Baron had just given her. She wondered why he had bothered to do that; it did not make sense. It was probably one last slap in the face.

She thought of Karl. He was German; these Danzig police were German. Lenhart was German. They would try to make her confess knowing about Karl's end. She might as well confess; they probably knew already. Then, as if she were finding one small structure intact after a great storm, she sprang at an idea. If she confessed, the Baron would be dragged in too. He was in it with her.

She jumped up, "I want to see Herr Lenhart," she said.

"Presently, Fräulein, presently."

She sat down again. After her confession she would be jailed. She would have revenge on the Baron, but she would suffer too. It was better

(Continued on page 124

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not to confess. It was better to stay free. She sank back again into the grey desert of her mind.

Then Lenhart came in with several other men. To the officer at the desk he said, " He will be here at once. I'll show him that we can find what we go after, even if we have to come from Berlin to do it." He walked around for a moment, then lit a cigarette and offered one to Marya. " That lazy loafer! " Then he wheeled about to face her. " Did you know Karl Mahlin? Did you like him? "

" He was my friend. Where is he? "

Lenhart ignored the question. There was no smile on his face now. " Where did you meet him? "

" At the *Cockatoo*."

" Who introduced you to him? "

" No one. I just met him, like I met you."

That seemed to amuse one of Lenhart's men, and he laughed. Lenhart seemed annoyed. His next question was sharper: " Did you carry information about him to anyone? "

Marya felt the importance of that question. She need only mention a name! For a moment she looked out of the window, at the harbour and its lights. " No," she said, " I knew very little about him. I didn't even know his last name."

She heard a door open behind her, but, intent on her answers, she did not look up for a moment. Then she heard the voice of Baron von Muhlmann.

" Good evening, gentlemen. You sent for me? "

Marya's first thought was that he was arrested too. For a moment she felt freer. It was easier to breathe. But the Baron did not act like a man arrested. He was shaking hands with Lenhart.

" I came up from Berlin on this Mahlin case," Lenhart said.

" I've been working on it," the Baron replied.

" You haven't done very much," Lenhart snapped, " and you've been stupid. I've already got the girl who was with him. You could have done that much."

Marya felt that the Baron was looking at her. She paid no attention, trying to understand his presence here. Tediously she reached a conclusion: If he were friends with Markov and friends with Lenhart too, then he worked for both sides. The chance that she had wanted was here. She need not confess and implicate herself. All that she needed to do was to mention Markov. She felt a wave of her former excitement bear her up.

Then, before she could think further, she heard Von Muhlmann say, " You have the wrong girl, Lenhart. This is just a cabaret singer at the *Cockatoo*. I've seen her there many times."

Lenhart turned sharply to him. " That's the girl we were looking for."

Marya saw that Von Muhlmann had all his former self-possession now.

" The girl I saw with Karl was another one," Von Muhlmann said, with sincerity. " I saw them together many times. I've even had them at my house. That's the girl you should look for."

It made no sense to Marya, this attempt of the Baron to defend her.

" I assure you this is the wrong person," he was repeating.

Then her mind was clear. If the police held her, they would soon know about him. He had to try to get her free now, to save himself. For just a moment she felt something like intense pleasure at his situation. One word from her now. . . .

" That's very strange," Lenhart said, looking puzzled.

Yet to say that word meant that she, too, was caught, as deeply, as badly, as painfully as Von Muhlmann would be—caught for the same reason.

Lenhart seemed to ignore Von Muhlmann for a moment. He tried Marya again: " To whom did you carry information about Karl? "

All she needed to do was to pronounce the Baron's name, or merely to point. Yet if she did so, she was speaking her own sentence. Softly she said, "I told you, to no one."

A flood of chatter broke out in the room. Marya paid no attention. She looked at the Baron and thought she saw him smile ever so slightly. Bitterest of all the bitter moments of these last days was this one, when she had to help out Von Muhlmann in order to save herself.

Then she heard him talking: "Believe me, you are wrong, Lenhart. I have investigated the whole matter, as you ordered me to. The woman that Karl was mixed up with was someone else. You and I know he was not the type who would have anything to do with a common, cheap cabaret woman."

She heard these words, and she was on her feet, her face red, her eyes flaming. "You lie, you lie!" Lenhart had to hold her away from the Baron. "You can't say that about him or about me! He was my friend—he said so—and you had him arrested! You, you——" It made no difference now what happened to her if she could get Von Muhlmann for that last retort. Once again she tried to struggle free from Lenhart's hold. "I brought information to you about him."

The Baron's voice crackled: "I've never talked to the girl."

"Then who told me that you won the St. George Cross in the Russian Army, that you were married to a Lettish girl, that you were in London working in a bank, that you used to know Prince Poliakov in Warsaw?" She stopped for breath.

"She seems to know a lot about you, Von Muhlmann," Lenhart said.

"He not only works for you, Herr Lenhart. He works for the Poles too. Ask a Herr Markov, who's in Danzig now."

Lenhart turned to one of the men. "Bring in Markov."

HALF an hour later Marya stopped crying. She was in the same office, the same clerk was at the desk. Only the clock broke the silence. With no interest, she wondered why they had not taken her off when they took Von Muhlmann. Dully she wondered what would happen to her now.

Lenhart entered the room alone.

"What are you going to do to me?" she sobbed.

She heard him say gently, "We are obliged to you, Fräulein, very much obliged. There are always men like that, who hope to stand in the middle and get something from both sides. They do much damage until they are caught."

She scarcely understood. "What are you going to do to me?" she repeated.

"You know nothing of international politics, do you?"

She shook her head. "I understand nothing of it."

"I thought not. They are filthy enough, and men like Von Muhlmann only make them filthier. Stay out of them. I think you have had punishment enough."

She began to cry

"By the way," Lenhart said gently, "I knew the Baron was lying before you spoke. Karl wrote me a letter; he was my friend too. He did like you. Listen." Lenhart took a slip of paper from his pocket and read: "'I've made a friend here, a cabaret singer at the *Cockatoo* named Marya Wendt. She is simple and ignorant of all that concerns us, but she is most refreshing. By the way, if anything should happen to me here, see that she gets a new dress to replace the old pink satin she wears. I promised her that.'"

MARYA WENDT sings to-day in a little cabaret on Friedrichsstrasse in Berlin. She sings two groups of songs, changing costumes between them. In the second group is "The Banks of the Vistula," sung in German, of course. She always wears black for this song.

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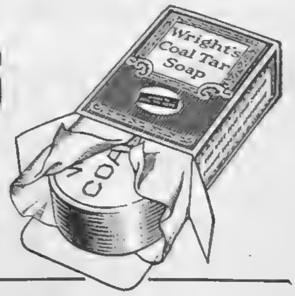

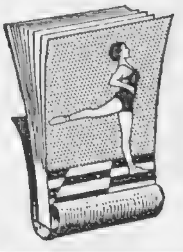

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Holdens

The Firedrake

(*Continued from page 21*)

salaries, they haven't a sou. And I—I managed somehow to spend real money."

He was silent a moment.

"Well," he said at last, "short of paying your bills for you, I don't know what I can do."

She laid a quick hand on his arm. "Did you honestly think I expected that much of you? If you did, you were quite wrong. All I want you to do is help me get aboard the *Indore* without anybody knowing it. I have enough money left from the—the wreck to pay for my passage. But I can't book passage here. The people I owe would be sure to find it out and stop me. So I just want to slip aboard the boat. I'll settle with the purser after we've sailed."

"And what about the people you owe money to here?"

The girl shrugged. "I guess I'll just have to go on owing them."

Frayne regarded his topee.

"It's the same as stealing," he said sententiously.

She looked at him oddly.

"Haven't you ever felt," she asked, "that stealing, in some form or other, was necessary?"

"Oh, quite!" Frayne grinned inwardly. "Only when I steal I do it from the rich. A little fetish of mine."

"And give to the poor, I suppose. All right, Robin Hood. I see you're not going to help me."

"I haven't said I wouldn't."

"Not in so many words. But you're temporising and moralising. And, with the boat sailing to-night, I can't waste time. If you won't help me, I'll have to find someone who will."

"Just a minute," he said. "Haven't you any relatives in America to whom you could cable?"

"No," said the girl. "No one at all. I'm quite alone. You see"—there was a shade of wistfulness in her voice—"I—I thought when I came out here that I was going to stay for good. And I burned my bridges behind me. It was a mistake."

Frayne toyed with his cigarette case.

"But why," he persisted, "did you ask me, a perfect stranger, to do this thing for you?"

"For two reasons," said the girl. "First that I'm sure you must be sailing on the *Indore*. I overheard you asking at the desk about the time she arrived. And, second"—she took a breath—"well, I'm playing a hunch, that's all."

"Hunch?"

"Yes. You look to me like a man who'll take a gamble. You look—if you'll forgive me—extremely capable."

Frayne bowed with faint mockery.

"I suppose you realise," he said, "that if I contrived to do this thing and were caught, I'd be held with you as—well, let's call it accessory after the fact."

She made a hopeless little gesture with her shoulders. "You're right, of course. Well, I'm sorry I troubled you, Mr.—er . . ."

"Frayne," said Frayne, and knew satisfaction in being able to tell her his right name. It was a tribute, he thought, to his cleverness as a jewel thief. And he had been clever. The police did not know him. His photograph appeared in no rogues' gallery. He had never been arrested, much less fingerprinted. Only one person, Doc Lilandahl, with whom he had associated of necessity in the matter of the Saltus diamond, knew about his activities. And Doc Lilandahl was safe, either in Canada or Amsterdam.

"My name's Martel," said the girl, interrupting these thoughts. "Corinne Martel. You may as well know it."

For a moment Frayne considered.

"Well, Miss Martel," he said, "your hunch wasn't wrong. I'll do what I can to smuggle you aboard the *Indore*. But don't blame me if I don't pull it off. Right at the moment I haven't an idea about how to begin."

"Thank you," she said, in a low voice.

"I won't blame you if you fail. But then"—she looked at him steadily—"you won't fail. You're not the kind who fails."

HALF an hour later Ned Frayne dismounted from a ricksha in front of a curio shop. He entered it in the negligent fashion of the tourist and gazed cursorily over the wares displayed. The proprietor, a fat Mohammedan, sought to interest him in a variety of small gewgaws. Frayne waved him aside and pointed to a teakwood elephant two feet high.

"I'll take that," he said, without inquiring the price.

Beneath the counter the proprietor rubbed his hands. He had been trying to get rid of that eyesore for two years. He hastily produced two more teakwood elephants of similar size and incongruity. Frayne bought them immediately, then decided that three was an odd number. He desired, he said, to have a fourth.

By this time the proprietor of the shop was slightly beside himself. In a frenzied whisper he issued orders to a half-grown boy who was chewing betelnut at the rear door. The boy tore away up an alley. He returned presently bearing a fourth elephant.

Frayne bought it with a show of delight. Then he purchased some silks and minor gadgets. When the transactions were complete, he addressed the proprietor sternly.

"Now listen," he said. "I want all this stuff packed into one hamper. The biggest hamper you can get. I want it well packed too, not jammed in, mind you. Let me see the kind of hamper you would use."

Hampers of light wicker were brought for the sahib's inspection. Frayne selected the largest, estimating with one eye closed. Yes, by crouching down and hugging her knees, Corinne Martel would just fit in that.

"This'll do," he said, laying a hand on the big hamper. "Pack the stuff and deliver it to me at the Galle Face Hotel within the hour."

The proprietor salaamed. Frayne gave his name, paid, and departed.

He found Corinne Martel, a blue silk parasol held daintily over her fair head, idling along by the seawall near the hotel.

"You will be interested," he said gravely, "in seeing a collection of elephants I just bought. I suggest that you come to my room at twelve o'clock."

Her right hand was hanging at her side. Frayne's own hand went down, touched it momentarily. Her fingers closed over the key to his room.

"BUT why, for Heaven's sake," exclaimed Miss Martel, "didn't you just buy the hamper, instead of wasting good money on all this—this junk?"

"The eternal Woman," he said. "Practical and short-sighted. I merely considered the junk a good precaution. News travels fast among the natives in places like this. They have a kind of grape-vine communication system. If your creditors heard that an empty hamper of this size had been bought by an American and if you and I have been seen together by any chance—well, they might add two and two and get four. As it is, the junk justifies the hamper. There should be no question about what it is used for."

Corinne tapped the floor with her slipper. "Well, I suppose we can't be too careful. But it seems a sinful waste. What are you going to do with all the stuff?"

"The silks," Frayne said, "ought to make you more comfortable during your—er—journey. As for the elephants, I've already bribed the boy who looks after this room to dispose of them."

Corinne Martel's peculiar light eyes travelled away from him.

"Well," said Frayne, "you better go down and get your lunch. I'm told that the *Indore* is already in and I've made arrangements to have my luggage called for at three o'clock. For safety's sake, you ought to be in your—er—compartment at a quarter to. And"—he smiled—

(*Continued on page* 128)

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"I hope you won't mind the—er—limited accommodation."

Corinne shrugged. "The idea is to get on the *Indore*. Who am I to complain about accommodation?"

THE s.s. *Indore*, a fifteen thousand tonner with russet, sun-baked sides, lay in that little body of blue sea which is protected by the breakwater at Colombo. In the glare of the pier, his white topee blazing in the golden light, Ned Frayne superintended the loading of his hamper into a sampan. Two natives lifted it carefully down into the small boat. From the wharf Frayne haggled volubly with the boatman.

It was a good idea, Frayne thought, to let it be known here that the hamper contained curios. Wherefore, in a loud voice, he informed all and sundry that he'd paid enough for a consignment of damned wooden elephants as it was, without being robbed over their transportation to the *Indore*. He did not, he told the ancient boatman, propose to be further fleeced. The boatman chattered and gesticulated. Finally Frayne gave in, grumbling. The boatman, looking like Charon setting off across the Styx, began poling his ridiculous craft toward the *Indore*.

Frayne took the motor launch with his hand luggage, passing Charon and the hamper en route. Fifteen minutes later he and Corinne Martel were smoking cigarettes in his cabin. The hamper stood in the middle of the floor, empty of everything save the silks Frayne had bought.

"Well," Frayne said, "we made it, didn't we? What's the next move?"

"After the boat sails," Corinne decided, "I'll find the purser and make my own arrangements. Meanwhile"—she stopped and swept a hand over the cabin. Her eyes, questioning, sought Frayne's.

"By all means," Frayne said. "Make yourself at home. I'm going up for a drink." He put on his sun helmet and opened the door. He stepped out, closing the door behind him.

Around a bend in the deserted corridor he took off his topee and stole a look at the stones in the little secret compartment.

"Well, children," he murmured, "what do you think of her? Pretty grand, eh?"

The Firedrake gleamed back at him in red mockery.

ONE evening as the ship ploughed steadily under the low, star-scarred sky Frayne said to Corinne Martel: "What are you going to do when you get to London?"

They were sitting at the rail on the afterdeck, watching the wake, a white, foamy pathway cut through onyx water. Corinne picked up Frayne's sun helmet from the arm of his chair, stroked it idly.

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't considered. And, anyhow"—her voice dropped—"I've got a little job to do before we get there."

He looked at her curiously. "You haven't mentioned that before."

"No," Corinne's eyes were on the white crown of the sun helmet. "It's rather—well, delicate. Please don't ask me any more."

"Very well," Frayne said impersonally.

Corinne put the sun helmet on her knees.

"Anyhow," she said, "you'll be in London, won't you?"

Frayne shifted in his chair. He had not told her of his resolve to leave the boat at Marseilles. For one thing, he had been weakening in that resolve for the past few days. And the knowledge annoyed him. After all, this was a business trip first and last. A fine bit of foolishness it would be if he permitted his liking for this girl to delay the arrival of the gems in Amsterdam.

"No," he said, almost harshly. "I'm leaving the boat at Marseilles. Flying to—to Paris."

"Oh!" Was the queer note in her voice one of disappointment? "I didn't know that. I shall be sorry."

"We'll meet again somewhere," Frayne said. And added: "If you like."

Corinne did not reply. For a long time she sat silent, her eyes on the black desolation of the sea. Finally she handed him his sun helmet and arose.

"I'm going in," she said casually. "I'm absolutely dead for sleep. Good night, Mr. Frayne. And I'm sorry about—about everything."

Frayne took her hand. It felt warm. Her pulse raced under his fingers.

"You mean London?" he asked.

Corinne Martel drew a breath. "Yes, London." Then she was gone, her figure a white wraith until the shadows of the deck swallowed it.

Frayne sat on by the rail, smoking cigarettes in the quiet, hot dark. Then, about midnight, he sought his cabin.

The cabin was stifling. For an hour he read. At last he rose and picked up his sun helmet. It was his custom to bid his jewels good night.

With deft fingers he opened the little compartment and shook the helmet over the bed. And then, suddenly, Ned Frayne went white to the lips.

A single lump of sugar, wrapped in paper and obviously filched from the ship's dining-room, had fallen to the counterpane.

For a moment Frayne stood staring in horror at that tiny square object. Then he flipped the helmet over. The little compartment was absolutely empty. The red smoulder of The Firedrake and the white light of the Saltus diamond were gone.

Frayne sank down on the bed, suddenly weak in every limb. His weakness, however, was of the body only. Within his head his brain beat agitatedly, but clearly. There was only one answer. Corinne Martel had taken the gems. No other solution held water. Corinne was the only person who had even touched his sun helmet since leaving Ceylon. How she had discovered the existence of the little compartment, he couldn't think. But she must have, and extracted

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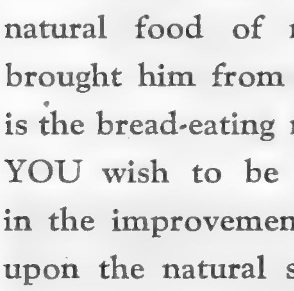


the jewels from it to-night under cover of the darkness of the deck. But the sugar? That looked like premeditation. It pointed to the fact that she had known of his hiding place for some hours at least. But how had she got the information?

One thing, however, was crystal clear. She was a thief, the same as he. And the worst kind of a thief, one who stole from her fellow thieves. Well, he should have suspected it. She had run out of her debts in Colombo with an entire lack of conscience. That should have given him an inkling as to her character. But he'd been—well, carried away by her charm. A little moonstruck he'd been—he, Ned Frayne, one of the cleverest crooks in the business. And the moon had robbed him of a fortune, temporarily.

Temporarily was right, Frayne thought grimly. He reached down and slipped off his shoes. He had no intention of letting her get away with this. The jewels were still on the boat. And he meant to have them back, just as quickly as possible.

He waited half an hour. The ship grew quiet. Lights were dimmed. Then he slipped out into the corridor, made his way noiselessly to Corinne Martel's cabin.

Because of the intense heat, her door stood wide open. Frayne waited a moment, straining his ears to try and hear Corinne's breathing in the black stillness inside. But he heard nothing. He stepped into the cabin.

Then it was that Ned Frayne got the shock of his life. As his foot touched the carpet within, a sudden stream of light struck him fairly between the eyes. Corinne Martel's voice spoke mockingly out of the shadows.

"Good evening, again, Mr. Frayne," she said. "Or, should I say 'Good morning'?"

Frayne's eyes travelled down the beam of light. She was sitting, fully dressed, in an armchair. One hand held a flashlight. From the other came the blue gleam of an automatic. It was pointed at his heart.

"I wouldn't advise you," Corinne said, "to come any closer. I don't like to boast, but I'm a dead shot."

Frayne backed against a dresser, fighting for control.

"And a deadbeat, too, it seems," he said. "Where are my jewels?"

"Your jewels?" She laughed softly. "What funny ideas you get, Mr. Frayne."

Frayne thought swiftly. As far as he knew, she had no reason to suspect that he had stolen the jewels originally.

"Yes, my jewels," he said brazenly. "And you're a thief."

"Pot," said Miss Martel, "calling the kettle black. If I were a thief, Mr. Frayne, I'd be a better one than you are. You're too, too —well, over-confident."

"This needs explaining," he said. "How did you know I had jewels?"

"Shall we say 'a little bird'?"

"Since you've stolen my property," Frayne said, annoyed, "you might at least have the decency to tell me how you did it."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you that at all. It was just that you made such a point of that sun helmet. I watched you for days and that hat was never more than two inches away from you. So I finally deduced that the hat was vital. And to-night I proved that I was right. Do you care for sugar, Mr. Frayne?"

"Come," he said irritably. "You're in a bad spot. You're a thief and I know it. I only have to knock up the captain to have you arrested."

"Oh, heavens," said Corinne, in mock alarm. "And I'm not dressed for arrest. But seriously, do you know what I think? I think you're going to let the captain sleep. It would be so much safer for you. Because, Mr. Frayne"—her voice sank—"I know that you're a thief. I won't tell you how I know it. But I do."

Frayne bowed. Why try to brazen it out any longer? He was getting nowhere.

"All right," he said smoothly. "Let's say I am. If so, we seem to be in the same boat. Now why can't we get together? You come with me to Amsterdam and I'll cut you in."

"Amsterdam?" echoed Corinne. "I thought you said you were going to Paris."

Frayne bit his lip and was silent.

"Besides," went on Miss Martel, "I'd be dumb to agree to that. I hold the jewels. Which is the same as saying 'all the cards.'"

"Right at the moment," agreed Frayne, "you do. But positions can switch. We're a long way from Marseilles, young lady."

Corinne yawned. "What of it? The purser has an excellent safe."

Frayne almost leapt at her words. The purser's safe, eh? So she had deposited the jewels there, had she? Well, she wasn't so bright as he imagined.

"Well," he said casually, "I guess I'm licked then. I suppose you've got no objection to my going to bed now?"

"None whatever," Corinne said, "so long as you leave here quietly. Good night, Mr. Frayne."

Frayne stepped out of the door.

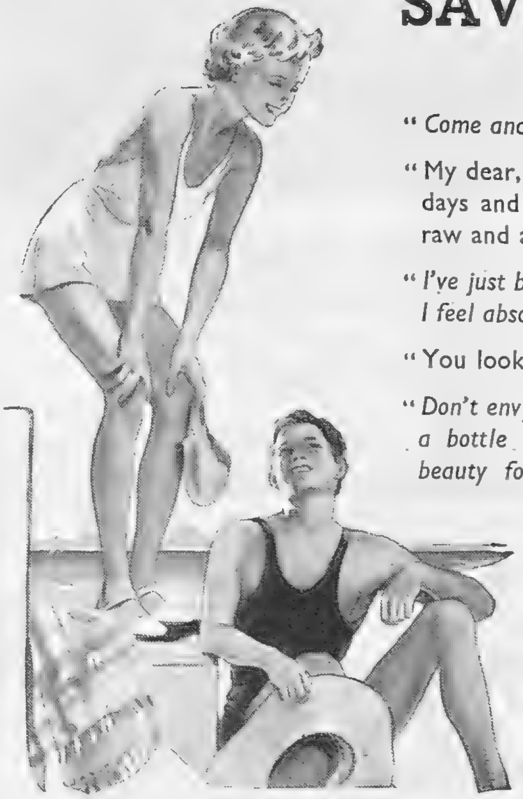
"Good night, Miss Martel. You're a clever girl. The game's over. And all honours to you."

Once away from her door, however, Frayne sped noiselessly back to his cabin. From a suitcase he extracted a bunch of queer-looking keys. Friends in need, these keys. Frayne would have liked to have seen the door that some one of them couldn't open. Pocketing them, he hurried through dimly lit corridors to the purser's office.

Miss Corinne Martel, he told himself, was clever, but not clever enough. At dawn the ship was due to dock at Port Sudan. Port Sudan, Frayne knew, was just about the jumping-off place. But no matter. He would leave the *Indore* as soon as she touched the wharf. Somehow, by car probably, he could get to Suez or Port Said. The vital thing was to get away from Corinne Martel. That young woman seemed to know entirely too much about him.

The door to the purser's office proved easy. But the safe, as Corinne had said, was a good one. For several minutes Frayne worked at the combination,

(*Continued on page 130*)



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with the aid of a flashlight. At last there came a final, satisfactory click.

He swung the door open, began pawing frantically through the safe's contents. Presently his restless brown fingers were tearing at an envelope with the name CORINNE MARTEL on the outside. Within he could feel hard lumps.

Frayne's eyes glistened. Beneath his fingers the paper made a rending sound. And then, suddenly, Ned Frayne choked back an impulse to curse at the top of his lungs. In the palm of his hand lay several lumps of sugar.

At almost the same instant a low laugh sounded behind him. Frayne wheeled. Corinne Martel, her revolver still in her hand, stood framed in the darkened doorway of the purser's office.

"So you do like sugar, Mr. Frayne?" she whispered. "But who would think that you'd go to these lengths to get it?"

"Damn you!" exploded Frayne. "I . . ."

But she was already retreating down the corridor.

FOR days Ned Frayne had avoided Corinne Martel. But he had not been idle. Four separate times he had ransacked her cabin. Deftly, carefully, he had gone through it, prying everywhere in search of the gems. But to no avail.

He sat on deck now, looking gloomily out at the sea. He felt vaguely upset. But it was dawning upon him, to his amazement, that the loss of the jewels no longer disturbed him. Corinne Martel. She was a strange, fascinating creature. She was clever, resourceful. She had nerve. For a long time now they had been at war. But she had been here, on the same boat with him, where he could see her, where he had once talked to her, even if their talks had been at cross purposes latterly. To-morrow they would reach Marseilles, however, and their acquaintanceship would end. She would go her way, he his. The chances were they would never meet again. And he—well, he would have memories of her. But they wouldn't be satisfactory ones. He would be able to remember her only as an alluring woman to whom he had lost, lost . . .

Lost everything? Ned Frayne arose suddenly. Good God, what was making him fee this way? He was a jewel-thief, a man with a hard, definite purpose in life. He had no time for sentiment, for weak, vague musings. Impatiently, he set off around the deck. Perhaps a walk would straighten him out.

By the starboard rail he saw Corinne. She was in something white and cool that the sea-wind ruffled gently. Her eyes were on the black face of the Mediterranean.

Frayne approached quietly.

"Good evening, Miss Martel," he said.

She did not turn. Her hands, white and small, were on the rail.

"I've come to say good-bye," Frayne said simply. "To-morrow is journey's end. May I congratulate you, Miss Martel? You were too clever for me."

Without looking at him Corinne said: "Why give up? You've still time. I'm taking the boat on to England."

Frayne shook his head. "It wouldn't be any use. I know when I'm licked. Good-bye and the best of luck. And"—mockery crept into his voice—"I hope you get a good price for them."

She faced him then. Her teeth showed above the line of her lower lip.

"You might spare me your insults," she said, almost bitterly.

"I assure you," Frayne said, surprised, "that I had no intention of insulting you."

"You wouldn't understand," Corinne said. "But I'm not particularly interested in getting a price. What are you going to do after we dock?"

"Fly to Amsterdam," Frayne told her. "Meet my—my accomplice, if you like, and confess my ineptitude. It's not a pleasant prospect."

For a long time Corinne was silent.

"Why," she said at length, her eyes averted, "does an intelligent, resourceful man like you have to be a thief?"

He shrugged. "What else would I be?"

"I don't know. It wouldn't matter. So long as it was honest."

"What," said Frayne, smiling, "was that apt quotation you used to me once? Something about a pot and a kettle, I think."

Corinne made a gesture of annoyance. "All right. Have it your way. You'll always remember me as a—fellow crook, won't you?"

"Which won't tarnish the memory in the least," Frayne said. "I'm rather fond of crooks."

Suddenly Corinne Martel's eyes glazed. "Oh, you're hopeless. Our acquaintance had better end here and now. I can't stand blunted perceptions. Good-bye, Mr. Frayne."

She turned swiftly on her heel. The sea-wind brought Ned Frayne a faint fragrance of perfume. Then she was gone.

THE long street that leads from the docks to the city of Marseilles was alive with traffic. It was raining. Lorries slithered and skidded. The shouts of driver and chauffeur were loud, hoarse.

Frayne's taxi crept along through the mêlée, reached the city and headed for the flying field. Hunched in a corner of the seat. Frayne smoked cigarette after cigarette. So this was the end, eh? The end of something that might have been—well, splendid. And he was going to Amsterdam, empty in heart and pocket, to face a disappointed and accusing Doc Lilandahl, another crook like himself.

The flying field lay bare and sodden under the rain. Frayne booked his ticket, went out toward a great silvery plane. The sooner this drab journey was over, the better.

He turned, and gave a sudden, amazed gasp. Corinne Martel, in a light raincoat, stood at his side.

"You've forgotten something, Mr. Frayne," she said, her greenish-blue eyes sweeping his face. "Here! Take it!"

Startled, Frayne looked down at her closed hand. The fingers opened. The Firedrake burned up at him from the palm.

"I have," Corinne said, rather formally, "no interest in this jewel. Go ahead and take it! You want it more than I do."

"I don't understand," he said, in a low, strained voice.

"No," Corinne's eyes were reproachful, "you don't understand. It's just that I found I couldn't let you go believing that I was a thief, too."

"B-but the diamond?" said Frayne.

Behind them there was bustle. The plane was about to start.

"Hurry!" urged Corinne. "Put this thing in your pocket. Your plane's going."

All at once Ned Frayne knew a vast disinterest in airplanes.

"The hell with the plane!" he said.

Corinne's eyes, misty it seemed, turned away from him. "Yes. The hell with the plane."

They heard a hurrying of feet. A motor roared.

"The diamond?" said Frayne quietly.

"The diamond," Corinne said, "is what I chased you halfway around the world to recover."

"You—chased—me?"

"Yes. You might as well know everything. The Canadian police caught a man—Lilandahl, I think his name is. It seems that this Lilandahl had been associated with you and he thought to get off easier by informing on you. He did so, very fully. I had no trouble following your trail, particularly since you didn't bother to change your name. You really were awfully overconfident, Mr. Frayne."

"B-but you?" Frayne asked dazedly.

"Me? Oh, I'm just a girl that works for the firm of private detectives that Mrs. Saltus hired to try and get her diamond back. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm really not a thief. Nothing so glamorous—or dangerous."

"But all that hocus pocus in Ceylon?" persisted Frayne.

(*Continued on page* 132)

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"Those debts? That business of getting you on the boat?"

She looked away again. "All lies. I'm sorry, but it was necessary. You see, it was better to have you think that we were—were . . . well, crooks together. I wanted you to have an extraordinary interest in me."

Frayne's voice trembled a little.

"You achieved that ambition," he said, "better than you'll ever know. Because, being all washed up, I can't tell you. The police want to see me, don't they?"

Corinne kicked at the muddy ground. "The American police, possibly. I wouldn't know. I was hired to get the diamond back, not to bring the—the thief back alive."

"But surely it's your—your duty to—to . . ."

She snapped her fingers. "I know my duty. I'm answerable to my firm and Mrs. Saltus only. They said 'Get the diamond.' Well, I got it and some bank or other can send it back to her. Beyond the fact that they supplied the information that helped me trail you, I haven't had anything to do with the police."

Frayne drew a breath.

"Miss Martel," he said huskily. "Corinne, I—I"—he stopped suddenly. "Hell, I can't say anything. I'm a man—a man without a country."

Her eyes held his.

"There're lots of countries," she said.

He moved closer to her. "You—you don't mean. . ."

"No," her voice was sharp. "I don't. You're a thief. I couldn't ever . . oh, what's the use of talking about it?"

Suddenly Ned Frayne's hand closed over hers.

"Pardon a slight correction," he said evenly. "I was a thief. I don't seem to be one any more, though. I'm"—he swung his hand—"I'm precisely nothing—now.'

"Listen, Ned Frayne!" Corinne's face, bright with rain, came up to his. "It doesn't matter to me that you haven't a country. It doesn't matter to me what you are, so long as it's something honest. That's all I care about, that and—and . . ." she stopped abruptly, looked at the ground.

Frayne's voice was scarcely audible.

"It—it couldn't be me, could it?" he said, wonderingly.

Corinne's hand pressed his hard.

"Well," she said softly, "what do you think?"

IN the taxi going back to Marseilles, Frayne said suddenly: "Listen, dear, I've just thought of something. Do you know how to wrap a small, neat package?"

Corinne's light blue eyes turned to him, puzzled. "Of course. But why on earth?"

"Because," said Ned Frayne, "I want to post one. To a man named De Silva out in Ceylon."

END

Alibi for Murder

(*Continued from page* 45)

perfect condition. He would see to that. If it did not start easily and run perfectly when he collected it from the woods, then the crime could be postponed. He could telephone his chauffeur that he would not be coming down to the country that night, and return secretly to town. If the night were wet, it would also be unwise to attempt the murder—high speeds would be dangerous on a motor-cycle; and, besides, damp ground took too many telltale imprints, though here again a set of rubber soles, bought cheaply in Camden Town and affixed to the bottom of his shoes, would prove but another link in the case against Sims's anonymous correspondent.

He might, of course, be seen, but that should not prove disastrous. Disguise was so easy. A little dirt smeared upon the face would be all that was necessary. No one had ever seen wealthy, dignified John Maxwell with a dirty face—it was unthinkable. The murderer, if he *were* seen, would just be a shabbily dressed man on a motor-cycle, in goggles and with a grimy face—and every clue would lead to Camden Town, where there were a thousand men answering to such a description.

He need be in no immediate hurry. Sims would not act or confide in anyone else until he was certain of his facts, and that could not be yet awhile. And every week-end Sims went down to his cottage and sat working in his front room until the early hours of the morning.

On the Monday morning Maxwell travelled back to town. On the way up he noted again the geography of Potters Heath station, the bridge which carried the road over the line, the low parapet which could easily be scaled, the short drop down on to the platform. He could crouch under the sheltering arch of the bridge, hidden from view by the bushes, and when the train came in his compartment, being always in the last coach, would stop within a few feet of his hiding place.

As soon as the guard's back was turned he could regain his compartment and be safe. Of course his whole plan would have to be abandoned if, on the selected night, there should chance to be another passenger in the compartment after the train had left East Croydon. But here again he could choose his time. There need be no hurry.

Still, the sooner the better perhaps. By the time he reached London he had decided to carry out his plan, all conditions being favourable, on the following Saturday evening. In the meanwhile he had a little shopping to do in Camden Town.

THE week passed uneventfully. On the Friday evening he disguised himself for the first time—in an old coat when leaving his house in Regent's Park, and later by means of a smudge or two of oil and dirt from the gutter, quickly smeared over his face when no one was looking. He mingled with the evening shoppers in their ebb and flow down the drab streets between Camden Town and Kentish Town, and here he bought the rubber soles for his shoes, a pair of gloves, goggles and waterproof leggings and cape from a small shop which sold cycle accessories and wireless parts, and smelt of cheap leather and oil. As the assistant was packing up his parcel, he asked casually where a good motor-cycle could be bought locally, and was directed to a shop a few streets away. He left with his parcel under his arm, and soon was standing before the open front of what seemed to be part shop, part garage, for in the foreground stood row upon row of suspiciously bright and shining machines, while in the background a seedy-looking mechanic was engaged in applying the same polish to other cycles which more honestly proclaimed the fact that they were second-hand.

A man, apparently the owner of the establishment, came out and asked him tersely what he wanted.

"I want," said Maxwell, with equal brevity, "a powerful motor-cycle in perfect condition, taxed and ready for the road, to be delivered to me at a moment's notice when I require it. Cash down and," he paused for a moment and eyed the other, "—and no questions asked."

The man nodded. Without comment he led the way to the back of the premises, and gave a few curt instructions to the seedy-looking mechanic. Sims, Maxwell reflected, might have learnt something from this man about minding one's own business.

Half an hour later Maxwell left the shop, the owner of a big powerful machine in perfect running order, with good tyres and a guaranteed speed of seventy miles per hour. He left careful instructions that it be filled with oil and petrol, and be kept ready for him if he were to call for it on the following afternoon. The

(*Continued on pag* 134)

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INDIAN MANGO

6/37

insurance, he said, he would see to himself.

The proprietor of the garage was a man of few words. He had been given a good price, and he had every desire to please a customer who was clearly ready to pay handsomely for the right article. His client had told him he lived near by, in Camden Town. He did not trouble to memorise the name Maxwell gave him. He promised that the motor-cycle would be ready for collection on Saturday, tuned up for a long journey at high speed.

A few minutes later Maxwell was back at his home in Regent's Park, his face clean and his old overcoat discarded. It had been a successful day—everything was going according to schedule. How stupid, how very stupid, of Sims to put him to all this trouble. He smiled to himself. Of course, it was a trouble, but really he was quite enjoying the planning of this little coup.

Saturday was bright and fine, with the road around the Park swept dry by the wind and retaining no tell-tale imprints of foot or wheel that passed over it. Unless he had a passenger with him on the train that evening Inspector Sims would not be reporting for duty on the Monday morning at Scotland Yard.

He left his office early—the running of a highly respectable and *bona fide* business was but part of his system of camouflage—and by half-past four he had donned his dirty overcoat, had smeared his face and blackened his nails once again, and was standing in front of the cycle shop in Camden Town. Without undue fuss the machine was wheeled out and started up; Maxwell seated himself on the saddle and was soon threading his way through the traffic. Once out on the country roads he put it through its paces, and noted with satisfaction that seventy miles an hour was achieved with ease and without danger, and that he himself was quite at home upon it.

The light was failing as he reached that part of the main road which was only separated from the line by a narrow strip of woodland—that same spot of woodland in which the midnight train always slowed down, even if it did not actually stop.

He brought the motor-cycle to a standstill, dismounted and, after a quick glance up and down the road to make sure he was not being watched, he wheeled his machine in amongst the trees and hid it in a clump of bushes a few feet from the path which led to the railway. Then he walked down the path to the line and hung a large branch over the wire fence which ran by the track. He did not wish to run the risk of losing his bearings in the dark, for time was going to be precious.

Satisfied with his arrangements, he hurried back to the main road, and after walking a mile or so towards London boarded a bus which took him to the Embankment.

At nine o'clock he was sitting in his dining-room in Regent's Park, eating the perfectly cooked meal which had been prepared for him.

At half-past eleven he summoned a taxi and was driven to the station, arriving, as was his wont, some eight or nine minutes before the train was due to leave. But to-night he varied his normal procedure and tipped the driver one and sixpence instead of the usual sixpence. The man touched his cap and thanked him. The first witness for the defence, thought Maxwell.

At the barrier he fumbled for his season ticket, unbuttoning his coat with a worried expression.

"That's all right, Mr. Maxwell, sir," said the ticket-inspector, "You've been travelling on this line long enough for me to know that you're a season-ticket holder."

Maxwell thanked him and hurried on to the platform. Witness number two.

As always the fourth compartment from the guard's van was a first-class non-smoker. In fifteen years, he reflected, he had never travelled in any except the middle compartment on the last coach of this train, and to-night was to be no exception. He glanced anxiously through the window before he got in. The compartment was empty. That only left the few stations before East Croydon for any other passengers to join him, and only very rarely did anyone enter the train after it had left London.

Once inside, he opened the window and spoke to the guard, who stood outside with his green lamp in his hand and his eye on the station clock.

"No chance of being late to-night, is there?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Maxwell, we should be on time," and the guard began to wave his lamp.

Witness number three, and the most important one of all. A witness who could swear, should it ever be necessary, that on Saturday night, the 6th of May, the night when Inspector Sims was brutally murdered, John Maxwell was sitting as usual in the first non-smoking first-class compartment of the midnight train from London to Belton-on-Sea, and therefore could not possibly have been implicated in the crime.

The Thames gleamed dully beneath the carriage wheels, the Battersea Power Station loomed up out of the darkness, and soon the train was slowing down at East Croydon. The platform was deserted; not even a porter was in sight.

So it was settled then. Fate had decided and Sims had lost. Poor Sims—they would miss him at the Yard. No doubt they would find it hard to fill his place. Idly he wondered if he knew the Inspector well enough to send a wreath to the funeral, and decided that he did. It would be a tactful gesture.

The train gathered speed as it left Croydon, and soon the rows of houses which bordered the line gave way to woods and fields, their outlines just discernible by the light of the half-moon.

Maxwell glanced at his watch. There was another quarter of an hour before the train would slow down as it passed through that stretch of woodland. He took down his small suit-case from the rack and checked over its contents carefully, laying each article on the seat beside him. His waterproof outfit, revolver, loaded in three chambers, goggles, a pair of gloves—everything was in order.

He rose to his feet, removed his light overcoat and slipped it in the case, then pulled on his waterproof leggings and cape, buttoned the cheap gloves around his wrist, slipped the goggles over his eyes, snapped on the safety-catch of his revolver and dropped it in his pocket.

He glanced round to see that he had missed nothing. His hat—of course. No use wearing that on a motor-cycle; inadvisable to leave it on the rack until he regained the train. After all, he might yet have to postpone his operations if a last-minute hitch occurred. No—better to take his hat with him.

He folded it neatly and squeezed it into the case. That, too, must come with him—there were straps ready to bind it to the carrier of the machine.

Five minutes later the brakes were gradually applied and the train began to lose speed. Maxwell rose, satisfied himself that the right spot on the line would soon be reached, then opened the carriage window and glanced out. No inquisitive heads were peering from adjoining windows. He shut the window again and very cautiously opened the door. A blast of air struck his face and he was thankful for his goggles. Lying on the floor of the carriage, he gently slid himself forward through the open door until he was lying full-length along the foot board, so that even someone leaning out of a window above him could not see him.

A few hundred yards more and he must jump. The train seemed to be going much faster than usual, but he realised that this was probably only his imagination. He felt cool and alert. He stretched up his hand and closed the door above him, crouched for a few moments longer on the footboard and then sprang, his case clutched tightly under his arm.

For a few seconds he lay breathless on the grassy verge beside the track, then, finding himself unhurt and realising that every moment was precious, he stumbled to his feet and ran

(*Continued on page* 136)

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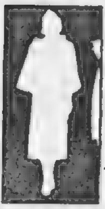

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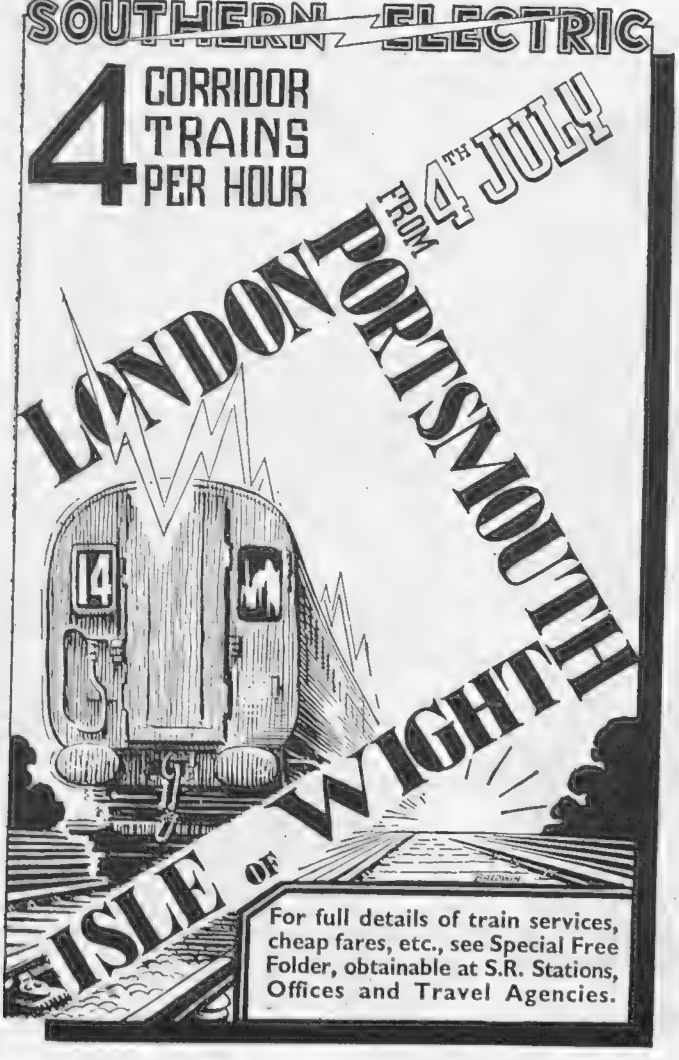

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quickly along the railing which bordered the line.

For a terrible moment he thought he had mistaken the place, so different did everything look in the dim moonlight, but then he saw his branch dangling on the railing, and he plunged through the bracken reassured.

A minute later the engine of his motor-cycle spluttered into life at the first kick at the starter, and he pushed it cautiously out on to the main London road. Not a soul was in sight, not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. He switched on the powerful headlights, opened up the throttle and let in the clutch. The machine bounded forward, faster and faster along the perfect surface of the long, straight road, and before he had covered five miles a string of twinkling lights were momentarily visible against the sky-line on his left, and he knew that he was already ahead of the train.

He sped through the quiet streets of Drayton at fifty miles an hour—there was no fear of police cars at this time of night—but once past the last shuttered, silent house he slowed down until a sudden sharp turning off the main road became visible among the trees on his right. Into this he turned, then on for another quarter of a mile, bumping painfully over the cart-tracks of the lane.

Set back a little from this lane was a cottage, Sims's cottage, and as he drew up at the end of the tiny drive he saw that the light in the front room was on. He turned the machine round so that it faced back towards the main road again, left the engine purring silently, drew his revolver from his pocket, slipped off the safety-catch, and tip-toed up the path leading to the house. His shoes crunched slightly on the gravel and he stepped on to the grass. He could see Sims bending over his desk, a reading-lamp at his side.

Maxwell crouched under the window, his feet sinking deep into the soft earth of the flower-bed, and then, picking up a small pebble from the path, he flung it against the pane.

A chair scraped in the room, the sash above him was thrown up, and Sims leant out.

Maxwell fired twice at point-blank range, and the Inspector fell heavily forward across the sill without a cry.

Maxwell rose, glanced once at the body, then at the deep imprints of his feet in the flower-bed, thought of the Camden Town soles and left them undisturbed. He ran down the path—no need for silence now—leapt on to his machine and disappeared into the night.

Once on the main road again, he crouched forward in the saddle and opened up the throttle to its fullest extent. Fifty, sixty, seventy miles an hour and the wind roared past his face while the road stretched out ahead of him in the glare of the head-lights, its surface dry and safe with scarcely a bend, mile after mile. Soon he knew that unless a tyre burst or the engine failed he must reach Potters Heath with several minutes to spare. Like all his plans, this had gone through without a hitch.

How long would it be, he wondered, before the body was discovered. Sims had been alone in the house—of that he was sure. The old woman who looked after him would have gone back to her home in Drayton after she had given the Inspector his supper, and he had no nearby neighbours who might have heard the shots. In the morning, perhaps, some farm labourer trudging to his work might see the body from the lane.

Maxwell shivered beneath his cape and coaxed another five miles an hour out of his machine. By morning, when they discovered Sims's body, he would be safe in his luxury home in the shade of the Downs, in bed and asleep, the last person in the world whom anyone would suspect of committing a murder. His chauffeur would meet him as usual that night at the barrier at Belton. He would drop his season ticket as he passed the collector, so as to make sure that the man would see and notice him. It was all so easy. His alibi was perfect.

A few straggling lights in the distance told him he was approaching Potters Heath. It had been a fast run—only just over three-quarters of an hour. As he coasted down the steep hill which led into the main street of the little country town he heard the church clock strike the half-hour. Half-past one! The London train was due in eight minutes.

He passed through the town and out beyond on the other side, to where the road rose sharply over a humped-back bridge which spanned the river. He stopped by the parapet, turned off the engine and listened. There was not a sound, save for the gentle lapping of the river beneath him.

He leant his machine against the side of the bridge and quickly slipped out of his waterproof clothes. Then he drew his revolver from his pocket and flung it far away into the middle of the river, where it fell with a faint splash. Who would think of looking for a gun in a river more than twenty miles from the scene of the tragedy?

He took off his goggles and put them in his pocket, untied the suitcase from the back of the machine, opened it and put on his over-coat and hat. His waterproof trousers and cape, and the goggles, he put inside, then he closed the lid with a snap. He was ready.

Suddenly, on his right, he saw that the home signal above Potters Heath station was shining green.

No time to lose. He must act quickly. The motor-cycle was heavy, far heavier than he had expected. Gradually, inch by inch, he managed to force it up on to the stone parapet of the bridge and then, with a last push, sent it over the edge. It fell with a dull, muffled splash, and a shower of spray freshened his anxious face as he peered through the gloom to see where it had struck the water.

Turning, he ran quickly and silently towards the station, nearly a quarter of a mile away along the road. Again he peered over the parapet of a bridge, this time on to the line and the platform below.

The platform was empty and forlorn. The solitary porter was no doubt asleep in the waiting-room.

Maxwell slipped one leg over the parapet, then the other, and slid gently down the grassy bank. He crept beneath the friendly arch of the bridge and crouched low while he dusted himself down and straightened his clothes.

At the far end of the platform the signal light shone green and clear.

He glanced at his watch. The train was due in two minutes, and it probably would not be late. It had been a close shave, closer than he liked to think. Still, it had all ended well. In two minutes he would be sitting, safe and snug, in his own first-class compartment again, with twenty minutes in which to tidy himself before he walked down the platform at Belton, his alibi complete in every detail.

The minutes passed, but the train did not come. He peered anxiously down the line, looking again for those friendly, twinkling lights, but there was nothing. A terrible thought struck him. Supposing he had missed the train, that it had been early? A sickening fear gripped his heart and he controlled himself with difficulty. It was impossible. The train was never early, and, besides, the signal light was still shining green. It was ridiculous to get worried like this.

He tried to force himself to think of other things—of anything, but it was useless. He could only stare, half-hypnotised, at the green light of the home signal.

He mastered himself with an effort. He was not going to let his nerves betray him now—until this moment he had never known that he had any. He glanced again at his watch. A quarter to two. The train was only seven minutes late. That was nothing.

Crouching under the arch made his back ache, but he dare not move lest somebody should see him. He wanted passionately to stand up and stretch, to pace up and down the platform and ease his nerves, but it was impossible. He must not take any risks, now that his plan was almost completed. In another minute or two he would be in the train, laughing at his previous discomfort. Until then he must stay motionless and watchful. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead and poured (*Continued on page* 138)

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into his eyes, dimming the green light which shone so relentlessly upon him.

In the signal-box at the end of the platform a bell rang loudly and stridently, startling him so that he bumped his head on the arch above him, then all was still again. He strained his ears, but could hear nothing until far away on the London road a car hooted, changed gear and then purred away into silence. And still the train did not come.

For the hundredth time he looked at his watch. Its luminous dial shone faintly in the darkness. Five to two. The train was late, very late, but he had known it to be as late as this before. Why were his legs trembling so, and why was his body icy cold when his face was bathed in sweat?

He moved forward suddenly, unable to bear his cramped position any longer, and stumbled over the suit-case at his feet. It fell with a clatter which made him hold his breath in horror.

He righted the case and sat on it, huddled miserably in the gloom under the arch.

The church clock struck two with slow, ponderous inevitability. Twenty-two minutes late and still no sound.

He grew numb and stiff, and a chill wind blew under the bridge, rustling the scraps of paper which lay scattered between the lines. He stretched his aching limbs and leant back against the wall, his brain quite passive now from fear and desperation. Again and again he told himself that his plan was fool-proof, that it could not fail. There had been some unusual delay on the line and the train was exceptionally late. He had simply been a little unlucky in the night he had chosen. It must come soon now.

The church clock struck the quarter, and at the end of the platform there was a sudden clang.

The signal light had changed from green to red.

He gave a gasp of horror and struggled to his feet, and as he did so a porter came stumbling down the steps from the signal-box, casting a long, dim shadow before him as he ran.

Maxwell lurched towards him, wild-eyed, dishevelled, his nerves stretched now to breaking point, all sense of caution lost.

"Quick," he gasped out, "For God's sake tell me. Why is the London train so late?"

The man gazed at him in amazement, then spoke slowly, flatly, without a tremor in his voice.

"The London train has been wrecked. Everyone in the last coach was killed."

END

A Splendid Fellow

(*Continued from page* 15)

allowed a revolver in case of leopards, was very Heaven!

The guides and the hill-men adored her, and Nancy behaved adorably. She looked well after her feet, and never took more than her share of blessings or less than her share of burdens.

Yaks were less ingratiating than their pictures had suggested. As companions they were unresponsive and extremely clumsy, and, like the human inhabitants of Tibet, they were unconvinced of the superiority of the British race. Nancy, though she wouldn't for the world have admitted it, grew to hate yaks.

Still, there she actually was, with Alan in Tibet; and there (though they had the habit of seeming a longer way off the nearer you got to them) were the Himalayas.

Mount Everest was, as usual, invisible. It dodged, with evasive modesty, behind lesser peaks, as if it had learned good form in an English public school.

Kinchinjunga, on the other hand, was dauntingly visible, and made no bones about its size or its difficulties.

Still, the Himalayas had their ineffable moments. Dawns and sunsets were not wasted in their company, and when the moon rose Nancy, looking from her tent door towards those glimmering peaks, wished that Alan did not think it wrong to make love to her.

He always kissed her good-night at her tent door—a brotherly, friendly kiss to show her there was no ill feeling; but all the rest of the time he was sternly and sexlessly the comrade he had set out to be.

The moment they reached the foot of the Himalayas, they started to climb the lesser peaks, to get into practice.

Alan's idea was to get accustomed gradually to higher and higher altitudes; to train to the highest pitch of training; to watch the weather from hour to hour; and to make a sudden ascent when things looked feasible. He decided not to make a series of camps, but as soon as the season was sufficiently advanced to reach a high altitude, and there to make a sufficient stay, for their blood and their arteries to accustom themselves effortlessly to the height. From this camp they could shoot up to another, within possible distance of the summit; and then when the right hour dawned, without oxygen or any other impedimenta—leaving their porters at the nearest camp, so that on their return comforts and restoratives should be ready waiting for them—they would make the final neck-or-nothing spurt.

The first propitious day Alan said very quietly, "This will do for a start to our first camp." The day was cloudless; there was no more wind than usual. By noon they had turned the flank of Kinchinjunga, and saw Mount Everest for the first time.

Nancy felt a cold shudder creep down her spine. "Can even Alan reach it?" she thought to herself; then she looked up at him, and saw his eyes so full of light that she took back her doubt. Surely the spirit in Alan was higher than any peak?

They climbed steadily for hours.

Alan and the Seissl brothers took it in turns to lead. Nancy always had a hand ahead, and a hand behind, for the worst moments. Still, even roped as they were, there were places where, had anyone slipped out of their steps, the whole four of them must have gone.

From time to time they reached nooks of safety, and the splendid day flooded before their eyes in undreamed-of glory.

They dared not stop to take in half the beauty they could see, for on this climb time was safety.

Although the sun beat down on them with a sharp strength, it did little to soften the intense ice-cold bitterness of the air. It seemed to Nancy, as the endless day moved imperceptibly on, that they overcame one peril only to face another twice as monstrous and implacable.

Nancy longed to sit on the first sufficiently safe rock and cry, but even when they came to a safe rock she dispensed with tears, remembering that the stoutness of her womanhood was at stake. Far below them the burdened porters followed in their wake; still, they profited by Alan's well-thought-out system of clamps and ropes, and did not have to cut their own steps.

At last they all reached a rocky platform, out of the track of avalanches or falling rocks, sheltered from the wind.

This was the spot for their first prolonged camp, and Alan said: "Nancy, I think you're rather a good climber to have got so far!"

He knew now that he meant to marry Nancy and he nearly told her so, but he reminded himself that love is an exciting business, and at this altitude might accelerate their heart-beats or upset their breathing; so he said, "Have you the tin opener?" instead, and gave Nancy her share of Californian peaches.

THE next day Nancy and the porters rested while the three men took a further exploratory climb to choose their final camp. This was the worst of the business for Nancy, since, not being with them, she envisaged

(*Continued on page* 140)

Have hours in a stuffy office left you *Jaded?*

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soothes refreshes revives

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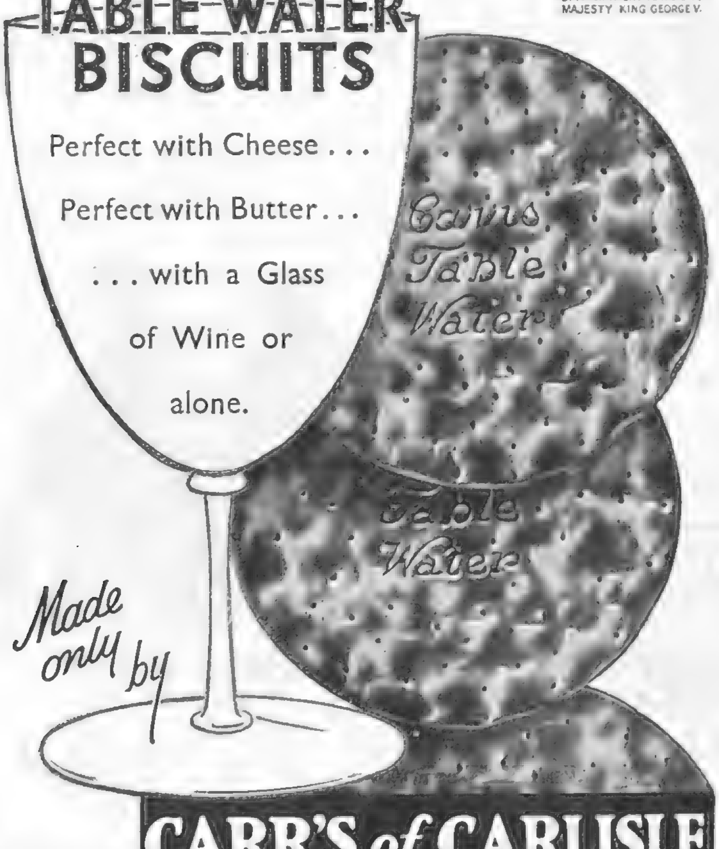

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their dangers, without hope. She had become so used to never seeing them again that their sudden faces in the dark made her break down for a moment, and Alan kissed her twice to make up for her defeat.

The next day something rather awful happened. Three porters were sent ahead—over the already mapped out heights—to get their final camp ready; the others were to remain in their first and more stationary camp. The porters were roped; the guides and Alan had already cut steps, and Alan had explained to them how this next stage was to be managed. Both as to distance and difficulties—except for the rising altitude—it was a less severe climb than what they had already accomplished, but there was one very definite danger that must be avoided.

There was a safe-looking ridge that seemed to promise an easier route, but it was accessible to avalanches, and must not be used, since an avalanche falling across it might cut off both their ascent and descent. This ridge was, in fact, a death-trap; and into this death-trap the three porters incontinently climbed.

Alan had made himself perfectly plain, and he had nothing to reproach himself with afterwards.

An avalanche thundered down upon the ridge, as he had forewarned them that it might—the porters could neither go on nor go back; and at any moment fresh snow might fall and blot them out for ever.

There had been severe emergencies on their expedition already, and Alan had always dealt with them promptly and decisively, to the entire approval of his party.

In fact, they could not have been where they now were had Alan not so dealt with them.

But there was for a moment a hesitation in Alan's mind as to how to deal with this particular emergency.

The risk of trying to save the porters was great; it might jeopardise the whole party, and it would certainly jeopardise the expedition. It would take a good deal of time; and time, on a cloudless day, with the peak before them was exactly what they could not afford to lose. Nor had the porters deserved the sacrifice. They had disobeyed plain orders. Discipline is essential in all expeditions; it is, in fact, more essential than the expedition itself. Still, nobody likes to condemn three fellow men to a lingering death.

"We must go on," Alan said, after he had made up his mind. Nancy cried, "Oh, Alan—*must* we?" She shouldn't, of course, have made this protest, but Alan forgave her, realising the greatness of the strain upon her weaker sex. It was harder for him to forgive the Seissl brothers, who had no sex disability to excuse them. Never before had they confronted their renowned and respected leader with fierce opposition; but they did now.

No doubt, they argued, the porters *were* in the wrong; but they were men, and men in danger must be saved, whether right or wrong; there was no other way of saving them than by personal risk, and probably the sacrifice of the peak; very well, then—the risk must be faced and the peak sacrificed. Alan explained coldly, but with firmness, that they couldn't be saved at all. He did not convince the guides—or Nancy; but they could not save the three porters without his help; and in the end, glum and glowering, the guides gave way. Four hours later, from a height far above them, they saw the three porters swept away to their death by a further avalanche.

There seemed to be a wrong atmosphere after that. Alan took every precaution he could think of, and saved his party from any drawback in his power. His climbing was almost superhuman. He had foreseen every possible difficulty, and thought out means of dealing with it. He led whenever there was most doubt and most danger.

Finally, they reached in safety the spot Alan had hoped to find for their final camp.

None of them slept much; they felt light and weak with cold; but their hearts were heavy, and it was (*Continued on page* 142)

The SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

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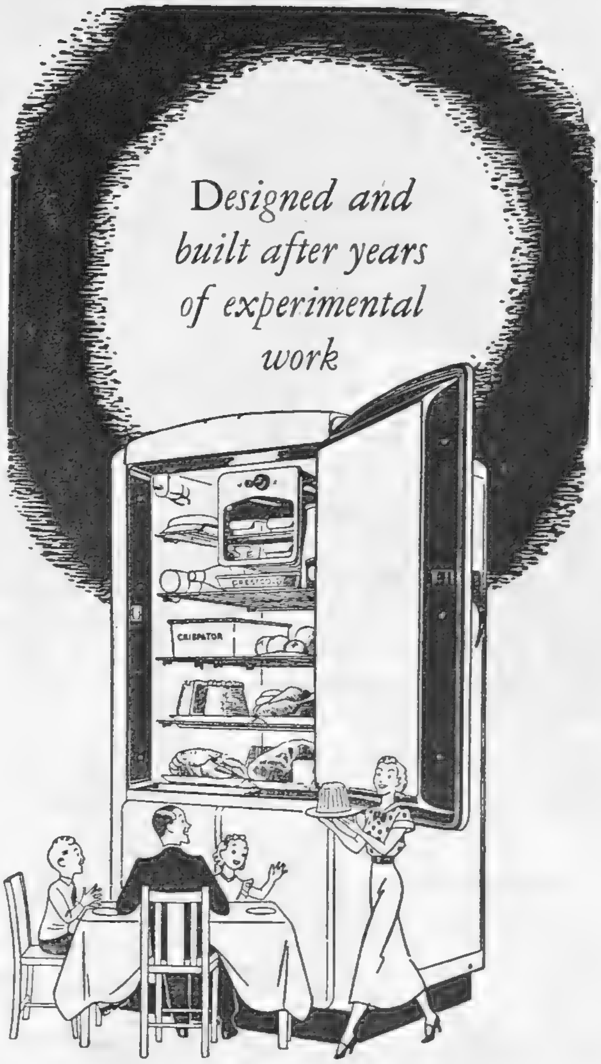
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From all HAIRDRESSERS
STORES and Boots

Let "Ranee" read your Character from your Handwriting

(See announcement on page 144)

this spiritual heaviness rather than the altitude that kept them awake.

After hot coffee and fruit, they started for the summit, and history tells us that they reached it.

Nancy was unaware of achievement. She was almost blind with cold; and her next footstep was all she tried to see. Breathing took up her other senses. She realised that if Alan had not continually helped her, she would have fallen; but she did not desire his help. She would have liked to fall for ever and for ever down those icy slopes; over those incredible precipices; tossed into the golden whiteness of a snowfield.

Her ears were full of a strange, loud singing. Nevertheless Alan's voice cut through it, and she tried to obey his voice; for she still wished to save Alan's dream.

A white wet cloud pressed round them. They paused for what seemed a wet and blind eternity. They had reached the summit of Mount Everest.

After this pause it was a long while before Nancy realised that they were going not up, but down. Every step took a thousand years; her breath hurt like a dagger pressed between her ribs. She had forgotten about Mount Everest.

When they reached their camp, a snowstorm sealed them into it for three days' terrible captivity—a captivity that would have been their graves but for Alan.

These three days were not terrible to Alan. The summit was his—marked for ever by his triumph. He was—he always would be—the conqueror of Mount Everest. So great was Alan's sense of conquest that his powers became greater still; he felt nothing could possibly defeat him, and in this spirit he brought his party off Mount Everest into safety—except, of course, for the three porters. He was sure too now of his own heart. The peak—and Nancy—were his.

The other porters were safely at the base camp waiting for them.

They had to carry Nancy the rest of the way back to Darjeeling. She was strangely passive, and felt her collapse into womanhood less than Alan felt it for her. He had decided to wait to propose to her until she was safe under his mother's care; and so the first night after their arrival at Darjeeling he went to Nancy's room.

It was strange to be with her in a room, safe from the cold and the stars.

She lay in bed under a pink satin counterpane, and looked adorable. He knelt beside her and, taking both her hands in his, said: "Now I can safely say it, Nancy, darling—will you be my wife?" She turned her great brown eyes on him—so large and soft, so full usually of light, but now so full of darkness.

"I can't, Alan," she whispered. "I wanted to save them! I don't feel safe any more—now that they weren't saved!"

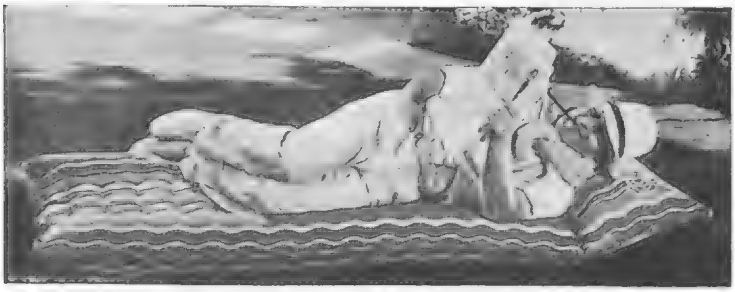
For a moment Alan thought Nancy had gone mad; then he remembered the three porters.

"But, darling," he explained tenderly, "they had disobeyed orders! Think if we'd saved them, and risked our lives to do it—it would have been too late to reach the peak! There was no other chance! I left it as late as I dared! That snowstorm of ours finished the climbing season. If we had waited to try to save the porters, we should have failed! Don't you understand—we simply *had* to leave them?"

"That's just it," said Nancy, "it would always be like that. I *do* understand, but I don't agree with you! Those men were flesh and blood—their lives were worth more than any peak!"

Nothing that Alan was able to say moved Nancy. She seemed unable to realise that the three men were only porters—and disobedient porters at that—whereas Mount Everest was, after all, the highest peak in the world, and Alan was the first man to have climbed it. Alan married quite a different kind of girl shortly afterwards; but Nancy took rather a long time to get over it.

"for the tired business man"



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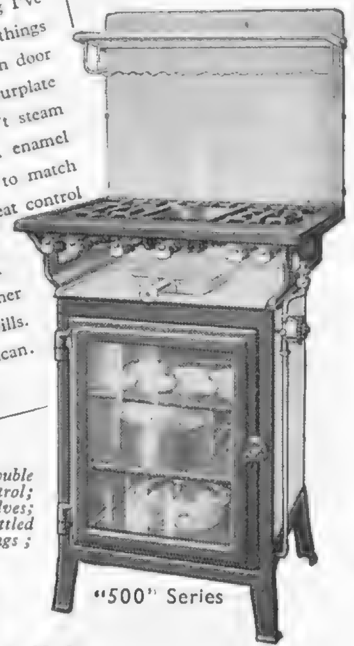
Yes, I *must* have a Vulcan.



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Ask to see Vulcan Stoves at your local Gas Showrooms, or write for free list to the Vulcan Stove Co. Ltd., (Dept. B.E.11) Exeter.

VIIA

Beauty On Holiday

(Continued from page 55)

conceals the imperfections. This cream should be applied after a hot sulphur soap and water wash. It is also excellent for blotchiness.

Sometimes it is as well to ring a change on the treatment, and boracic acid powder and witch-hazel are soothing and good alternatives, while any external remedies will be greatly accelerated if they are helped internally by calcium and sulphur pills.

Oh! My Feet

(Continued from page 54)

Not because your foot is going to swell that much, but because any close line engenders heat and will make it swell inevitably. Whereas if your foot-gear is roomy, your feet will remain normal and shapely.

At the same time, don't paddle round in sandals or canvas shoes, or any foot-wear that gives you inadequate support. Sixty per cent. of our population suffer from collapsed transverse arches through wearing *too thin summer shoes.*

The big toe splays out, the other toes overlap, and a most painful lump comes through in the ball of the foot. If you ever find a swelling there and have to stand about much, have your instep cupped immediately. That is, wear a steel arch imbedded in your shoe.

If you tend to walk over on one side, have your heels wedged.

A good way with callouses is to soak pads of cotton wool in castor-oil and place them on the callouses held firmly down by sticking-plaster, so as to prevent the oil from oozing out. A good plaster will enable the feet to be bathed just the same without coming off, and four days' application should remove the most hardened callous.

Corns will be greatly alleviated and ultimately cured by the use of Scholl's corn-pads. They're better than the home-made roll of padding, because they keep pressure off without setting up fresh pressure elsewhere. And corns arise purely through pressure, due to a tight or ill-fitting shoe, or a wrong distribution of foot-balance. So, look to your foot-gear.

. . .

If you wish to impart a special feeling of well-being to the toes, cover an orange-stick with cotton-wool; dip it in peroxide, and slip it between the crevices of the toes and round the cuticle of the nails. It invigorates them even more than a fine manicure does your finger-nails.

When the Milk Turns Sour

(Continued from page 69)

GINGERBREAD.

Ingredients :

- One pound flour.
- Four ounces butter.
- Three ounces sugar.
- Half-teaspoonful salt.
- Two to three teaspoonfuls mixed spice (ground ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves).
- One teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda.
- Three ounces sultanas.
- Two ounces almonds.
- Two ounces preserved ginger.
- Three eggs.
- Four tablespoonfuls treacle.
- Sour milk.

Method :

Mix all the dry ingredients and rub in the butter. Add the sultanas cleaned, the almonds blanched and shredded, and the ginger cut into small pieces. Melt the treacle and add it to the dry ingredients, also add the beaten eggs and enough sour milk to make the mixture of a dropping consistency. Turn into a cake tin and bake in a steady oven from two to two and a half hours. Test with a heated skewer, and when ready, turn on to a wire tray and cool slowly.

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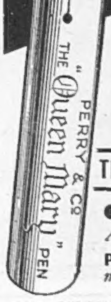

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JULY, 1937

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Let "RANEE" *read your* character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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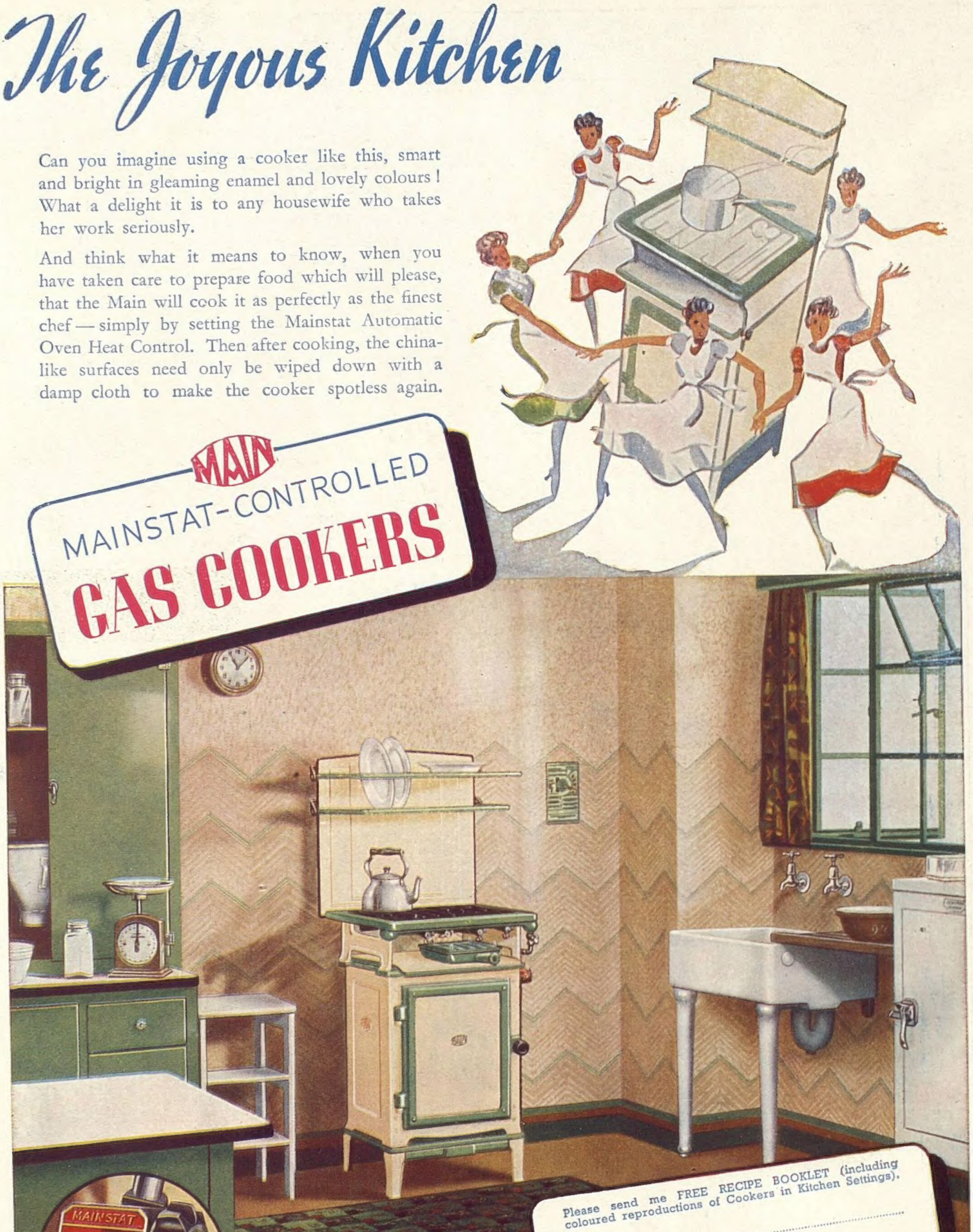

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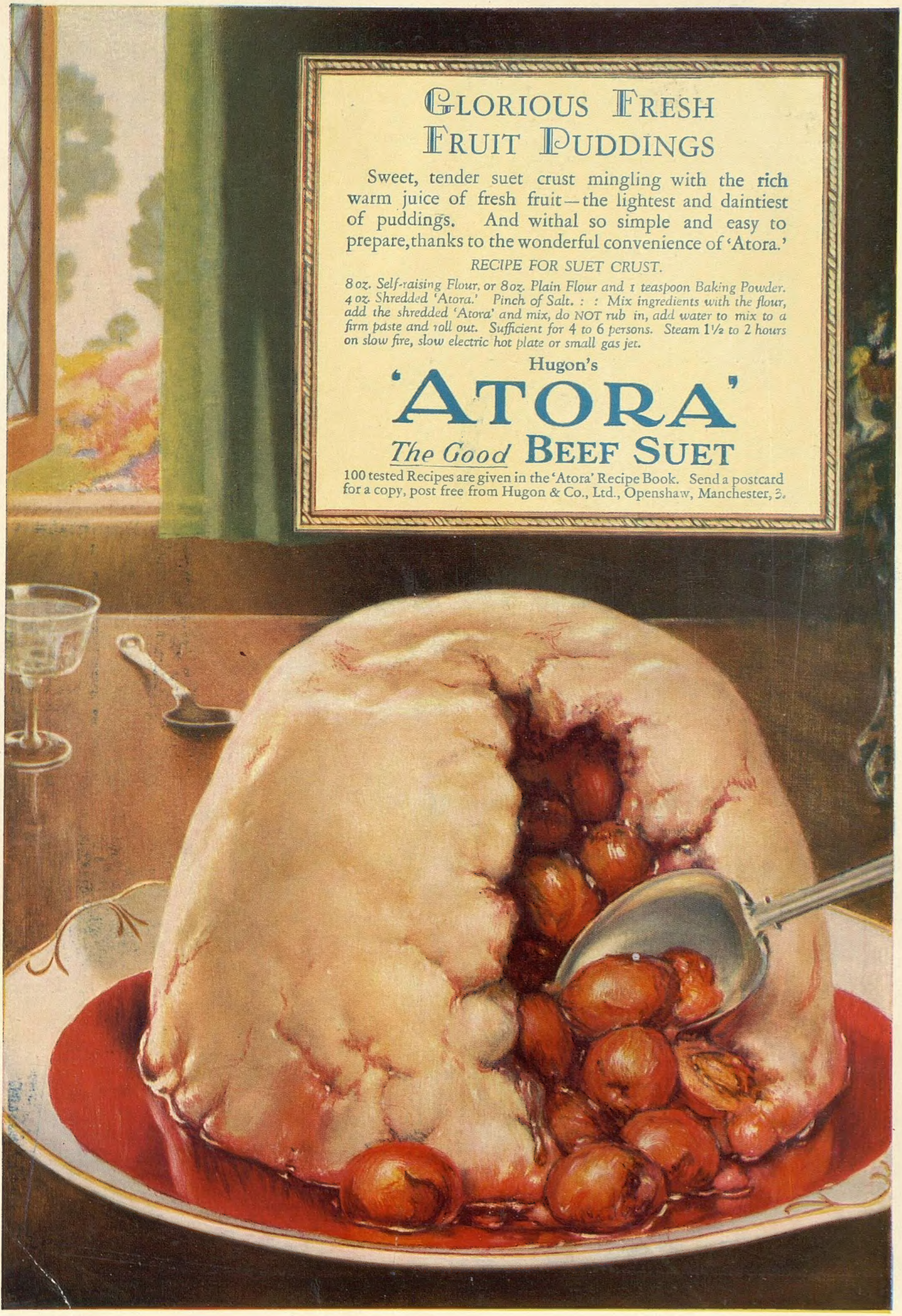

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